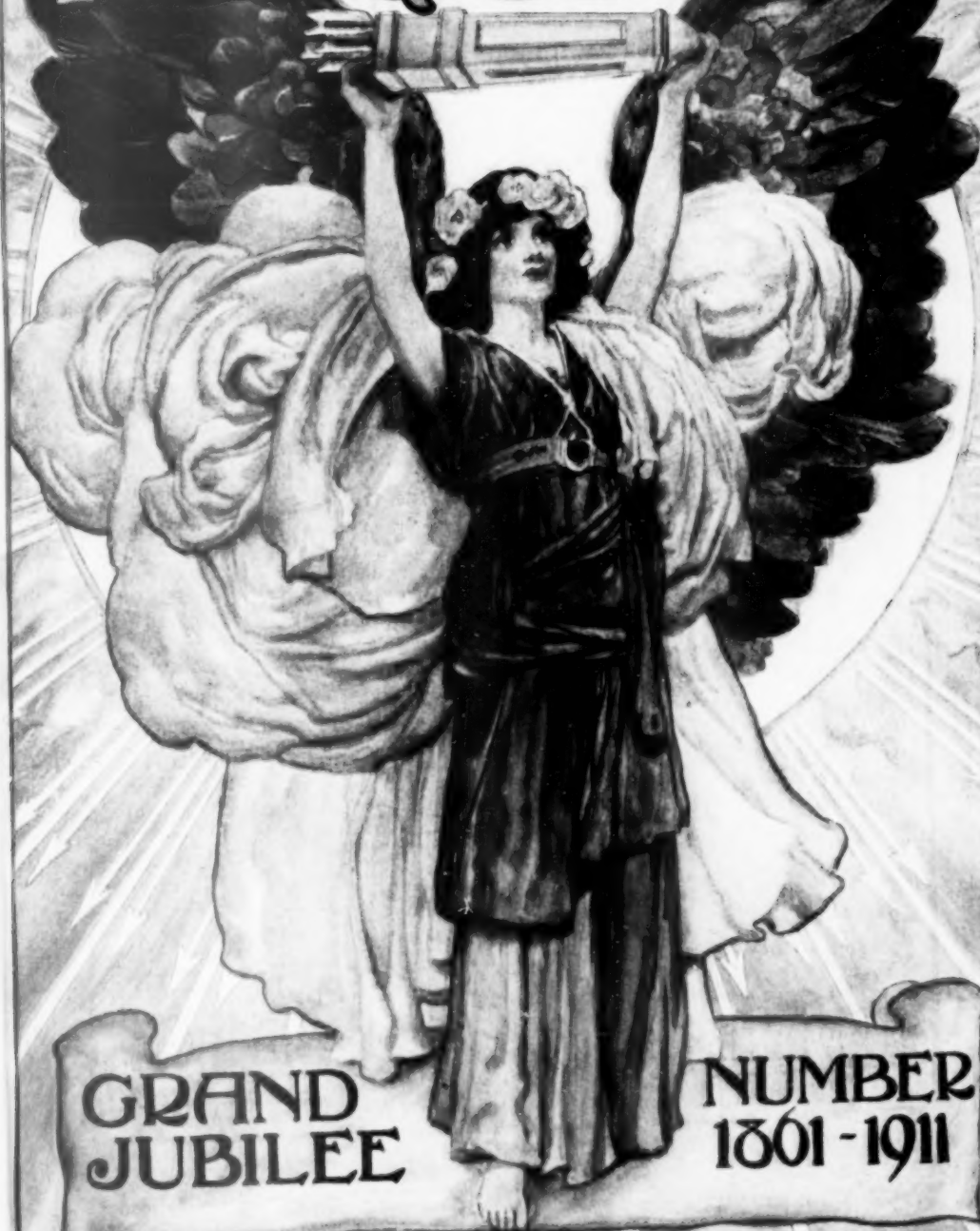


OCTOBER 1911

PRICE 6d.

THE QUIVER



GRAND
JUBILEE

NUMBER
1801-1911

SOUND ADVICE.



"What shall I give her?"

"BEECHAM'S PILLS!"



Mellin's

Between a *fat* baby and a *fit* baby there is often a world of difference; *fitness* should be the aim.

There is that sturdiness—virility—happy-go-lucky liveliness about the Mellin-fed child which betoken perfect health, and which augur brightly for its future.

Sample and Valuable

Book free on receipt

of 2d. for postage.

(Mention this Paper.

Mellin's Food Ltd.
Peckham, S.E.

Food

WHAT IS "VASELINE"?

"VASELINE" is the registered name and Trade Mark of a valuable and now world-famed emollient preparation, manufactured by the **Chesebrough Manufacturing Company.**

Most people know that "VASELINE" is ideal for the skin, but not so many know that it blends perfectly with other standard remedies, such as Menthol, Capsicum, Boracic Camphor, &c., enabling their special virtues to act safely, quickly, and effectively on any affected part, internal or external. It is worth the while of any careful reader to note the uses of these valuable preparations.

"VASELINE" itself is tasteless and odourless, and cannot get rancid. When sold in 4d. and 8d. tubes it is sterilised in manufacture.

CAPSICUM "VASELINE" is the best home remedy for internal pains (such as Colds in the Chest, Stomach Cramps, and Toothache). In collapsible tubes, 1s.

"VASELINE" JUJUBES are an agreeable form of taking "Vaseline" internally for Coughs, Sore Throats, &c. 1s.

CAMPBORATED "VASELINE" is a highly efficient remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, and painful Swellings. In collapsible tubes, 1s.

CARBOLATED "VASELINE" is the best possible antiseptic dressing for Cuts, Bites, Barber's Itch, &c. In collapsible tubes, 1s.

BORATED "VASELINE" is valuable for Catarrh, and is a universal antiseptic ointment. Only in collapsible tubes, 1s.

"VASELINE" OXIDE OF ZINC OINTMENT is the great healer of Sores and Eruptions. In collapsible tubes, 1s.

MENTHOLATED "VASELINE" is for Nervous Headache, Sore Throat, Nasal Catarrh, &c. (wherever Menthol is recommended). In collapsible tubes, 1s.

ARNICATED "VASELINE" is the friend of cyclists and pedestrians: for Sprains and Bruises. In collapsible tubes, 1s.

SALICYLIC "VASELINE" relieves Eczema, Rheumatism, &c. In tins, 1s.

POMADE "VASELINE" is delicately perfumed for Toilet and Hair. In various forms, 3d. to 6d.

WHITE "VASELINE" is "Vaseline" in its most perfect state, delightfully perfumed for the Toilet. In metal-capped bottles, 1s. 1 glass stoppered bottles, 1s. 8d. 1 and 1/2 tubes, 6d. and 10d.

"VASELINE" GOLD CREAM is the best known Skin Preservative. In tubes, jars, and boxes, from 6d. Excellent after shaving.

"VASELINE" CAMPHOR ICE allays all Irritation of the Skin. In 1d. tins and 6d. boxes and tubes.

"VASELINE" HAIR TONIC assists Hair Growth by removing all obstacles and promoting an unequalled beauty and vitality. In bottles, 1s., 2s., and 3s.

"VASELINE" TOILET SOAPS are superfatted with "Vaseline," and leave a clean, fresh odour after using. 3d. tablets.

Send 2s. 6d. for Full Trial
"VASELINE" Equipment
(Pure, Capsicum, Camphor
Ice, Cold Cream, & Perfumed
Soap); or useful Descriptive
Booklet, post free.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.,
42, Holborn Viaduct,
London, E.C.

The word
"VASELINE"
is our Registered Trade
Mark.

Tatcho, the trusty, honest Hair-grower—the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims, is the supreme remedy for all forms of hair trouble. When assisted by the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush the two constitute the strongest Hair-Health combination known to recognised authorities on hair-hygiene.

CAPTAIN CREAGIE-HAWARD, writing from Glenellen, Miltown, Co. Kerry, under date 22nd August, states:—

"After eight years' work in South Africa, from Cape Town to North of the Zambesi, including the Transvaal, Orange Free State, Cape Colony, Bechuanaland, Matabelland, etc. etc., I came home to settle in County Kerry. In accordance with the hereditary tendencies of my people, I became nearly bald nine years ago. After trying various supposed remedies I was induced to try Tatcho, with the result that my hair to-day, at 44 years of age, is as thick as ever it was. It would be very unfair if I did not tell you what Tatcho has done for me. I should, without doubt, have followed the rest of my family had I not used Tatcho."

The moral pointed by Captain Haward's characteristic missive is surely too obvious to need further remark.

Reference is made in Capt. Creagie-Haward's letter to "hereditary tendencies to baldness." As a matter of fact, distinguished authorities agree that there is no hereditary transmission of baldness, but there is a common infected environment, and that is the hair-brush. They maintain that the exposed position of the head makes the hair a veritable trap for air-borne dust and micro-organisms, which cause the hair to fall. These micro-organisms are gathered by, and become embedded in, the hair-brush, and so re-infect the scalp each time the brush is used.

The use of a brush so infected means keeping up the unhealthy process in the scalp for years, until Nature retires from the contest and leaves a bald scalp, which is no longer capable of infection.

It will naturally be asked, "What is to be done, then, to keep one's hair in health?" The answer is simple: Use Mr. Geo. R. Sims' trusty, honest hair-grower, Tatcho, in conjunction with its remarkable ally, the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush.

Tatcho, as all the world knows, is the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the famous author, playwright,



MR. GEO. R. SIMS.
Photo by Lewis, Eastbourne

journalist, and philanthropist. He chose the Roman word "Tatcho" for the hair-grower for the reason that the word literally means what the hair-grower truly and honestly is—that is, trusty, honest, true.

The Tatcho Hair-Health Brush was put upon the market about a year ago, as an adjunct of Tatcho, and is now being used in over 50,000 homes. Unlike the old-style brush—the harbinger of masses of germs—you can, by simply drawing the thumb across the bristles, dislodge all injurious organisms which cause the hair to fall, leaving the brush as sweetly clean as a brand-new brush for further use.

Naturally this brush was intended to be reserved for users of Tatcho, to prepare the hair for Tatcho and its beneficent work. This valuable brush is now available at the nominal price of 2s., though there are those who say that they would pay a guinea for it rather than return to the old-style brush.

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE MAGNIFICENT TATCHO HAIR-HEALTH BRUSH, FOR USE WITH



The full-size Tatcho Patent Hair-Health Brush of which this is a reduced facsimile: has no multiple bristle tufts to harbour seurf, dandruff, dust, and microbes. Each bristle has been carefully selected, is separately set in a pneumatic air-pad. This not only enables the brush to be kept clean easily, but gives a delightful elasticity to the strokes of the brush, after Tatchoing the hair morning and night. This brush is not only an essential to any toilet table and a luxury to one, but a very real necessity to the bald.

Tatcho, the trusty, honest hair-grower, and the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush form the strongest hair-health combination known to recognised authorities on hair-hygiene.

A point that is earnestly commended to all careful parents is that the hair and scalp should be attended to from childhood upwards. A single old-style hair-brush that has to do duty for several children has much to answer for. Were the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush introduced into every home, each member using none but their own Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, it would mean the saving of many

pounds in after life. Your own Chemist or Stores will tell you all about Tatcho. Tatcho is a spirituous liquid, the colour of whisky, free from all grease and smell. It is sold by Chemists and Stores in bottles at 1s., 2s., 6d., and 4s. 6d. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Tatcho, write to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, 5, Great Queen Street, London, W.C., and a bottle will be at once forwarded to you. The Tatcho Hair-Health Brush may also now be had from Chemists and Stores at the nominal price of 2s., or may be obtained post free 2s. 2d. on application to the Chief Chemist.

Begin well
End well

"Well begun is half done"
in home baking if you begin with
"Paisley Flour"
(Trade Mark)
The SURE raising powder.

"Paisley Flour" is more than the quickest and surest of raising powders. It simplifies and standardises home baking for everybody, and enables even the busiest mothers to give their families the benefit of real home-made cakes, dinner loaves, tarts, etc., and the lightest of puddings and pie crusts.

Begin to-day. Use 1 part of "Paisley Flour" to 8 parts of ordinary flour before adding the other ingredients.

"Paisley Flour" is made by Brown & Polson and sold in 7d., 3½d. and 1d. packets with recipes.



THE QUIVER

W. HARBROW, Iron Building Works, S. BERMONDSEY STATION, S.E.

Telegrams—"Economical, London."

Telephone—Hop 17.

Design 139a.

BUNGALOW, containing Drawing Room, Dining Room, Three Bedrooms, and usual Offices. Constructed of timber framework, roofing red diagonal asbestos tiles, walls "Rough Cast" plastering.

Price £280, including foundations, chimneys, and fittings.



Design 328.

BILLIARD ROOM, 26 ft. by 20 ft., with verandah. Constructed of timber framework, lined internally with match boarding, painted rusticated boarding to external walls, and galvanized iron roof with Lantern Light.

Price £100, erected complete upon purchaser's foundations.

100 PAGE CATALOGUE of Churches, Chapels, Mission Halls, Bungalows, Cottages, Billiard Rooms, Stables, Sanatoria, Stores, Club Rooms, Farm Buildings, Sheds, Gymnasiums, Aeroplane and Motor Garages, Skating Rinks, and Electric Theatres, &c., **POST FREE** on mentioning this Publication.

SPECIAL EXPORT CATALOGUE.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

NEW DESIGNS

Repeat
Orders
received
from the
Royal
Palace,
Stockholm



Patronized by H.M. the QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER made to the Readers of THE QUIVER, is, On receipt of P.O. for **5/6** we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our **Prudential Real Seamless Woven Half-Guises**.

(Regd.)



suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in Thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and **LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM.** These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with

FREE RUG,

thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the Purchaser all Middle-Profits. OVER 100,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unqualified Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY! With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send two carpets and TWO RUGS for **10/6**.

Galaxy Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Overmantels, Bedsteads, Linoleums, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains &c., Post Free, if mentioning THE QUIVER, 1/10/1911, when writing.

F. HODGSON & SONS
(Incl. Q.V.)
Manufacturers, Importers and Merchants,
Woodley Road, LEEDS.

THE QUIVER

OF ALL CHEMISTS, OR
THE PEPS CO. LEEDS.
1/6 OR 2/9 A BOX.

PEPS
COUGHS
BRONCHITIS
COLD
ONE PASTILLE
REQUIRED
FOR FULL
DIRECTIONS
KEEP UP DOSE

By simply dissolving a pleasant tablet on the tongue, PEPS convey a potent and valuable medicine direct into the throat, lungs and bronchial tubes; a medicine which soothes inflammation and irritation in the throat, loosens phlegm, destroys germs, cures chronic chest disease, and makes breathing deep and easy. Being free from Opium and all harmful drugs, PEPS are a safe medicine, suitable for old and young alike.

The Direct Breathe-able Cure.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Ladies who unfortunately suffer from this humiliating affliction, such as hairy moles, moustaches, and other hairy growths, often fly to the painful process of electrolysis or dangerous acidulous depilatories, which often do more harm than good. I have discovered a new and remarkable method, and can assure you that wherever so-called cures have been unsuccessful, my method will give satisfactory results. It does not matter how strong or stubborn the growth, the result is the same. It entirely destroys the hair without injuring the most delicate skin. To any lady who is desirous of testing the efficacy of my treatment, I should be pleased to send full particulars with valuable information concerning same upon receipt of stamp for postage.

HELEN T. H. TEMPLE, 8, Blenheim Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

A WORD TO THE WIDE-AWAKE!

All Goods Sent Direct from Factory to Home.

Do you know that practically **ALL** Bedsteads are made in Birmingham? Why not then buy one direct from the workman's hands in a perfectly new condition? I also supply **BEDROOM SUITES, SITTING-ROOM SUITES, SIDEBARDS, OVERMANTELS, &c.,** at very **LOW PRICES**, payable in any way that will suit you. My lists contain a very large assortment of most recent designs.

Prompt despatch. Packed free. Carriage Paid.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH, OR PAYMENTS TO SUIT BUYERS' CONVENIENCE.

Send post-card to-day for Illustrated Price Lists (POST FREE).

CHAS. RILEY, Desk 17, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.



HOVIS STILL THE BEST BREAD

For 25 Years has represented the highest standard of economy. The leading Doctors say so.



'Wood-Milne' Rubber Heels should be placed right at the back of the heel, and sunk almost level with the leather. The best way is to let your Bootmaker fix them for you.

Be persuaded to try a pair of 'Wood-Milnes' to-day.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels

Let 'Wood-Milnes' save your health and nerves:

No more jarring shocks 'twixt heels and pavement—walk everywhere as if your paths were laid with richest Axminster.

'Wood-Milne' Rubber Heels keep your boots in shape as well, add weeks and months to their utility, so save you money. Made from better quality rubber than any other rubber heels in the world.

Sold everywhere, in Black, Grey, and Brown.



Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Many of the Waterman's Ideals purchased ten or a dozen years ago are still in use and are still giving the same satisfaction. Same nib, same feed, same barrel, same everything

Made in three styles—Regular, Safety, and Pump-Filling. Prices of Regular Style: 10/6, 15/6, 17/6, 21/6, and upwards. Of Safety and Pump-Filling Styles, 12/6 and upwards. (With clip-cap 1/- extra.) In Silver and Gold for Presentation. Of Stationers, Jewellers, etc. Booklet free from L. & C.

HARDTMUTH, LTD., Koh-i-noor House, Kingsway, London. (New York: 173 Broadway. Paris: 6 Rue de Hanovre. Vienna: 1 Franzensring, 20. Milan: Via Bossi, 4. Dresden: Pragerstrasse, 6. Zurich: Löwenstrasse, 23. Brussels: 14 Rue Pont Neuf.)



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT

"Uses PROCTOR'S Pineyptus Pastilles with great success for Throat, Voice and Chest, and recommends her friends to use them."

PROCTOR'S PINEYPTUS PASTILLES

(Broncho-Laryngeal).

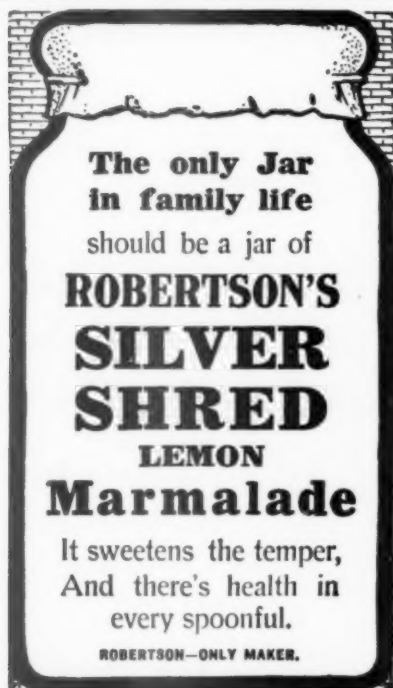
For **CHEST, THROAT, VOICE,** For **ASTHMA, COUGH, CATARRH.**



A BOON TO SINGERS, SPEAKERS, TEACHERS, &c.

Sold by Chemists and Druggists, only in Boxes, 1/- and 2/6. Based on having "Pineyptus."





**The only Jar
in family life
should be a jar of
ROBERTSON'S
SILVER
SHRED
LEMON
Marmalade**

It sweetens the temper,
And there's health in
every spoonful.

ROBERTSON—ONLY MAKER.



JACKSONS'


FAMOUS HATS
carry that note of distinction which
marks a well-dressed man.
All one price, **3/9**

**FAMOUS MACS
and RAINCOATS**
made, from materials that wear, by
men who know how to cut, fit, and
finish.
Prices, **21/- and 30/-**

FAMOUS BOOTS
give satisfaction by giving good wear;
in all styles and fittings for smart men.
Ladies' boots a speciality.
All one price, **10/6**

**JACKSONS' have branches in all
large towns. If you cannot visit
one, buy by post from Illustrated
Catalogue sent on request.**

**JACKSONS' Ltd.,
Victoria Works,
STOCKPORT.**



**HANDS COVERED WITH
ECZEMA**

Speedily Cured by Magic Balm.

"Watery pimples broke out on my hands
seven years ago," said Mrs. Rose M. Lucy,
of Fair View, Wollaston, Northants.
"Doctors told me it was weeping eczema,
caused through my blood being in poor con-
dition. *The burning and itching were simply
maddening*, and the skin peeled off, leaving
my hands and fingers red-raw."

"Two doctors were simply beaten by the
obstinate eczema, and when I stopped their
treatment I tried all kinds of ointments, lotions,
and other remedies. But the eczema defied
them all. Then my friends persuaded me to
go to the Northampton General Infirmary,
and for three months I went there regularly,
only to realise that I was not being cured."

"My husband was anxiously casting about
for a new treatment, and heard of a wonderful
Zam-Buk cure in a case something like mine.
'We'll try a box of this balm,' he said. I was
willing to try anything, for the itching and
pain were cruel. You can realise something
of the relief I felt when *Zam-Buk began to
soothe my burning skin*. I soon saw, too,
that it was 'drawing' the sores."

"Almost overjoyed, I kept up the Zam-Buk
applications, and where hospital and doctors'
treatments had altogether failed Zam-Buk
was entirely successful. All the inflammation
and soreness went away, and a *new healthy
skin grew* all over my hands and fingers."

Zam-Buk

**Test this
Wonderful
CURE FREE.**

*To satisfy yourself of Zam-Buk's efficiency
before you buy send this paragraph from
"The Quiver," Oct., 1921, and 1d. stamp
to the Zam-Buk Co., Greek Street, Leeds,
for a free trial box of this wonderful cure
for ulcers, piles, eczema, poisoned wounds,
and sores of all sorts.*

THE QUIVER

The Imperial Typewriter

All-British-Made

61½ WORDS PER MINUTE

Wins for the All-British Imperial Typewriter 2nd place at the Great Competition at Grenoble, France, August 6, 1911. 60 of the world's most famous machines entered this contest, including 54 £20 American Typewriters of the best-known makes. The test was 20 minutes' copying from unfamiliar text, the IMPERIAL showing a speed capacity superior to all other machines save one, and the price of the IMPERIAL is but £10.

Gold Medal Brussels, 1910.



£10

**THE IMPERIAL IS OFFERED DIRECT TO YOU
FOR £10 ON THIS CLEAR UNDERSTANDING**

That after a week's trial you are satisfied that it is in every way equal to the standard machines at double the price. If it does not give you complete satisfaction the machine is to be returned and the price of it—£10—will be refunded in full.

The simple construction of the Imperial Typewriter makes it almost impossible for it to get out of order. Every part is constructed with a view to reducing difficulties of manipulation and increasing its speed capacity.

**There is no stronger, no more efficient machine
on the market — yet its price is only £10.**

WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER CO., Ltd. (Dept. R), Leicester, England.

London Representative—H. MOYA, 117, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

GOAT FARMING.

20 YEARS WITH MILCH GOATS.

GOAT FARMING enables every enterprising man or woman, young or old, in robust health or of feeble constitution, and for hard work, with limited means, to step into a legitimate money-making, life-time business either by breeding, raising, and selling milch goats, or by establishing and conducting goat-dairies.

GOLD PICKED FROM COMMON WASTE-LAND.

Write to "The ONLY Goat Farm in England,"
Surrey Downs, Guildford.

GOATS SUPPLIED. PUPILS TAKEN.

Handsomely Illustrated Book on Goats, 1/- post free.

GOATS' MILK IS ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM TUBERCULOSIS.



THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON CONSUMPTION AND ITS CAUSES says—

"The evidence which we have accumulated goes to demonstrate that a considerable amount of the tuberculosis of childhood is to be ascribed to infection with bacilli of the bovine type transmitted to children in meals consisting largely of the MILK OF GOATS."

GOATS AND THEIR MILK ARE
ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM
TUBERCULOSIS.

FITS CURED

By **OZERINE**. It has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy, Fits, Failing Sickness, etc., when everything else had failed. In almost every case Fits cease entirely from the first dose. It is recommended by one sufferer to another, and, by that means, is now being

SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Many thousands of testimonials have been received, and more are coming to hand every day.

21, Portlock Road, Maidenhead,
Berks, England.

March 6, 1911.

To Mr. Nicholl.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly forward to Mrs. Larbey another 4/6 bottle of Ozerine as soon as possible. I am pleased to say that it is making a wonderful change in her. She has been steadily improving ever since she took the very first dose. She has not had one attack since, and that is two months ago, and she used to have attacks every fortnight. She is getting better, too, in bodily strength; she used to be so weak after the attacks, and had no time to gain any strength. I enclose order for same.

I am, yours truly,

M. LARBEY.

This is only one from many thousands of letters which have been received, all testifying to the extraordinary efficacy of **OZERINE**. It has cured sufferers of all ages, from 18 months to 80 years. I invite you to

TEST IT FREE OF CHARGE.

You need not spend one penny on it. On receipt of postcard I will send you a bottle absolutely free, so certain am I that you will find it most successful.

Price 4s. 6d. and 11s. per bottle, post free.

I. W. NICHOLL,

Pharmaceutical
Chemist,

27, HIGH STREET, BELFAST.

You would always drink coffee at breakfast if you could make it as easily and as well as tea. You can now. The

new Fazenda Tricolator

(3/-, or post free 3/3.)

makes perfect coffee every time without trouble.

The FAZENDA TRICOLATOR consists of three pieces—the TRICOLATOR itself, the water-distributor, and the lid. All you have to do is to place one of the *filter papers* (which are supplied free with every tin of Fazenda Coffee) at the bottom of the TRICOLATOR (marked C in diagram), put in the coffee on top of the filter paper (B in diagram), insert water-distributor, and after placing TRICOLATOR over any quart jug or coffee pot, pour boiling water in the chamber A. Then you let the coffee tricolate through, clear, clean, free from sediment, with all its refreshing aroma and flavour. The Fazenda TRICOLATOR is made of spun aluminium and is a really handsome table utensil. There is no lamp and nothing to break.

The Fazenda Tricolator may be used with any coffee. It is better, of course, to use the best coffee—PURE SAN PAULO—FAZENDA, as supplied to the House of Commons, Government Offices, etc., etc. Fazenda Coffee may be obtained, 1s. 6d. per lb., of all grocers.

You need a FAZENDA TRICOLATOR in your home. Get one to-day.

Send 3s. (and 3d. to pay postage) to The State of San Paulo (Brazil) Pure Coffee Co., Ltd., 62, King William Street, London, E.C., if your own Grocer or Ironmonger cannot supply you. Write now for free booklet.

If the Fazenda Tricolator does not give you perfect satisfaction, return it to us and your money will be refunded.





REXINE

Messrs. Hammersley,
Kennedy & Co. Ltd.,
London, W.C.

the estate agents for the Strand Imperial Hotel, London, write

"The REXINE used for the upholstering of furniture at the above hotel gave the greatest possible satisfaction. Numbers of hotel keepers have expressed their approval of this speciality."

Not requests but sheer force of merit of Rexine brings such testimonials.

People who know Rexine, actually prefer it to leather, prefer it for its wearing qualities. It is impervious to stains or scratches and it costs but one-fourth the price of leather. Furniture dealers can tell you more about it or you should write for samples from

The British Leather Cloth Manufacturing Co. Ltd.,
Hyde, nr. Manchester.

THE QUIVER

There's nae Good Luck
about the hoose,
There's nae Good
Health ava,



If SEIGEL'S SYRUP
isna there
To fricht all ills
awa'.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

You can never feel well or be well when your digestion is out of order. Bad digestion saps the very sources of life, strength and bodily well-being. A foul stomach cannot digest even the most delicate food—strong rich food is impossible of digestion to a weak stomach. You must build up the organs that digest your food; then Headaches, Biliousness, Constipation and Flatulence will leave you; you will be strong, cheerful and able to enjoy life. Mother Seigel's Syrup cures, in all cases, by aiding and strengthening the Stomach, Liver and Bowels—thus cleansing the blood and toning the whole system.

ENSURES GOOD DIGESTION.

Mother Seigel's Syrup is now also prepared in Tablet form, and sold under the name of Mother Seigel's Syrup Tablets. Price 2/9 per bottle.

HAVE YOU ECZEMA?

ECZOLINE TREATMENT—WHAT IS IT?

1st. A Wonderful Healing Ointment. 2nd. Blood Cooling and Purifying Tablets. 3rd. Specially Prepared Soap.

THE SAME IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR ECZEMA, Sores, Bad Legs, Rashes, Irritation, Chilblains, and Kindred Complaints.

THE FIRST thing done is to STOP the Irritation, then HEAL, and finally give the Skin a Soft and Clear Complexion.

TESTIMONIAL.

"It is the only ointment that gives relief. My face is clear. I have never been so clear for years. Only those who know its worth can value it most."

January 20, 1910.

We will send you a trial treatment, post paid, for 3s.

Prices separate:—Ointment, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. Tablets same price. Soap, 6d. Veterinary, made for Animals, Dogs, Cats, Horses, etc., Ointment same price; Soap, 1s. per lb. A specially prepared Shaving Soap for tender skins, 9d. per stick. Send to-day to Proprietor.

W. W. HUNTER, Regent Street, Swindon, Wilts, England, or inquire of your Chemist.

ECZOLINE TREATMENT post paid for 3s.

JUST
TRY IT.

Readers of "The Quiver" are writing to us. They seem to be very pleased with "Egglossa."



THE LOGIC OF "Egglossa"—IT'S VERY SIMPLE—VERY TRUE.

1ST The Hair Follicles become clogged with congealed secretions THE HAIR CAN'T GROW. EGGLOSSA CLEANSSES THEM ALL AWAY !!!

2ND NOW ALL IS CLEAR. EGGLOSSA KILLS THE DANDRUFF GERMS AND OTHER BACILLI.

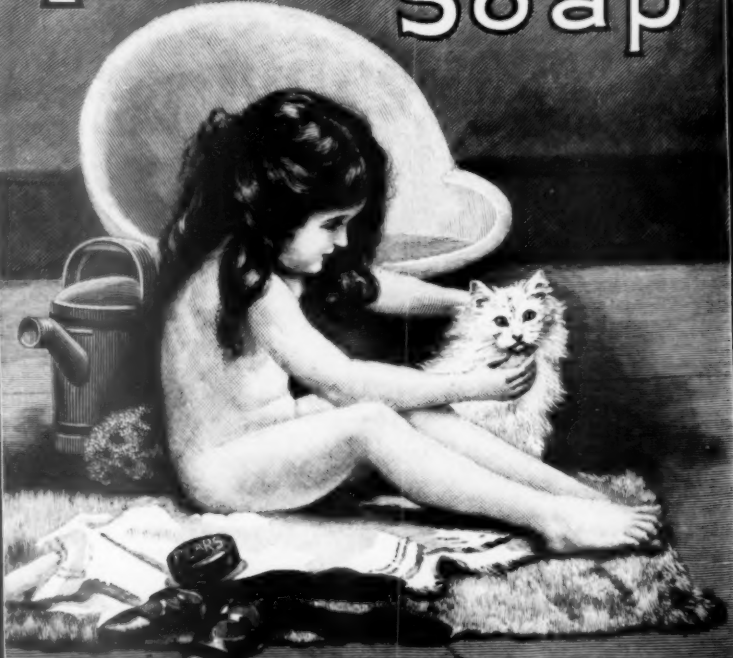
3RD This being done EGGLOSSA PENETRATES TO THE ROOTS OF THE HAIR.

4TH EGGLOSSA NOW FEEDS THEM—EGGLOSSA STIMULATES THEM.

Soft, Silky, Lustrous Tresses are the Result

Bottles 1/6 and 2/6 of all leading Chemists or Post Free from EGGLOSSA MANUFACTURERS, BRISTOL.

Pears' Soap



*Good Morning!
Have you used Pears' Soap?*

COPYRIGHT.

Impaired Digestion

The natural cure is special attention to diet, thereby allowing the organs to recuperate. The "Allenburys" Diet nourishes and invigorates the system, and is the ideal food for dyspeptics, invalids and those with impaired digestion.

MADE IN A MINUTE—ADD BOILING WATER ONLY.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard Street, London.



Of Chemists
1/6 and 3/-
per Tin

Large Sample
sent for
3 penny
stamps

D.27.

THE CHURCH ARMY

PLEADS EARNESTLY for **donations** in Aid of its Work on behalf of the **UNEMPLOYED, OUTCAST AND HELPLESS, AND THE UNGODLY AND CARELESS.**

MISSIONS TO SAILORS AND SOLDIERS.

67 MISSION VANS continually itinerating.

MISSIONS IN PRISONS, WORKHOUSES, and SLUMS, on invitation of responsible Clergy. Hundreds of Evangelists and Mission Sisters working in town and country parishes under Clergy.

LABOUR HOMES throughout the land for reclamation of criminals, tramps, loafers, and social failures of both sexes.

HOMES FOR YOUTHS.

FARM COLONY.

EMIGRATION for Men, Families, and Lads.

MANY OTHER BRANCHES.

FUNDS, OLD CLOTHES, AND FIRE-WOOD ORDERS (3s. 6d. per 100 Bundles), URGENTLY NEEDED.

Cheques crossed "Barclay's, a/c Church Army," payable to PREBENDARY CARLILE (Hon. Chief Secretary), 55, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.

Help the Children!

Your aid is once more asked by the

Ragged School Union

AND

Shaftesbury Society

for the purpose of supplying to the hungry, crippled, and badly clothed children of London necessary comfort and uplift in life. This noble work deserves everyone's support, and contributions are now urgently needed, and should be sent to

SIR JOHN KIRK, J.P.,

Director,

32, John St., Theobald's Rd.,

LONDON, W.C.

THE QUIVER



**MANY BLAME THEIR
FOUNTAIN PEN WHEN
THE INK IS AT FAULT!**



Common inks clog fountain pens. The best ink only should always be used. It costs no more, and is certainly free from sediment, richer in colour, and is permanent.



THE BEST INK IS

"SWAN" INK



**Sold by all
Stationers.**

Specially made for "Swan" Fountpens—equally good for any pens. 6d. and 1/- with filler. Postage and packing, 5d. extra.

MABIE, TODD & CO., LONDON.



N.B.—Don't use Stylo Ink in Fountain Pens. Use "Cygnets" Ink in Stylos.

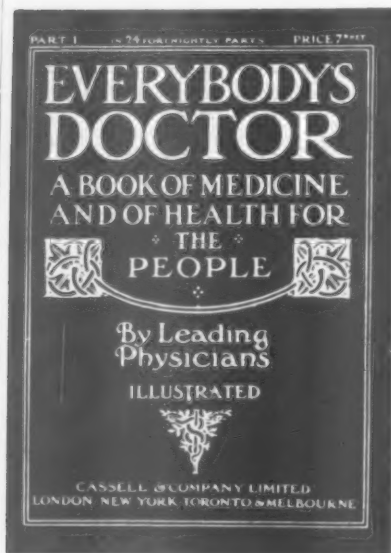
REDFERN'S

RUBBER HEELS



**"MOTHER SAYS
THEY MUST BE
REDFERN'S!"**

The Guide for all Parents



*Contains 16 Colour Plates, 17 Full-page
Plates and 140 other Illustrations.*

Getting Slack?

"Is life worth living," used to be a favourite question. *Lunch* ended the matter by replying, "It depends on the liver."

That famous journal answered better than it knew, because the reply is founded on a profound fact. How many folks are there to-day whose enjoyment of life is marred by a sluggish liver or a defective digestion?

If you are not in the best of health your work is bound to suffer. If the human machinery gets clogged, you can't drive it as quickly as a clean and perfectly tuned machine.

"EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" will tell you how to get fit and how to keep fit.

It will also tell exactly how much energy you can get out of given Foods and the value of various kinds of Exercise.

To ward off disease is a happier and more economical method than waiting till it has been cured.

The change from health to disease in a child occurs with puzzling rapidity. Symptoms develop so rapidly and are so intense as almost to unnerve the strongest parent. For Fathers and Mothers who care for their children's health, the information given in "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" will be found inexhaustible.

How few really know what to do in the event of an accident—in the case of a fractured limb, or accidental poisoning? After reading the generously illustrated "First Aid" part of "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR," the reader should feel competent to deal with almost any case.

With the last part is issued a most exhaustive Index of nearly 3,000 entries, enabling the reader to turn up any item of desired information at a minute's notice.

PART I Now Ready

*Tells how to Get
Fit and Keep Fit*

Some of the things it will tell you:—

Diseases: Their Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment.
The Digestive Organs.
Disorders of the Liver, Kidneys, and Peritoneum.
The Blood and the Organs of Circulation.
Disorders of the Heart.
Disorders of Spinal Cord and Brain.
Disorders of the Skin, the Hair, the Nails and the Eyes.
How to Treat Disease.
Diseases of Children.
Domestic Surgery.
Ambulance Work, or First Aid to the Injured.
Health and How to Preserve It.
The Science of Food.
About Holidays.
The Rationale of Exercise.
Public Health.
Healthy Homes.
Drugs and Prescriptions.
Invalid Foods and Drinks.
The Sick Room.
The Unprofessional Nurse and Her Duties.

*Hundreds of
Prescriptions*

IN TWENTY-FOUR
FORTNIGHTLY PARTS

EACH PART 7^d. Net

Specimen Part 9d., post free, from
CASSELL & COMPANY, Ltd.
La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

The Perfect Pen for all who Write!

In every profession there is a glad army of Onoto users. They know what a true friend the Onoto Pen is to all who write—how swiftly and smoothly it glides over the paper—without a scratch or splutter—lightening labour and saving time all the time.

Do you realise the merits of this wonderful pen which fills itself in a flash and cannot leak? If not, let the pen itself convince you. Any Dealer will let you examine and try it.

IMPORTANT.—For those who require a larger pen with a very flexible nib, a special model—the new "G"—has been put on the market. Try this new "G" at your stationers.

Price 10/6 and upwards of all stationers, jewellers, and stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to

THOS. DE LA RUE & CO., LTD.,
23, BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.

Ask for **ONOTO INK**—best for all pens.

Onoto
Self-filling
Safety Fountain Pen



**EGG &
MILK
Toffee**



"BRIMFUL
OF NUTRIMENT"

MACKINTOSH'S
MAKE IT

For Oily or Greasy Hair



Sprinkle or spray lightly over hair and scalp a little Icilma Hair Powder—brush out either in five minutes' time or next morning, as you prefer. This removes all excess of grease or oil, as well as all dust or grime, leaving the hair clean, fresh, and glossy.

Icilma Hair Powder is a splendid dry shampoo when wetting is inconvenient, and is *absolutely harmless*. 2d. per packet, 1/6 per large box at your chemist's, or send 1d. stamp for full-size trial packet to Icilma Co., Ltd. (Dept. 72), 39, King's Road, London, N.W.

Icilma Hair Powder

GRAVES

A POSTCARD brings our Handsome Art Catalogue, exhibiting thousands of Gold Dress and Engagement Rings, Signets, Brooches, Bracelets, Watches, Pendants & other beautiful & valuable articles. Unequalled for taste, quality and value. 2/- in the £ Cash Discount.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE FREE

All delivered on approval for small payment with order and monthly payments after delivery if entirely satisfactory. In your own interest write NOW for this valuable price-challenging book. A complete guide to the latest and best productions of the Jewellery trade. Ask for Catalogue B.

4, G. GRAVES LTD., SHEFFIELD

RINGS

CONFIDENTIAL LETTERS REMAIN PRIVATE,

When the Zanetic
N.S.C. Copying
Book is
used.



You slip your letter paper into the holder, write your letter, and the copy is made as you write. "Letter shows no sign of Copying." The letter is posted and the book locked up. 400 Octavo (8 in. x 5 in.) letters, or 200 Quarto can be copied in N.S.C./100, Post Free for 3/3; or 800 Octavo or 400 Quarto in N.S.C./200, Post Free for 4/6.

Sample of the celebrated Zanetic Paper which produces this result free, if stamped envelope sent to—

Q. ZANETIC,
Zanetic Works, Welford Rd., LEICESTER.

NO LANCING OR CUTTING



Required if you use the world-renowned **BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.** It has saved many a limb from the knife. Cured others after being given up by Hospitals. The BEST REMEDY for WOUNDS and all SKIN DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE for ULCERS, TUMOURS, ABSCESSSES, ECZEMA, &c.

Thousands of Testimonials from all Parts. Sold by all Chemists, 7d., 1/1, &c. per box, or post free for P.O. from Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 40, Gray's Inn Road, London. Advice gratis.

—The Good Old Bread.—

TRY the

GERMATA
STONE-MADE
BREAD

THE FAMILY BREAD.

IT CONTAINS
all the essentials
of
A PERFECT
BREAD
scientifically
prepared.

The
GOOD OLD BREAD
of our Forefathers.

TWO
GOLD MEDALS
in 1910.

Promotes
STRONG
HEALTHY
CHILDHOOD.

TRY IT.

PARTICULARS of
The GERMATA MEAL CO.,
BEDDINGTON (Surrey).



JEWSBURY & BROWN'S ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE

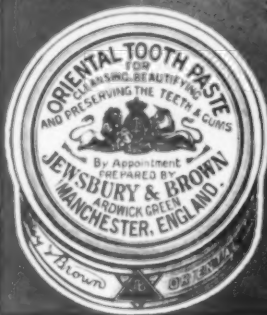
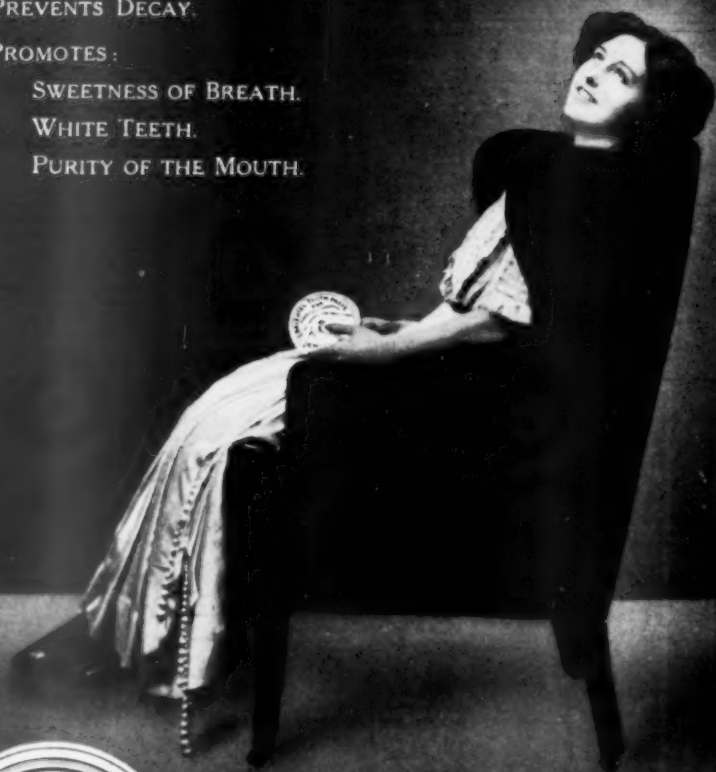
PREVENTS DECAY.

PROMOTES:

SWEETNESS OF BREATH.

WHITE TEETH.

PURITY OF THE MOUTH.



A perfect Dentifrice.

Combines the experience of 100 years with the most approved Sanitary Science of to-day.

In new Ivorine Boxes, 1/6

In pots 1/6 and 2/6, and

In ribbon tubes, 1/-

Jewsbury & Brown, Ardwick Green, Manchester.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!



no harness, no ties, no jakes.
I just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price. Write at once for my Illustrated Booklet.

C. E. BROOKS, 375, Bank Bldgs., Kingsway, London, W.C.

Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draw the broken parts together, and bond them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably, and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. I make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and I have put my price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, I make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, send it back to me, and I will refund your money. That is the way I do business—always absolutely on the square—and I have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember, I use no salves, I just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price. Write at once for my Illustrated Booklet.



**BETTER
THAN ANY
BECAUSE OF ITS
FOUR BELLOWS
(Continuous Vacuum)
AND
BALL BEARINGS
(No Labor to Use)
THE**

WIZARD

MODELS from £2 2s.
ELECTRIC £15 15s.

WRITE FOR LIST D.

THE WIZARD DUST EXTRACTOR CO., LTD., BIRMINGHAM.

ZENOBLIA

PERFUMES

ARE THE PERFECT SCENTS OF THE FLOWERS.

SWEET-PEA BLOSSOM

AND NIGHT-
SCENTED . .
STOCK. . . .



As supplied to

H.M. Queen Alexandra.

Absolutely identical with the
delicious fragrance of the flowers.

2/6, 3/6, 5/- & 10/6 per bottle.

ZENOBLIA TOILET SOAP, 1/-, 1/6 and 3/- per box.

ZENOBLIA SACHETS 6d. and 1/- each.

ZENOBLIA TOILET POWDER, 1/- and 2/6 per box.

Sold by Leading Chemists, Perfumers, and Stores.

A **BIJOU SAMPLE BOX**, containing Perfume, Soap,
and Sachet of either odour, sent post free on receipt of 3d.
stamps, mentioning "The Quiver."

W. F. CHARLES ZENOBLIA LABORATORIES, LOUGHBOROUGH.

The Doom of the Pill.

If I were really very ill,
And asked to take the nicest pill,
I fear I'd have to sadly frown,
And say "I could not get it down."

"I'll tell you, old chap, the finest
thing for keeping fit. Take
CARNA SALTS TABLETS
in your Tea—we all take
'em at home—self, wife,
kiddies, and all."



CARNA SALTS TABLETS

can be dissolved in a cup of tea, coffee,
cocoa, or hot water, and being taste-
less, will not spoil the flavour. They
purify the system, but do not strain
the organs. They are especially good
in cases of indigestion, constipation,
liver and kidney troubles, and giddiness.

In Boxes, 1/-

Of all
Chemists.

Or post free of—
CARNA MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.,
110, Strand, London, W.C.

THE QUIVER



HAIR ON THE FACE

Removed by a painless method. Explanatory Booklet sent Free.

Beauty of face is often disfigured by hairy growths, and how to permanently remove these has caused much anxiety to ladies who study their personal appearances. Some have tried the painful process of Electrolysis, which leaves the skin perforated, and often these small holes become clogged, and hence other blemishes arise, such as Blackheads, Pimples, &c. There is also the dangerous depilatory which only burns off the hair, and often burns the skin. But at last science has devised a method which entirely supersedes the antiquated harmful methods.

Every lady suffering from hairy growths will be pleased to learn that these can be removed for ever by a new method which cannot possibly harm the most delicate skin. It is so sure that it is just a matter of days and the hair is gone for ever, leaving a beautiful clear skin. There is no expensive treatment or application to buy. You will not be put to any inconvenience. All you have to do can be done in the privacy of your own apartments. This new method is worthy of your interest. We specially want those sufferers who have tried other methods to write to us, unless we can prove that we can do all that we claim, we do not ask you to take up this treatment.

HOW TO OBTAIN INFORMATION OF THIS NEW METHOD.

Just send your name and address, with a stamp for postage, to The Capillus Manufacturing Co., 330, Century House, 206, Regent Street, London, W. You will receive a full description of this simple and remarkable method, which will enable you to remove all superfluous hair at home at a very slight expense. The description is posted to you FREE in a perfectly plain and sealed package, and you should have no hesitation in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily and surely superfluous hair can be permanently and painlessly removed. Why not write to-day?

THE "QUEEN" RECOMMENDS

JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE"
WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING, WHICHEVER
KIND IS PREFERRED. Awarded 45 GOLD Medals and Royal
Appointments for Superiority

FREE AND ENCLOSED WITH EVERY BOTTLE A VOUCHER ENTITLING PURCHASER TO NAME OR MONOGRAM
RUBBER STAMP, WITH PAD AND BRUSH. ALSO WITH 1/2 SIZE A LINEN STRETCHER AND PEN.
100 YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION. Price 6s and 1s. Sold by all Stationers, Chemists and Stores.



MOLASSINE

**Dog and Puppy Cakes; Hound,
Terrier, and Puppy Foods
ARE QUITE DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS**

They aid digestion.
Keep dogs healthy, and their coats and skins in fine condition.
Eradicate worms and all internal parasites.
Free from drugs or medicaments of any kind.

THE ONLY FOODS THAT DOGS NEED

Samples free on application to THE MOLASSINE CO. Ltd., Greenwich, S.E.
(City Office: 26, Mark Lane, E.C.)

The next page but one.

Don't miss it.

No. xxi.

FIT'S
CURED

**SIMPLE
HOME
TREATMENT
Twenty-Five
Years' Success**

Over 1,000 unsolicited Testimonials in one year. Pamphlet containing proof and full particulars post free from

TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Ltd.,
303, South Frederick Street, Dublin,
and 107, ST. JAMES' CHAMBERS, TORONTO, CANADA.

YEAST by POST.

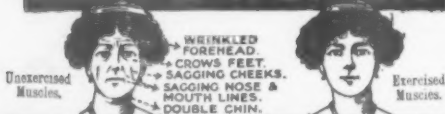
If you would ensure a full measure of success on
baking day, with contentment in the
days that follow; why, then,
you must use good
yeast.

For fresh, wholesome yeast is so surely requisite to sweet, wholesome bread, as good bread is needful to perfect health. "Standard" yeast—English, of quality thoroughly standard—is made under most modern, hygienic, and healthy conditions, and delivered post free to you, in all its sweet freshness, direct from the distillery. We should very much like to know your next baking day, so that we may send to you by the early morning post on that day a small free trial sample, also booklet of recipes. Just a post card to
THE POSTAL YEAST CO.,
Dept. A, Hull, Yorks.

FARROWS **MAKE THE BEST** **MUSTARD**
PETERBORO, ENGLAND.

THE QUIVER

Beauty & Facial REJUVENATION FOR ALL MEN & WOMEN



Premature and age wrinkles effaced; thin arms, necks, and faces rounded out; flat chests developed; superfluous flesh removed from fat faces; pimples and blackheads banished, and complexions beautified by **DR. MARLAN'S BEAUTY-CUP MASSAGE**, the Original Vacuum Massage appliance. Why resort to skinning, wax injection, chemical astringents, and other dangerous and temporary methods of which you are ashamed, when **Dr. Marlan's Facial and Body Physical Culture** is harmless, healthful, natural, dignified, and easily learned, and obtains lasting beneficial results? You get pale, old and wrinkled, and your cheeks sink, because of diminished blood circulation in the tiny arteries under the skin. Dr. Marlan's treatment by gentle vacuum suction sets the circulation going, feeds fresh pure blood to the tissues, fills out all hollow parts, making the flesh firm, and the skin soft and satiny, clear of impurities. Dr. Marlan's wonderful book, "Health and Beauty Secrets," of priceless value, sent FREE with each order in plain wrapper. Everyone who values youth and beauty should send **2/1** (about **2/6** M.O.) and try this rational and inexpensive treatment. Call or write:—

O. J. MARLAN, Neu-Vita Institute,
55-117, Exchange Buildings, Southwark, London.
Established 1900. TRADE MARK: "NEU-VITA."
Agents Wanted. Innumerable Testimonials. (Copyright.)

POND'S ARCH SUPPORTS



FOR FLAT FOOT & WEAK ANKLES

THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN CURED!
RECOMMENDED BY MEDICAL MEN.

Worn by Children or Adults. Cures and Prevents Flat Foot or Weakness in the Ankles. They can be worn unobserved in any boot.

Ladies', 4/9; Gent's, 5/6; Child's, 4/8 per pair.



POND'S TOE SPRINGS

AS USED BY ROYALTY.

The best remedy for deformities of the toes and for the CURE OF BUNIONS. Recommended by hundreds of users. Can be worn at night without inconvenience.

Price each, **3/9** Send outline of foot for size.

Sold by all Bootmakers, or of—

H.J. POND 21-23 CASTLE MEADOW
DEPT. P NORWICH

Her best friend—
*There's no friend
like an old friend.*



Dr. MACKENZIE'S SMELLING BOTTLE

IS A VERITABLE BOON

IN CASES OF
HEADACHE, CATARRH,
Cold in the Head,
DIZZINESS, and FAINTNESS.

TRY ONE. Of all Chemists. Price 1s.,
or post free, 14 stamps, in the United Kingdom.
TUNBRIDGE & WRIGHT, READING.



LACE CURTAINS

AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

FULL LENGTH.

5 Yds. Long !!!

Lovely New Designs.

Sale
Price **1/3** Pair!

2 pairs for 2/6! (Carriage, 3d.)

Illustrated Sale Catalogue of Curtains,
Cutlery, Drapery, Jewellery, Electro Plate,
China, Furs, Musical Instruments, Pictures,
Umbrellas, and 1,001 bargains, post free on
request by post card.

The Leeds Bargain Co.,
(Dept. 4) **3, Raven Rd., LEEDS.**

QUITE A GOOD THING For the Table ASK FOR IT.



HONEYCOMB MOULD

Every Cook and Housekeeper
will be pleased to hear of this **Honey-**
comb Mould. A Jelly Top and
Creamy Base. Self-separated in one
operation. Rich as a cream and
a sixth the cost.

3 1/2 d. Packet makes 1 1/2 Pints.

Here's Another Good Thing—"SUNSHINE"



The First and Most Economic CUSTARD POWDER

6 1/2 d. Tin makes 24 Pints.

SUNSHINE CUSTARD CO., 70-72, NARROW ST., E.

COUPON.

"How, When, and Where" Corner.

To Alison, "The Quiver,"

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

I should like to be entered as a Companion of the "HOW, WHEN, AND
WHERE" CORNER, and will try to help in any way I can. I enclose a
penny stamp for a Certificate of Membership.

Name.....

Address.....

Age..... Date of Birthday.....

BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS

**All Articles GUARANTEED FRESH
and of STANDARD EXCELLENCE.**

All the advantages of co-operation may be secured without trouble by customers dealing with Boots the Cash Price Dispensing Chemists, who prepare Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes with Pure Drugs at prices which give the purchasers an immediate dividend on their outlay.

**THE DRUG DEPARTMENT AT EACH
BRANCH IS UNDER THE MANAGEMENT
OF A FULLY QUALIFIED CHEMIST.**

BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS

**OVER 400 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE
KINGDOM AND 500 FULLY QUALIFIED
CHEMISTS.**

Beauty & Facial REJUVENATION FOR ALL MEN & WOMEN




Premature and age wrinkles effaced; thin arms, necks, and faces rounded out; flat chests developed; superfluous flesh removed from fat faces; pimples and blackheads banished, and complexions beautified by **DR. HARLAN'S BEAUTY-CUP MASSAGE**, the Original Vacuum Massage appliance. Why resort to skinning, wax injection, chemical astringents, and other dangerous and temporary methods of which you are ashamed, when **Dr. Harlan's Facial and Body Physical Culture** is harmless, healthful, natural, dignified, and easily learned, and obtains lasting beneficial results? You get pale, old and wrinkled, and your cheeks sink, because of diminished blood circulation in the tiny arteries under the skin. Dr. Harlan's treatment by gentle vacuum suction sets the circulation going, feeds fresh pure blood to the tissues, fills out all hollow parts, making the flesh firm, and the skin soft and satiny, clear of impurities. Dr. Harlan's wonderful book, "Health and Beauty Secrets," of priceless value, sent **FREE** with each order in plain wrapper. Everyone who values youth and beauty should send **2/1** (abroad **2/6** M.O.) and try this rational and inexpensive treatment. Call or write:—
G. J. HARLAN, Neu-Vita Institute,
55-117, Exchange Buildings, Southwark, London.
 Established 1905. **TRADE MARK: "NEU-VITA."**
 Agents Wanted. Innumerable Testimonials. (Copyright.)

POND'S ARCH SUPPORTS



FOR FLAT FOOT & WEAK ANKLES

**THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN CURED!
RECOMMENDED BY MEDICAL MEN.**

Worn by Children or Adults. Cures and Prevents Flat Foot or Weakness in the Ankles. They can be worn unobserved in any boot.

Ladies', 4/6; Gent's, 5/6; Child's, 4/6 per pair.

POND'S TOE SPRINGS

AS USED BY ROYALTY.

The best remedy for deformities of the toes and for the CURE OF BUNIONS. Recommended by hundreds of users. Can be worn at night without inconvenience.

Price each, **3/9** Send outline of foot for size.

Sold by all Bootmakers, or of—

**H.J. POND 21-23 CASTLE MEADOW
DEPT. P NORWICH**

*Her best friend—
There's no friend
like an old friend.*



Dr. MACKENZIE'S SMELLING BOTTLE

IS A VERITABLE BOON

IN CASES OF
**HEADACHE, CATARRH,
Cold in the Head,
DIZZINESS, and FAINTNESS.**

TRY ONE. Of all Chemists. **Price 1s.,**
or post free, 14 stamps, to the United Kingdom,
TUNBRIDGE & WRIGHT, READING.

LACE CURTAINS

AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
**FULL LENGTH,
5 Yds. Long !!!**
Lovely New Designs.
Sale Price 1/3 Pair!
2 pairs for 2/6! (Carriage, 3d.)

Illustrated Sale Catalogue of Curtains, Cutlery, Drapery, Jewellery, Electro Plate, China, Furs, Musical Instruments, Pictures, Umbrellas, and 1,001 bargains, post free on request by post card.

The Leeds Bargain Co.,

(Dept. 4) **3, Raven Rd., LEEDS.**

QUITE A GOOD THING For the Table ASK FOR IT.



HONEYCOMB MOULD

Every Cook and Housekeeper will be pleased to hear of this **Honeycomb Mould**. A Jelly Top and Creamy Base. Self-separated in one operation. Rich as a cream and a sixth the cost.

3d. Packet makes 1½ Pints.
Here's Another Good Thing—"SUNSHINE"



The First and Most Economic
CUSTARD POWDER
6d. Tin makes 24 Pints.

SUNSHINE CUSTARD CO., 70-72, NARROW ST., E.

COUPON. "How, When, and Where" Corner.

To Alison, "The Quiver,"
Isa Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

I should like to be entered as a Companion of the "HOW, WHEN, AND
WHERE" CORNER, and will try to help in any way I can. I enclose a
penny stamp for a Certificate of Membership.

Name.....
 Address.....
 Age..... Date of Birthday.....

BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS

**All Articles GUARANTEED FRESH
and of STANDARD EXCELLENCE.**

All the advantages of co-operation may be secured without trouble by customers dealing with Boots the Cash Price Dispensing Chemists, who prepare Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes with Pure Drugs at prices which give the purchasers an immediate dividend on their outlay.

**THE DRUG DEPARTMENT AT EACH
BRANCH IS UNDER THE MANAGEMENT
OF A FULLY QUALIFIED CHEMIST.**

BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS

**OVER 400 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE
KINGDOM AND 500 FULLY QUALIFIED
CHEMISTS.**

Laitova Lemon Cheese.

All the world is gladness when there's Laitova for meals.
Put it on pastry, spread it on bread, or make Laitova sandwiches
and it will be the greatest treat the children ever had.

Laitova is strengthening and nutritious, it makes the weak strong
and the strong stronger.

Always have it in the house, it saves the butter bill.

Prizes for children.

Every child can win a valuable prize in our Easy Free Competition
for children. Write for full particulars at once.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd.,
3, Cornbrook, Manchester.



For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/2 2/6 & 4/6

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.

Persons wishing to receive full value should apply to the actual
manufacturers, Messrs. E. & A. Browning, instead of to provincial
buyers. If forwarded by post, value per return, or offer made.
Chief Offices: 63, Oxford Street, London. Est. 180 years.



FATE

THE
STARS
TELL
YOU.

6,000 TESTIMONIALS.

I will send a **TEST HOROSCOPE** comprising
seven pages and cover on receipt of 1/- P.O. and 4d.
stamp for postage. Simply give date,
month, and year of birth-time if
known. Mr. Newton Verity (C.A.),
88, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

THE QUIVER



This self-stropping Safety Razor is an Investment. It shaves clean, lasts a lifetime, and saves expense for new blades. It is as easy to clean as to strop. Nothing to take apart. No handling of blade.

Standard Set

In handsome velvet-lined leather-covered case, as illustrated. Contains quadruple-silver plated self-stropping razor, one dozen blades, and first quality horsehide strop complete.

21/-

At all High-Class Dealers throughout the world.

Illustrated Description Free.



Auto-Strop SAFETY RAZOR

Auto-Strop Safety Razor Co. Ltd

81, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

Also New York, Paris, Toronto, Sydney, Hamburg, and Dublin.

BLUSHING

Remarkable discovery that will interest every man and woman suffering from involuntary Blushing.

EFFECTIVE TREATMENT THAT PERMANENTLY REMOVES

THE CAUSE.

Men and women who suffer from involuntary blushing need no longer despair. Out of a mass of failures has come a genuine success. Their self-consciousness can be so thoroughly removed that they themselves will wonder if they ever really had this embarrassing complaint. Mr. S. K. Temple is the scientist who has formulated this marvellous home method that cures to stay cured. The treatment he prescribes goes to the very root of the disease, and cures it, so that the frequent blushing and flushing becomes a thing of the past. Mr. S. K. Temple wishes it understood that his method of cure is different entirely to the many others which have given only temporary relief. This new method is a simple home treatment that members of either sex can easily follow to a perfectly satisfactory issue—i.e. a permanent cure. By sending your name and address, and enclosing stamp to pay postage, to **MR. S. K. TEMPLE (Specialist), 8, Blenheim St., Bond St., London, W.**, you will receive full description of this remarkable method which will enable men and women, previously nervous and shy, now to take their places in Society with pleasure and ease, and get greater profit from their business. The description is posted to you free, in a perfectly plain sealed envelope, and you should have no hesitancy in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily you can be permanently relieved of blushing and flushing of the face and neck, and it will pay you to write to-day; don't neglect to do so.

"The Voice of the Physician."

London, S.W.

12th June, 1911.

"I find Plasmon Corn Flour and Plasmon Custard especially pleasant, and your process materially improves the flavour of these articles. The Plasmon also transforms them from relatively unimportant adjuncts to an ordinary diet into almost complete foods of the highest value in the dietaries of invalids or gouty persons."

"I find the staying power of Plasmon quite remarkable—two teaspoonfuls taken in the form of Plasmon Jelly added to a little fruit, enable me to do a hard day's work without any sense of hunger or fatigue."

—M.D.

**Analysis cannot lie
and**

Analysis proves that

PLASMON COCOA

"yields **A DELICIOUS BEVERAGE** of much greater nutritive value than ordinary cocoa."—*British Medical Journal*.

Tins, 9d., 1/4, 2/6.

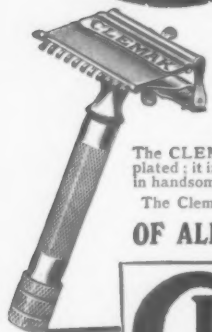
SUPPLIED TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

THE QUIVER



WHY PAY A GUINEA?

Put the CLEMAK side by side with the safety razor offered at a guinea. You will then see it is the equal of the other razor—and costs you 16/- less. Then why pay a guinea?



... Note how carefully the CLEMAK is made—the perfection of every detail—its beautiful finish. Look at the blade—feel its keen cutting edge—no other blade could shave your beard more easily than that.

The CLEMAK RAZOR, costing 5/6, is silver plated; it includes 7 blades and stropping handle in handsome case.

The CLEMAK STROPPING MACHINE costs you but 3/6, including a good leather strop. Its use ensures a keen blade for every shave.

The Clemak Razor and Stropping Machine costs together but 8/6. Then why pay a guinea?

OF ALL STORES, CUTLERS, &c. Or post free from the CLEMAK RAZOR CO., Billiter Street, London.

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/6

SEEGER'S SEEGER'OL

FOR GREY HAIR.

Trial Bottle.

6d.



SEEGER'S tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired, BROWN, DARK BROWN, LIGHT BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN or GOLDEN. SEEGER'S has a certified clientele of over FOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTY EIGHT THOUSAND USERS. SEEGER'S contains no lead, mercury, silver or sulphur. A medical certificate accompanies each bottle. SEEGER'S is permanent, washable, has no grease, does not burn the hair or scalp. Large bottle 2/- post free 22. Trial bottle post free 7d. Chemists and Stores every where. HINDS LTD., Finsbury, London.

MARK ALL YOUR LINEN WITH CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

3/6 for 12 dozen. 2/6 for 6 dozen. 1/6 for 3 dozen.

Marie Corelli

Illustrated Pattern Book Post Free from J. & J. CASH, Ltd., Coventry.

THE "ZYAPER"

Sanitary Towel stretches when the wearer stoops, like the old-fashioned diaper. To ladies who golf, ride, etc., they are an immense boon. One trial means constant use.

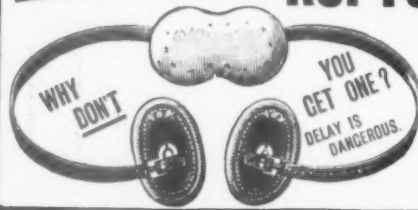
At all chemists, drapers, and stores, in 3 sizes, 1/4, 1/6, and 2/- per dozen.

Sample, with name of nearest agent, post free, on application to Lady Manager.

CUXSON, GERRARD & CO. Ltd., Corporation St., Birmingham.

Write for LIST O.

A BOON to SUFFERERS FROM RUPTURE



THE FAMOUS SELF-ADJUSTING TRUSSES

Requiring no galling straps or bandages to hold them in position.

COMFORT—SAFETY. Just What You Need—Get One.

FEMALE ATTENDANT FOR LADIES.

Belts for all purposes—GENERAL SUPPORT. WARMTH. UMBILICAL HERNIA. MOVABLE KIDNEY.

Write for LIST O.

ELASTIC HOSE A SPECIALITY.

SALMON & ODY, 164, Strand, London, W.C. AND AT BOMBAY, INDIA.

Established over 100 Years. Tel. No. 14947 Central.



**ROYAL
WORCESTER
KIDFITTING
CORSETS.**

The sketch shows
No. 509, one of
the New Autumn
Models of these
famous corsets,
price

8/11


Secure your new
corset before
ordering your
autumn costumes,
and ensure per-
fection of fit.

**PETER
ROBINSON'S**
Oxford Street,
LONDON, W.



**PATON'S
ALLOA KNITTING
WOOLS**

Patterns of the latest new Art Shades
free on application to Paton's, Alloa,
Scotland, or 192 Aldersgate Street, E.C.



FOSTER
UNDERWAIST
For Boys and Girls

Supports the underclothing direct from the shoulders, and
removes all pressure from the delicate abdomen. The shoulder
straps and parts surrounding the arm-holes are of double
thickness.

No cording to retain dampness.

We claim for the Foster Waist utility of design, quality in
material, and superior workmanship.

With Hose Supporters, 1/6, 1/9, 2/-, 2/6.
Without „ „ 1/-, 1/3, 1/6½, 2/-

"The recollection of quality remains long after the price is forgotten."

J. H. B. DAWSON, LTD., 31, FOSTER ROAD, PARKESTON, ESSEX.



A MARVELLOUS Invention for **THE DEAF.**

Write to-day for Booklet
Explaining how the Deaf can now hear.

It does not matter what the cause of your Deafness (unless you were born deaf), you can hear with this wonderful appliance as well as others. Age is no barrier, nor the length of time you have been deaf. Mr. R. G. Smith, of Tottenham, was deaf for 24 years, and can now hear as well as anybody. We can give positive proof of hundreds of similar cases.

"The Murray Ear Drum" makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. A miniature Telephone for the Ear—invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Thousands sold.

People affected with this distressing complaint are invited to write for valuable Booklet, fully descriptive of this wonderful and yet simple invention, which enables the deaf to hear, and also contains convincing proof of its efficacy from users in all stations of life. If you are deaf or know anybody who is deaf, write for this Booklet. It costs nothing; we send it free to anyone on receipt of stamp to pay postage.

THE MURRAY CO., 195, Century House, 205, Regent Street, London, W.

DEAF or BLIND



The ISON METHOD WITHOUT OPERATION effects marvellous cures in Eye and Ear Diseases, Deafness in its varied forms, Noise in the Head and Ears, Ear Discharges, etc. Write for testimonials and printed form of questions to be answered, sent free. Mr. ISON, Oculist and Aurist, Ison's Eye and Ear Dispensary, Ltd., 71, Gr. George St., Leeds. (Established 1871.)

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP

is the best carpet cleaner in the world. It removes ink, grease and all dirt from carpets and woollen fabrics. A damp cloth—a little Chivers' Soap—a carpet like new without taking it up. Sample ball sent post free 2d. stamp.

F. CHIVERS & Co., SOAP WORKS, BATH.

6D
PER BALL

IDEAL HOMES

Every week in the year

BUILDING WORLD..



**Building
World..**

... Every Friday
... One Penny

contains illustrations, with plans and full particulars, of some modern dwelling-house. Of special interest to all Property Owners, Builders, Garden City Workers, and all lovers of homeland. . . .

Ask your newsagent or bookstall for this week's issue, or send a post card for free specimen copy to

"Building World," La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

BRINSMEAD PIANOS.

Each year some improvement is made in the Brinsmead pianos; day by day inventors are busied, straining to conceive and produce, adding to the unqualified advantages of the firm's models. Frequently the results are scarcely perceptible—a gilding, it may seem, of refined gold—but the unremitting labour of invention never flags.

Take one of the latest, and most remarkable of the Brinsmead models—Style X. In this piano is contained every improvement and every invention with which the name of Brinsmead is associated, modernised under the influence of the developments in the science of acoustics. In this piano are materialised and perfectly co-ordinated, every feature that has distinguished the finest modern pianofortes throughout the world; it is a perfect instrument—yet, notwithstanding, its price brings it within range of the most moderate income.

The achievement marked in Style X is, maybe, only fully understood in the musical world: nevertheless, it is certain to arouse the interest of the general public. To them the instrument is a new Brinsmead—and experience has incontestably proved that a Brinsmead invariably means excellence—a piano unrivalled for the sweetness of its tone and the durability of its fine qualities.

WRITE FOR THE NEW BRINSMEAD CATALOGUE, CONTAINING FULL PARTICULARS OF THE LATEST BRINSMEAD MODELS.

Payment by instalment can be arranged to suit the requirement of purchasers.

John Brinsmead & Sons,
Limited,
18, 20, 22, Wigmore Street,
London, W.



Small's

Winsco Fabrics



No. 2—"NANNIE."

No. 4—"JEAN."

THE Winsco frocks shown on this page are as dainty and cosy as any mother could wish.

The little girl to the left is wearing a bonnie "best frock" of cream Winsco, in the special silk-and-wool mixture which washes delightfully and gives excellent wear. The trimmings are of Winsco Broderie Ecossaise—silk-embroidered on the identical Winsco fabric. The charming little maid to the right is wearing a Winsco everyday frock of plain grey, very tastefully trimmed with striped grey-and-white Winsco, a combination that is most effective.

The autumn patterns of these dainty fabrics are just ready, and will gladly be sent, together with an attractive booklet, "All About Winsco," to readers who make application to

W. SMALL & SONS,

Department B,

106, Princes Street,

Edinburgh.

Paper patterns of these smart little frocks may also be obtained from the same address, for 6d. in stamps. When ordering patterns the number and name should be carefully stated.

The one dish that every child delights in, and all adults enjoy for its rich creaminess and clean fresh flavor is



THE PLAYFUL PRANK
For work that's light
They have to thank
Their pal **FLUXITE**

Both Practical Man and Amateur use

FLUXITE

The paste flux that
SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING
AND SUPERSEDES LEAD-BURNING.

In every home there are discarded articles which a little solder will renew. Sending them out for repair may be too costly, but you can do it yourself easily and cheaply by the aid of Fluxite.

ANYONE CAN USE IT.

"Fluxite" is a necessity in the tool-kit of every motor-car, workshop, and home.

Of Ironmongers, &c., in 6d., 1s., and 2s. tins.

Made by the **AUTO-CONTROLLER CO.,**
226, Vienna Road, Hermondsey, London.

GLOBE

Metal Polish.

In PASTE and LIQUID.

The polish that with the least trouble gives the biggest shine—the shine which lasts.

Grocers and Stores everywhere.



THE QUIVER

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1911

Frontispiece: "At the Cottage Door." (<i>Painted by Percy Tarrant.</i>)	PAGE
A Chorus of Congratulations	1066
Memories of Old "Quivers." By the REV. HENRY FARQUHAR, M.A., B.D.	1070
Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow! Music by the REV. H. G. BONAVIA-HUNT, Mus.D.	1075
The Widower. Complete Story. By KATHARINE TYNAN. <i>Illustrated by C. Clark.</i>	1076
After Fifty Years, 1861-1911. By THE EDITOR	1085
"The Quiver": 1861-1911. Poem. By F. W. MORRIS WOODWARD, D.D.	1089
THE PROFESSOR'S PREDICAMENT. Short Serial Story. By J. J. BELL. Chaps. VIII.—IX. Conclusion. <i>Illustrated by W. D. Almond</i>	1091
A Group of Noble Workers. By DAVID WILLIAMSON. <i>Illustrated by Photographs</i>	1099
The Judgment of Violet. Complete Story. By MOLLIE E. JAMIESON. <i>Illustrated by Malcolm Patterson</i>	1104
In the Days of My Youth. By the BISHOP OF DURHAM	1113
CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON. Serial Story. By MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY. Chaps. XXV.—XXVII. Conclusion. <i>Illustrated by J. E. Sutcliffe</i>	1120
Instinct or Reason? By MRS. RICHMOND. <i>Illustrated by A. F. Muckle and H. L. Bacon</i>	1130
Miranda's Wedding Veil. Complete Story. By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN. <i>Illustrated by C. Clark</i>	1134
Vespers—For a Stormy Night. Poem. By C. E. D.	1140
A Garland of Gifts. Fifty Years of "Quiver" Charities. By "ALISON"	1144
Beside the Still Waters	1147
Bucketless Wells. By the REV. ALBERT G. MACKINNON, M.A.	1149
THE HOME DEPARTMENT:—	
Breakfast Dishes. By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR	1151
Conversation Corner. By THE EDITOR	1153
"The Quiver" Jubilee Thank-offering	1155
YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES:—	
How, When and Where Corner. Conducted by "ALISON"	1156
The Crutch-and-Kindness League. By the REV. J. REID HOWATT	1160
Sunday School Pages	1162

Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.

All MSS. submitted to the Editor must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and should be addressed to "The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C." While every care is taken to ensure the safety of MSS., the Editor can accept no responsibility for them.

Issued Monthly. Subscription Price, post free, 9s. per annum, or 2s. 6d. for six months.

WHAT RECOMMENDS ITSELF?

"MELANYL" THE MARKING INK

REQUIRES NO HEAT. WARRANTED INDELIBLE
NEW METALLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE

NICKEL LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH 1-SIZE
OF ALL STATIONERS CHEMISTS & STORES OR POST FREE
FOR 12 STAMPS FROM THE INVENTORS.

COOPER DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD. 7 & 9 ST BRIDE ST.
LONDON E.C.

The League of Loving Hearts

THE following are the sums received from old and new members up to and including August 31st, 1911:—

- 10s. each from S. Prosser, "Inasmuch."
- 5s. each from S. M. Gladwyn, Miss Frederick.
- 2s. 6d. each from Mrs. C. B. Clarke, S. E. (Exmouth).
- 2s. each from Mrs. C. H. Atkinson, Miss J. E. Alsop.
- 1s. each from Miss J. Warman, Miss E. Warman, Phyllis Mansfield, Miss M. M. Jervis, Olive H. Emtage, E. Jenkinson, Vere Modder, W. J. Day, Miss F. Butler, Esther Clarke, Mrs. H. M. Jackson, Miss E. Kiln, Mrs. E. Simmons, A. S. Larard.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS

THE following is a list of contributions received up to and including August 31st, 1911:—

- For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: A. B. C., 10s. 8d.; H. D., 10s.; Miss E. H. Kingsford, 2s. 6d.
- For *Mrs. Mackirdy's Shelter for Homeless*

Women: F. Creed, £1; "An Aged Indian Widow," 5s.; "Working Girl," 2s.; "Reader of 'The Soul Market,'" 2s. 6d.

For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund*: "An Old Ramsey Reader," 5s.; M. Smith, 2s. 6d.

For *The Ragged School Union*: L. L. (Bath), 5s.

For *The Church of England Waifs and Strays Society*: L. A., 2s. 6d.

For *THE QUIVER Waifs Fund*: From Readers of *The Christian*, per Morgan & Scott, Ltd., £4.

Sent direct to *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: Anonymous, £2.; M. McQ., £5.

Sent direct to *The Ragged School Union*: Mrs. Fitt, 5s.; Mrs. Kendall, 5s.; "Quiver," 10s.; Mrs. C. H. Cobbold, 10s.; "A Friend and Well-wisher," 5s.; Y. E. S., 5s.; "Mother," 10s.

Sent direct to *The Salvation Army*: B. P., £1.

Sent direct to *The British Home and Hospital for Incurables*: "A Wellwisher," 2s. 6d.

Sent direct to *The Church Missionary Society*: E. M. P., £1.

Contributions for religious and philanthropic societies may be sent to The Editor, "The Quiver," La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

LADIES!!

The largest stock in the Kingdom is here for your service. All our superb pattern ranges are thoroughly representative of the newest ideas and colourings, so that all tastes can be met. We quote low prices and ask for critical comparison.

SEND FOR OUR PATTERNS.

Dyed Cloths—All Wool. For stylish Coats and Costumes. Fine Venetians, Faced Cloths, Chiffon Amazons, Fine Beaver Cloths, &c., from 2s. to 4s. 6d. per yard.

"Reliable" Serges. Navy, Black, and Cream Cheviots, Coatings, Diagonals, &c. All makes guaranteed fast dye and best quality material. Prices commence at 1s. 3d. per yard, and cover every possible demand.

Coloured Fabrics. All Wool. Cheviots, 1s. 6d.; Fine Wool Cashmeres, charming ranges of colours, from 1s. 10d.; "Tacoma"—Serge Suitings, 2s.; "Miranda"—Fine Wool Herringbones, at 2s.; Infinite choice and special value.

Tweeds, Friezes, Suitings, Coatings, Coverts, &c. The "Excel" wonderful fancy Tweed, 1s. 3d.; Herringbone Mixtures, from 1s. 8d.; Heather Mixtures, Stripe Suitings, &c., &c.

Coating Tweeds for Motor Coats, Jackets, Golfing Capes, &c. Wonderful values, from 2s. 3d. to 7s. 6d. per yard.

Black Dresses. Rich Mohairs, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 10d.; Wool Vests, 1s. 6d. to 3s.; Nun's Veilings, unshrinkable, 1s. 1d. to 1s. 6d.; French Netings, 1s. 10d. to 2s. 3d.; Silklins, 2s. to 3s.; D'Ecosse Cashmeres, 1s. 6d. to 2s.; and a fine assortment of novel and stylish black fancies.

Brld.
74
Years.

PATTERNS POST FREE on request. Send us a card, and examine our values at leisure.

Direct Inquiries to:—

EDMONDSON'S WAREHOUSE, LTD.,
Letter Order Department, LEEDS.

OUR CATALOGUE is brimful of special offerings in Blouses, Laces, Furs, Dress Skirts, Underskirts, Underclothing, Blankets, Sheets, &c., &c.

Carriage Paid on orders over £1 in value.

Baby ought to have Neave's Food.

Neave's Food

Sold in tins and 4d. packets.

A Perfectly Safe Food for the youngest and most delicate child, which has for nearly 90 years been the infant diet of hundreds of thousands of strong and healthy men and women.

USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.
GOLD MEDALS, LONDON 1900 & 1906. ALSO PARIS.

SAMPLE TIN sent Free on receipt of two penny stamps for postage—Useful Booklet "HINTS ABOUT BABY" post free. Mention this publication.
JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge.

For those requiring a Milk Food for Babies from Birth, Messrs. Josiah R. Neave & Co. have introduced

NEAVE'S MILK FOOD

It is free from starch, rich in fat, and very closely resembles Mothers' Milk in composition.

Instantly prepared by adding hot water only.

MEDICAL REVIEW, Nov., 1905.—"When diluted with water, yields a preparation almost identical with human milk."

Sample for 2d. postage. Mention this paper.



Boxes
of
3 tablets
1/-

Single
tablets
4d.

"Come, give us a taste of your quality."

—Shakespeare.

Quality both in the material and in the perfume is the secret of

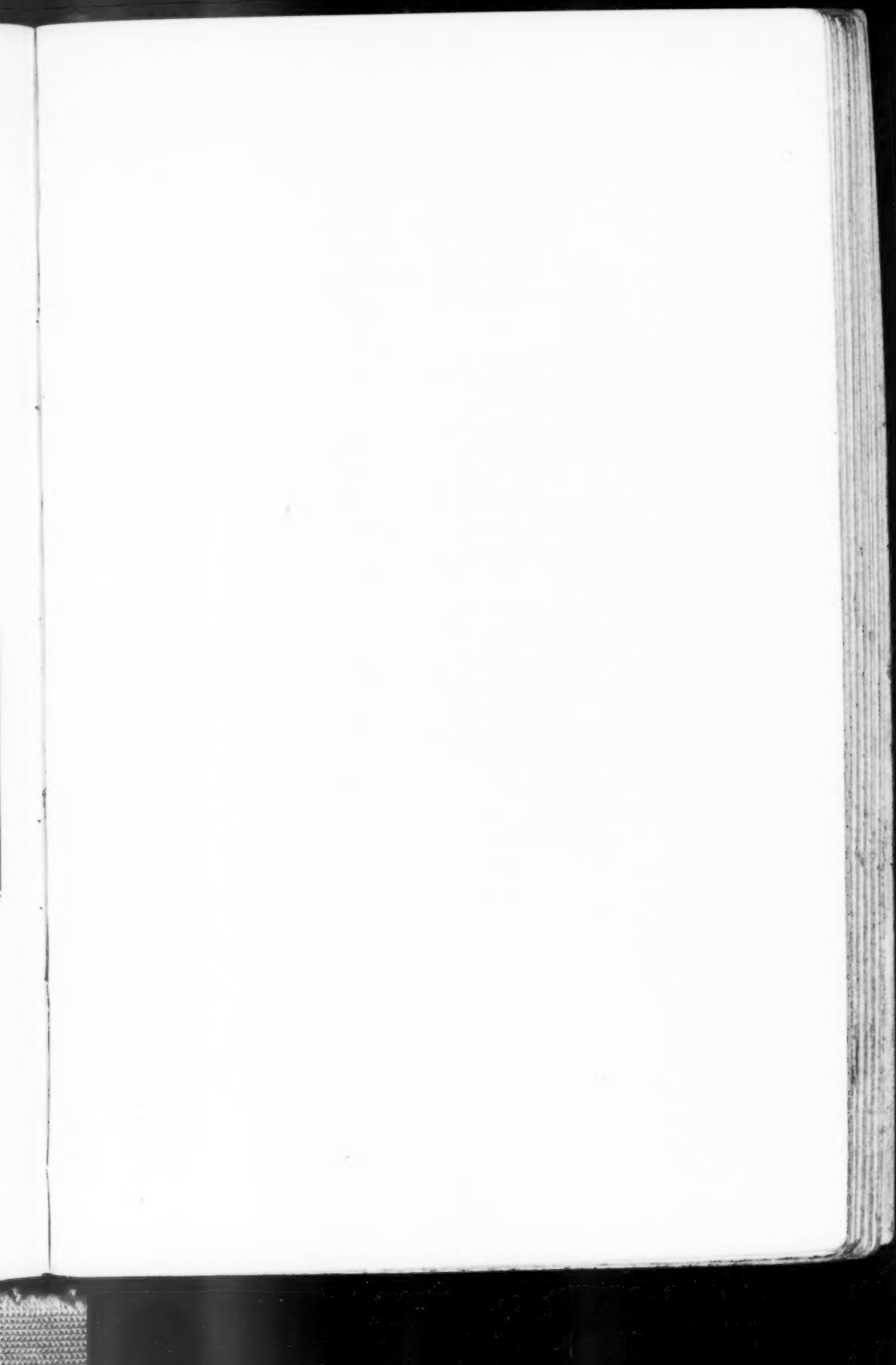
Royal Vinolia Toilet Soap

Only the purest vegetable oils enter into its composition, producing a soap which yields a rich, emollient lather, perfect for the skin and complexion. The perfume is a blending of sweet-scented essences of flowers, its delicate fragrance lingers long after its use, so that the bath becomes idealized when Royal Vinolia Soap is used.

VINOLIA COMPANY LTD.,
LONDON & PARIS.

RV 65-23

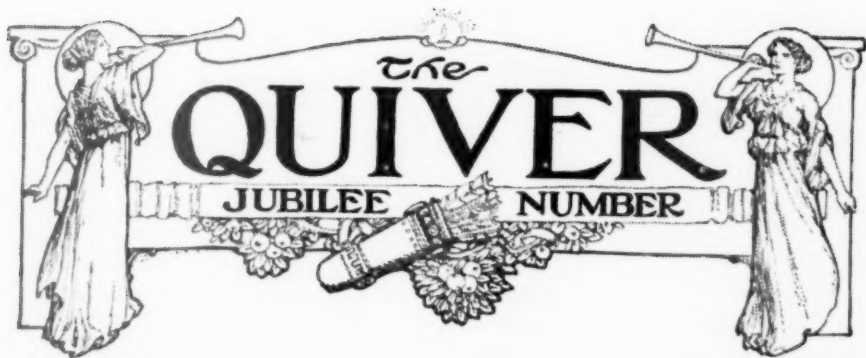






AT THE COTTAGE DOOR.

(Painted by Percy Tarrant.)



VOL. XLVI, No. 12
(VOL. L., OLD SERIES)

OCTOBER, 1911

A FOREWORD

"The Quiver" Jubilee

IN presenting this, the Jubilee Number of THE QUIVER, the Editor and Publishers desire to express their gratitude to the countless numbers who, through these Fifty Years past, have made this magazine not merely a living production, but a national institution. Whilst acknowledging the invaluable help of distinguished authors and artists, and also of former Editors, they wish to place on record their obligation to the great public which, after all, by its appreciation and support, has brought THE QUIVER to its present position. With that continued support they look forward with confidence and hope to an even greater extension of influence and usefulness in the years to come.

A Chorus of Congratulations



(Photo: Durham)
The Bishop of Ripon.

THE Jubilee of THE QUIVER has evoked a chorus of congratulations from readers and supporters in all classes. The following are some of the messages which have reached the Editor from prominent leaders in the world of religion and thought. We desire to thank the writers most cordially for their hearty good wishes:—

THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

"I wish THE QUIVER many years of useful life. I congratulate its Editor on its having reached such a mature and ripe age. May it long stand for pure and helpful periodical literature, and may its reward be found in the happier hearts, more useful lives, and more sterling characters of its readers!"

"W. B. RIFON."

THE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

"I heartily congratulate THE QUIVER on the completion of its fiftieth year: and wish it all Pentecostal blessing in its future course. I believe that its pages have been a source of recreation and refreshment to many, have served to foster a healthy religious life, and have helped to maintain that purity of thought which alone can make such publications a blessing to the world."

"T. W. SODOR & MAN."

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

"The Bishop of London congratulates all concerned on the magazine's completion of fifty years' useful existence, and wishes it continued success in the future."

THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

"The Bishop of Exeter desires to congratulate you on the continued success of your effort to provide interesting and wholesome literature for the public."



(Photo: Pictorial Agency)
The Bishop of London.

THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

"I have to thank you for kindly sending me an attractive number of THE QUIVER—a magazine I used to know and read constantly in the days when the valuable sermons of the late Dr. Vaughan, sometime Master of the Temple, used to appear in it.

"I think THE QUIVER one of those periodicals which have exercised a very great influence for good; and I think the Editor may heartily congratulate himself that 'John Cassell's New Journal' has so well maintained its position, and fulfilled the intention of its Founder.

"G. W. BATH & WELLS."

DR. J. R. MILLER.

"I congratulate you from my heart on the great achievement which has been won by THE QUIVER in attaining its fiftieth anniversary. I have known it all these years, and for a good many years it has been my privilege to see it, not regularly, but very frequently, and you have given me the liberty of writing for it a number of times.

"No one ever can tell what has been accomplished by THE QUIVER in these fifty years in the way of wholesome, inspiring, and uplifting influence. Nothing unbeautiful, nothing unlovely, nothing hurtful, ever was sent out on a page of THE QUIVER. Every line has been clean and white and shining with the beauty of Christ.

"May THE QUIVER continue for many years more to exert just the same influence—spiritual and enriching—upon the lives of the people who read it. May you long be spared to guide the magazine in the right way.

"J. R. MILLER."

REV. W. L. WATKINSON, D.D.

"Very bravely and faithfully has THE QUIVER for half a century pursued its original design of 'Promoting Biblical Truth, and Advancing Religion in the Homes of the People.' The good already wrought by it is incalculable, but never was it more needed than now. It would be a calamity to the cause of pure literature if it were to cease; and a large increase in its circulation will be a great blessing to the Church and to our Country.

"W. L. WATKINSON."

PREBENDARY H. W. WEBB-PEPLOE.

"With an honest sense of pleasure and goodwill, allow me to congratulate you very heartily on the completion of your Fiftieth Volume of the well-known and much valued periodical THE QUIVER. Comparatively few magazines have had so long an existence, and I think one may safely say that very few have more honourably and faithfully fulfilled the purpose for which they were started. I think that every clergyman, and every friend of the people, may safely recommend it as a home journal of



(Photo: Russell & Son.)
The Bishop of Bath & Wells.



(Photo: Haines.)
Rev W. L. Watkinson, D.D.



(Photo: C. Vandgh.)
Bishop Welldon.



(Photo: C. Vandgh.)
Dr. G. Campbell Morgan.

much value, edited with care and with an honest desire to advance the cause of God in the home.

"The Home Life is, perhaps, the one thing to which we should, specially in these days, devote attention, and I therefore trust that in the future, as in the past, your journal may be edited with the true design of bringing Christ into the homes of England, and leading the dwellers therein to yield themselves to Him who, as the true Head of the Home, will give grace and guidance both to parents and children, and make the lives of either a real preparation for the life of joy and glory beyond.

"I trust that the special province of your journal may be to recommend the Saviour throughout the length and breadth of our land, while giving to our people cheerful and helpful literature.

"I bid you God-speed therefore in your work.

"H. W. WEBB-PEPLOE."

BISHOP WELLDON, DEAN OF MANCHESTER.

"It is a pleasure to me to congratulate THE QUIVER upon its Jubilee. For a good many years past I have appreciated the high tone, the common sense, the brightness, the interest and the purity of the articles which have appeared in its pages. Never were these qualities more valuable to literature than they are to-day. They are such as render a magazine a powerful influence for good in the modern world. 'Happy is the man who has his quiver full of them.'

"J. E. C. WELLDON."

DR. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

"I heartily congratulate THE QUIVER on the attainment of its Jubilee, and that for so long it has maintained its high standard of excellence. May it long continue its good work in our midst.

"G. CAMPBELL MORGAN."

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE.

"I have long contributed to THE QUIVER—both music and articles. It always seems to me to be edited with perfect taste, and to be a valuable educational journal in every way to be encouraged.

"FREDERICK BRIDGE."

REV. J. D. JONES, M.A., B.D.

"Let me send a line of hearty greetings to THE QUIVER upon the attainment of its fiftieth birthday. It has done a great and beneficial work, and I earnestly trust that there may be before it many years of still larger influence.

"J. D. JONES."

REV. DAVID BROOK, M.A., D.C.L.

"THE QUIVER is wonderful. For half a century its arrows have aimed at the head, the heart, the conscience of men and women all over the British Isles and wherever the English language is spoken.

"The errand of the arrows from THE QUIVER has always been of mercy and grace, never of destruction. They have been directed with skill and reverence, and the good work they have done in those fifty years is incalculable. It is clear that THE QUIVER is unexhausted. Its messages are as urgent and forceful as ever. May God so guide them as that the next half-century shall be even more successful than the last.

"DAVID BROOK."

DR. RENDEL HARRIS.

"Heartiest congratulations on the fiftieth year of THE QUIVER. I must be one of your oldest readers, for my youthful days are tinged by memory with the colouring of your excellent magazine. Best wishes for extended usefulness (both to young and old) in the future.

"RENDEL HARRIS."

RT. HON. SIR J. COMPTON-RICKETT, M.P., D.L.

"I am glad to hear that THE QUIVER has attained the Jubilee of its fiftieth volume. THE QUIVER occupies an honourable position amongst periodicals of this description, and has no doubt made many a home better and brighter for its presence.

"J. COMPTON-RICKETT."

THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

"I thank you for the Coronation number of THE QUIVER, and congratulate the Editor on its long and useful career. The number so kindly sent is worthy of its fiftieth year."

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

"I do not see how any good man can fail to rejoice at the success of THE QUIVER, as evidence that so many of our people have good and wholesome reading.

"EDWARD LINCOLN."

CANON W. HAY M. H. AITKEN.

"I heartily congratulate all who have to do with THE QUIVER upon the attainment of your Jubilee.

"Your excellent magazine has always maintained the same high standard of usefulness and interest, and its prolonged success has been well merited. I hope that it will still delight and edify generations to come, and that in its quiet unobtrusive way it will continue to contribute to the highest well-being of society which is ever to be found in devotion to God and good.

"W. HAY M. H. AITKEN."



(Photo: R. H. Grosvenor.)

Dr. David Brook.



(Photo: Russell & Son.)

The Bishop of Lincoln.



Memories of Old Quivers

BY REV HENRY FARQUHAR M.A.B.D.

IT was the sight of an odd volume of THE QUIVER on a bookstall that sent my thoughts back to the time—over forty years ago—when I knew it first. I was a boy then, at an old farmhouse in the north of Scotland, passionately fond of reading, and with very little, in those primeval days, and in that out-of-the-way place, wherewith to gratify my passion. My father's library was not only small and (in one sense) select, but extremely uninviting to a boy of healthy tastes in letters. Ancient Commentaries on the Bible formed the *pièce de résistance*; and when one had exhausted the pictures in those portly tomes in dingy calf their interest had evaporated. Wilson's "Tales of the Borders"—are they ever read now, I wonder?—represented Fiction; but they were regarded with a certain suspicion as being "novels," and the irresistible attraction they possessed for me was but coldly appreciated by the domestic authorities. Somebody or other's "Tales of the Covenanters" was naturally on a different plane; and I had fuller permission to study these verbose productions of the sober Muse of History than I cared to take advantage of. A little of that seemed to go a long way. Boston's "Fourfold State" and Clarke's "Sermons" were frankly impossible; Josephus' "Wars of the Jews" was a trifle better; while the "Pilgrim's Progress"—especially in its very best bits, such as Christian's fight with Apollyon, or his adventures in Doubting Castle—was all that boy could wish for. One never-to-be-forgotten winter "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Robinson Crusoe" were borrowed from a neighbour's bookcase; but, having speedily to be returned, they never became the

intimate friends a boy's books should be.

In the general aridity of this intellectual desert there was one bright spot, one oasis as pleasant as flowing water and lustrous sunshine could make it, where for many a happy hour I, pilgrim-wise, set up my little tent, while, all around, Fancy's

"Melodious birds sang madrigals."

My blessings yet on those sweet hours, and on the dear old QUIVER that thus made bright my commonplace existence! I shall never like a book again—not even THE QUIVER itself—as I loved it then. To this day the name thrills me as no other name in literature can.

We had four volumes of it—I suppose it must have been in its first youth at the time—not bound in calf, like the erudite Scripture Commentaries, nor even in cloth, but simply in coarse, brown paper, the amateur work of some member of the family. But mean and shabby as they were in appearance, their contents were to me so bewitchingly delightful that I would not have exchanged them for a mine of virgin gold.

Part of my daily duty was (like Norval) to follow the fortunes of our herd of cows as they grazed on the flowery meadows beside the stream, or in the wide by-ways that intersected the fields, and contained an abundant supply of rich, succulent pasture. This attendance on the "milky herd" was not a job I hankered after, and only a stern sense of duty, stimulated by frequent parental injunctions, kept me more or less faithfully at it; but if anything made it bearable at all, it was the old, tattered, dog-eared volume I hugged under my arm. That opened for me a world in which, ever since, I have been

MEMORIES OF OLD QUIVERS

more or less at home, and made me free of a Kingdom, from whose gates of gold and ivory no earnest seeker is ever turned away. For there was no embargo on *THE QUIVER*; whatever suspicion rested on other printed matter, there were only respect and admiration for it; and so, with full parental approval I read, and re-read it, to my heart's content.

It was my solace both during summer and winter. We had no daily paper; the old house stood on a breezy hillside at a considerable distance from any other, so that neighbours' visits were infrequent; the day of the cheap book and of the fourpence-halfpenny magazine had not dawned; and what I for one could have done without *THE QUIVER* in those long, long evenings when the lamp was lit in the big kitchen by three o'clock, I should not like to guess. When lessons were finished, and the huge fire made up with an armful of pine branches from the dark forest to the north; when the golden wave of light and the purple shadows chased each other up and down the wall how good it was—will ever, anything but quite so good again?—to sit in one's own cosy corner and be wafted away to the best country for a boy in all the world, that of honest fancy and pure imagination!

Where the precious and dearly loved volumes went to when the old home was broken up in my absence, I never knew. Possibly they had not even survived to that unhappy time, but had gone the way that all good books should go, and been literally loved and worn to death. Indeed, even though it were possible, I should not like to see my old friends again. Seen by the cooler eyes of middle life, they might

not be quite so good as they once appeared. Did I not try to read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the other day, only to find the flavour had gone from it, that the humour was forced, the situations strained and unnatural, the pathos perilously like that other quality of certain literature that begins with a B? So, in dread of a similar catastrophe, I prefer to think of the companions of my boyhood as I remember them in the Age of Gold, when the sun was always shining, and the birds sang from every bush and tree, and all the world, so old and grey to-day, was young and fresh and bright. And why should I want to see them, when I have only to shut my eyes and see them at any moment?

Books with pictures were rare in those days, and magazines with them rarer



THE PURITAN MAIDEN. AN OLD "QUIVER" ILLUSTRATION BY W. L. THOMAS.

THE QUIVER



A TYPICAL STORY ILLUSTRATION BY R. BARNES.

still. Our schoolbooks, e.g. when compared with the brightly illustrated and highly attractive primers of to-day, were cold and uninviting, and of a deadly dullness. But among its other advantages, *THE QUIVER* was brilliantly illustrated—so at least it appeared to me—and each picture was “a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.” I can see many of them so plainly as I write, that were I an artist I could reproduce them with never a line wanting nor a shade deficient. They were to me perfect productions of the highest art; and so satisfied am I with them yet that you could not change a feature in them without my knowledge, nor with my consent. The dresses were of that peculiarly hideous description that characterised the mid-Victorian period; and you, O gentle reader! would be vastly

entertained were you to see them in the streets to-day. The men wore high straight hats, long coats with full breasts, and trousers strapped down to their natty boots. The sweet faces of the ladies beamed from close fitting bonnets or from under tiny hats jauntily perched on monstrous conglomerations of hair and padding known as “chignons.” Fancy shawls draped their shoulders, while their skirts spread in great fullness over their invisible feet. I never see a picture of this style of costume but *THE QUIVER* comes into my mind.

The letterpress, however, was what I revelled in; and by that I confess to meaning the fiction only. There must have been in the magazine articles of a serious complexion and of a solid nature, but for the life of me I cannot remember a single one. I should like very much to say how deeply I studied such, and

what enormous benefit my better part derived from them, but truth refuses me the pleasing indulgence. The only thing I can recall of this nature is a rather lively series of articles entitled “A Run-ahead Ramble to Rome”; but I fear that their persistence in my memory is due to the pictures that illustrated the tour, one of which, showing a string of diligences climbing a zigzag mountain road, greatly took my fancy.

But the stories—ah! how good they were, to be sure! Give me the title of any of these, and ask me about them, and see if there be any hiatus in memory now. I wish I had passed the numerous examinations it has been my hap to face half so well as I could pass a paper set on the Fiction of *THE QUIVER* forty odd years ago.

MEMORIES OF OLD QUIVERS

Two of the serials were tremendous favourites. One was "Norton Purnell," a story of the Mendip Hills; and when in later days my eyes actually looked on that lovely range, I felt as men that dream. The plot was simplicity itself; and such as a modern generation, deeply versed in elaborate mystery, would laugh at as ultra-primitive. It was the old story of a boy stolen when a baby, brought up in a peasant's house as his child, though really the son of a baronet. There was a choleric, but really kind-hearted parson, with a beautiful daughter, of course; a jackdaw that acted as *deus ex machina*, and whose pilfering of a ring turned things topsy-turvy for a bit, till the opportune raiding of his hoard brought the missing jewel to light; a couple of melodramatic villains, ready for anything in the way of crime, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter, with a chorus of peasants and farmers, who supplied the comic element, and whose humour appeared to me as of unapproachable excellence. In those simple, far-off days there was no fear of mistaking the characters, for the hero was always good and handsome, the heroine ever pure and lovely, while the villain was of the deepest dye, generally spoke in hoarse tones, and had formed the pernicious habit of "lacing" his cup of tea at breakfast with smuggled brandy at some inn of evil repute. Plots, too, always ended well; so Norton got his rightful position, and his Sophia; and all things were left as they should be in a well-conducted work of fiction.

"True to the End; a Domestic Story," was another built on approved principles. It opened with a happy English home, in

which the hero, a successful London banker, lived with his beautiful young wife and their only child. The villain of the piece, George Mostyn, a clerk in the bank, too clever by half, is assumed by the guileless head of the concern as a partner. Again, the old story is worked out on familiar lines. Speculation, swindling, and forgery play havoc with the bank's capital



"THE PRAYER THAT MOTHER TAUGHT" A SUBJECT WHICH HAS SINCE BECOME VERY POPULAR WITH ARTISTS.

and destroy its credit. Result, a financial smash, the blame, as happens commonly in fiction, and sometimes in real life, falling on the innocent Mr. Faulkner, while the guilty Mostyn escapes for the time. Acting on a sudden impulse, and without telling his wife or anyone of his intention, the banker leaves the country in hot pursuit of his infamous colleague, and is led a pretty dance up and down the Antipodes by that unscrupulous and wary

THE QUIVER

gentleman. This gives the author an opportunity of introducing telling scenes of savage life. Why Mr. Faulkner did not write to his poor wife in his wanderings seems rather extraordinary, but the fact remains that he did not, otherwise, of course, the story would have come to an abrupt and premature conclusion. So the poor woman had but a sorry time of it waiting with that "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick" for news of her absent lord. But through good report and bad report she is "True to the End," which is as happy an end as heart could desire.

But the best of all, the *bonne bouche* over which I lingered most fondly, was the "Department for the Young." This took the mild form of a short tale, generally complete in one number, suited for children. Nowadays the average youngster lives in such a wealth of literature appropriate to his years and intelligence that these simple tales would only excite his scorn; but, famished as we were of the very necessities of intellectual existence, they were prized luxuries to us. I could furnish you with a list of them, with the names of the characters, a synopsis of the narrative, and a description of the accompanying picture, more easily than I could describe the story of a celebrated author that I yawned over last week. Ah me! for the days when the young appetite was so healthy and vigorous that the poorest fare tasted better than the rarest dainties do now!

The picture of one that I recall showed a compact little party of four; a lady, with the mid-Victorian bonnet and shawl, holding her little girl by the hand, and talking to a peculiarly villainous sweep, who has just been belabouring his starved and ragged donkey with a murderous bludgeon. Nothing would serve little miss but the immediate purchase of the poor animal, but her mother, Mrs. Temple, being a widow, had but a light purse, and the truculent owner, seeing his chance of a deal, showed he could sell an ass as well as beat him. The conference between mother and daughter—at which I anxiously assisted, with my heart steadily sinking as the price of the donkey steadily rose—fortunately for my peace of mind, ended with the purchase of the distressed

"moke." I remember that the little lady determined to help in paying the price by giving up certain luxuries to which she had been accustomed, amongst which was sugar. At its present low price sugar, thus saved, would take a long time to pay for a donkey, but in the seventies it was much dearer than it is now. So the poor donkey changed owners, very much to its advantage, and to my satisfaction, and I have no doubt lived happy ever after.

One more picture, and I have done. Again the features of the tale are so familiar that merely to mention them tells the story. A little, lame London girl gets to the country for a glorious week in summer, for the first time in her life. The green fields, the wild flowers, the birds, the woods, the brooks are all so many glimpses of heaven to the starved little heart. It never rains but it pours, and so the Sunday-school picnic takes place while she is in the parish. She is invited by the kind-hearted vicar. Everyone, teachers and scholars alike, is kindness itself to the poor thing with the crutch; and the day passes like a happy dream. But the best of it—both to her and to me—is this. While the others are playing we—she and I—hobble along a lovely lane, and come to a small garden where a dim old man, with the inevitable tall hat, is watering flowers in pots. Somehow or other we have a penny between us, and finding that the flowers are for sale, determine to squander this wealth on a plant in a pot. Whether a penny would buy a flower, pot and all, seemed to my untutored understanding at least doubtful; but the old gardener has a kindly eye, and makes no difficulty. Indeed he offers such a variety of floral treasures for the humble sum at our disposal that we know at once he is a fairy in disguise. Nothing could be more delightful than the perplexity into which his generosity throws us; and it is not till after a long while of delicious uncertainty that our choice falls on a pot of the prettiest heartsease in all the world, and which I have no doubt is blooming somewhere to-day in the great desert of London!

Ah! my friends, these were the best days after all, when simple tales like these could make us happy!

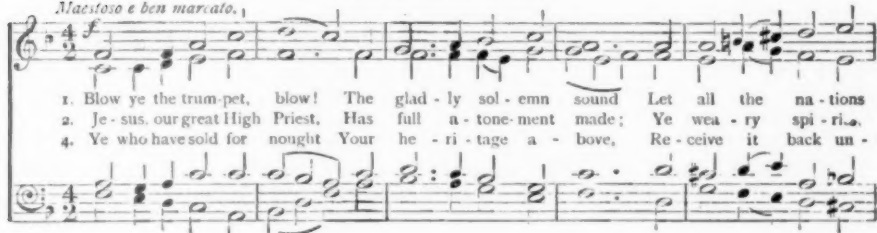
Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow!

A SONG OF THE GREATER JUBILEE

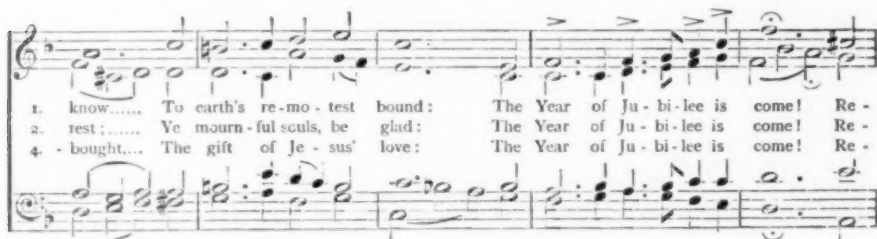
Specially composed for THE QUIVER by The Rev. H. G. BONAVIA-HUNT, Mus.D.
(Sometime Editor of THE QUIVER)

(Words by CHARLES WESLEY)

Maestoso e ben marcato.

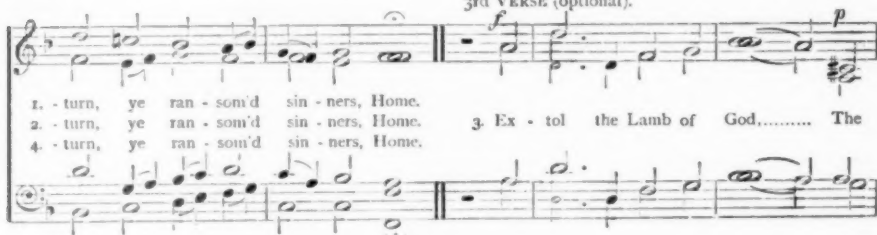


1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow! The glad-ly sol-emn sound Let all the na-tions
2. Je-sus, our great High Priest, Has full a-tone-ment made; Ye wea-ry spi-ri-ts.
4. Ye who have sold for nought Your he-ri-tage a-bove, Re-ceive it back un-

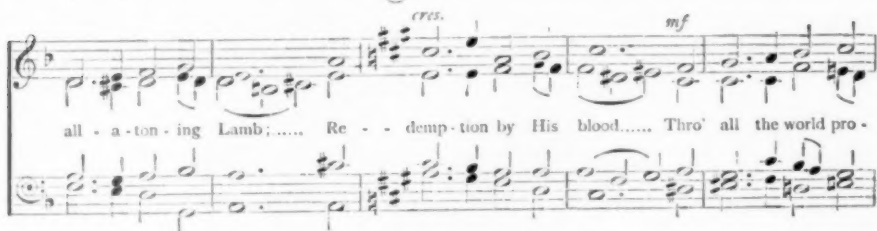


1. know..... To earth's re-mo-test bound: The Year of Ju-bi-lee is come! Re-
2. rest;..... Ye mourn-ful souls, be glad: The Year of Ju-bi-lee is come! Re-
4. -bought.... The gift of Je-sus' love: The Year of Ju-bi-lee is come! Re-

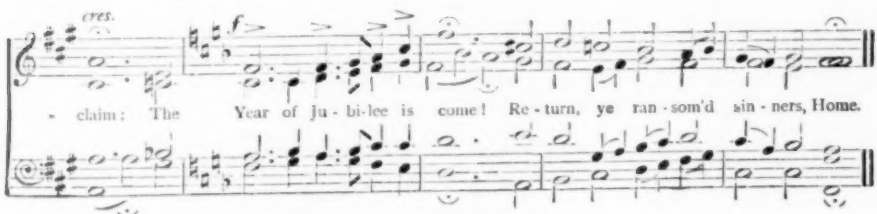
3rd VERSE (optional).



1. - turn, ye ran-son'd sin-ners, Home.
2. - turn, ye ran-son'd sin-ners, Home.
4. - turn, ye ran-son'd sin-ners, Home.
3. Ex-tol the Lamb of God..... The



all-a-ton-ing Lamb;..... Re-demp-tion by His blood..... Thro' all the world pro-



- claim: The Year of Ju-bi-lee is come! Re-turn, ye ran-son'd sin-ners, Home.



The Widower

By
Katharine
Tynan

HANS KELLMANN sat in the depths of affliction for his wife Rachel. It was two years now since she had left him and little Fritz and Gretchen to the tender mercies of her sister, Lucy Bradley-Smithers, whom he had innocently besought, in the first stunning blow of his bereavement, to stay and look after Rachel's children.

Rachel and he had been very happy together. Those—and they were many—who had prognosticated ill results from the marriage between Rachel Bradley-Smithers and the German clerk ten years her junior, whom she had met at a musical society to which both of them belonged, had been disappointed. Hans, who was as handsome as he was kind—a young, fair giant with golden hair, a ruddy complexion, and the bluest of blue eyes—never seemed to discover anything amiss with his Rachel, who, when he married her, had already been verging towards spinsterhood, and had never had any looks to speak of. A little faded, kindly, simple lady at the time of their meeting, her marriage had brought her out beyond all the possibilities, said her friends. Absolute happiness has, perhaps, a beautifying effect, and certainly Mrs. Kellmann bloomed out into a very comely and pleasant little matron during the ten years in which she was Hans Kell-

mann's wife, the mother of Fritz and Gretchen, and the little sober light of a very happy house.

The marriage had been a *mésalliance*, according to Rachel's people. Other, more sensible people smiled at the point of view; and Rachel had resented it so hotly that she had quarrelled with the brothers and sisters down in Warwickshire because of it. Hans Kellmann had done very well indeed for Rachel and himself during those ten years. He had had wonderful luck, as some people put it, and by the time Rachel left him, carrying a little stillborn child in her arms, he was a quite prosperous and successful merchant, with a turn-over in the year which the Bradley-Smithers would have thought fabulous if they had known its exact amount.

Rachel had broken away from her family and its traditions, and had been acting as companion to a tyrannical old lady when Hans Kellmann had married her. The rest of the family preferred to stay at home, in the pinched seclusion of their house in Warwickshire. Hans Kellmann had never set eyes on one of his wife's family till that dreadful time when Rachel lay in her coffin, under masses of flowers, in an upper room at the Leas, and he sat with his head

THE WIDOWER

bowed to his knees trying to realise the dreadful thing that had happened. Then the Bradley-Smithers family, Lucy and Leonard, Mabel and Marcus, Clifford and Constance, had borne down upon him.

He lived in a nightmare those days, and he had hardly come out of it by the time the blinds were up and the Bradley-Smithers departed, leaving Lucy to look after Rachel's orphans. In later days Hans often wondered if he had really asked Lucy to stay. It was quite possible. He could remember so little of what happened during the nightmare. Anyhow, when he came to himself there was Lucy; and there were two subdued mites in black in the nursery whom he could hardly recognise for Fritz and Gretchen. At first, perhaps, he was too broken to resist his sister-in-law's iron rule. By the time that life seemed to begin again for him, although with a difference, the rule had been established, and Hans, constitutionally gentle, especially where women were concerned, found it almost impossible to resist it.

At first, life had refused obstinately to go on for him in the old way. He thought something had broken in his head or his heart, and the machinery was out of gear. His old friend, Dr. Geddes, was peremptory in ordering him a change. Where would Hans go to but back to Munich, where his old mother petted and made much of him, as though he were little Hans still, and not big, broken-hearted Hans? He came home wonderfully comforted and eased, having made many promises to bring back the two children with him the very next summer—and found the Leas under the iron rule of Miss Bradley-Smithers.

All the old, easy-going ways were over. A new face met him in the hall—in the nursery—on the night of his arrival.

"It was high time to make a change," said Miss Bradley-Smithers. "The servants were very insolent. I thought I'd better make a clean sweep before you came back."

She had made a clean sweep. A sallow, delicate young woman, with hypocritical eyes and a sneak's voice, sat sewing by a shaded lamp in the nursery when he ran upstairs. Fritz and Gretchen were in their cots. They burst into quiet sobbing as they flung themselves upon him. Did he know Sally was gone? They didn't like Emily, they whispered in his ears. She pulled Gret-

chen's hair when she combed it, as Sally had never done, and she was always standing them in corners. Couldn't Sally come back? And oh, they had wanted to stay up for dinner the very first evening father came home. Couldn't Aunt Lucy go away and motherkin come back?

It was the beginning of a mournful epoch of repression for Hans as well as the two babies. Lucy Bradley-Smithers was of the type of tyrant whose appetite is whetted by the non-resistance of its victim. She had once been pretty, perhaps, with a pale, somewhat washed-out prettiness. Now a frost lay on her dull, fair skin, her pale hair and eyes. She had a small mouth that could shut like a steel trap. She was, honestly, according to her lights, horrified at the happy-go-lucky household which Rachel had governed with a slack rein. Rachel had been wont to say that, because of her own wonderful happiness, she wanted everyone about her to be happy. Certainly the household was easy-going and wasteful. Miss Bradley-Smithers, accustomed to a pinched gentility which looked closely after even the farthings, was genuinely horrified at the state of things she found. The children, too. Rosy and healthy they might be, but they ran wild. They had not the proper hours of sleep. Their dietary was weird to the English mind. Their clothes were in a shocking condition—buttons off, holes unattended. That woman, Sally, seemed to do nothing but romp with the children—so soon after their mother's death, too. Sally was promptly packed about her business.

Hans hardly recognised the Leas in the prim order of the new state of things. The servants kept better time than in the happy old days. A new order and decorum reigned in the house. He sat down to dinner every night in a white tie and a dinner-jacket. The new parlour-maid, who was an alarming person in spectacles, always called by her surname, had put out his evening suit for him the very first evening after his arrival home. He wore pumps now instead of slippers. He retired to his own den to smoke his pipe, and was glad enough when the hour came that he might do it.

The children went to bed now at a respectable hour. There was no more rushing down to greet Daddy, and tumbling all over him

THE QUIVER

like a pair of frolicsome puppies when he came home of evenings. No more sitting up to dinner and eating all manner of things that couldn't possibly be good for them. Doubtless it was better for the children to go to bed at six o'clock, after a nursery tea of thick bread and butter, with the most economical jam now and again, by way of a treat, and big mugs of milk and water. The children detested milk and water, but it was Miss Bradley-Smithers' prescribed diet for them, and there was nothing else, however they rebelled. Hans felt that he never saw the children at all. At first he had gone to see them in the inner nursery, where they lay wide awake in the darkness, as quiet as mice. The new nurse was a stiff and starched piece of rigidity, who had come from a titled family and expected to be propitiated all the time because she had come down to living in the house of a German merchant.

At first Gretchen had flung her arm about her father's neck imploring him, in a whisper, to send *her* away—her being the nurse. Fritz would say in a louder whisper, "And Aunt Lucy. Please send Aunt Lucy away and let mother come back." Sometimes the children would have a sudden hopefulness and would implore their father to take them up out of bed and carry them down to the library as he used to do. It was so dreary lying awake in the dark. They had always had a light and a fire in the old days. The new nurse did not approve of coddling. Between her and Miss Bradley-Smithers everything was arranged for the children: how much they should eat, and what; how many blankets they should have on the beds; the exact thickness of their underclothing; how long they should be out of doors in the bleak, winter days.

After a time Fritz and Gretchen got no chance of whispering their grievances into their Papa's ear, for Miss Bradley-Smithers represented to Hans that his way of going up and sitting in the night nursery after dinner was altogether wrong, and produced insomnia in the babes; so Hans gave it up, and a little later only saw them for a kiss night and morning and on Sundays. Presently Hans began to play golf on Saturday afternoons, and by and by he had engagements on Sunday mornings, so that he saw less and less of the children, who, with the strange patience of children, gave up their

feeble protests and became more and more silent and automaton-like; they who had been such merry imps in the happy old days.

It never occurred to Hans that anything was the matter with his darling children. His sister-in-law and the genteel nurse had somehow contrived to build a wall between him and them. It sometimes occurred to him that they were very silent compared with what they had been. He noticed that Gretchen was springing up very tall for her age, and that she was paler than she used to be. It had come to the second winter after Rachel's death, and the winter had set in very early, with snow and sharp frost in November. Gretchen always looked pinched and blue, and so did Fritz. Hans ascribed it somewhat to the solemn blacks they still wore. He had objected once to putting them into mourning for their mother, and Miss Bradley-Smithers' shocked astonishment had prevented his protesting again. He hated to see them in the blacks, in which their Aunt Lucy found that they looked so refined. People admired the children's manners. The nurse, a conscientious woman, had done her duty by them, as though they were little Lord George and Lady Adeliza, instead of plain Fritz and Gretchen. He saw for himself that they always looked tidy and well-cared for. They were learning to read and write, and they were making great progress with music, which, indeed, came to them easily. Altogether there seemed nothing for Hans to put his finger upon and blame. Quite the opposite. Yet he was unhappy; and he had a vague idea that the children were unhappy too, which was terrible to a heart that had something of the mother in its fatherliness.

Miss Bradley-Smithers was saving his pocket—wonderfully. The household expenses were reduced by nearly one half. Hans felt that he ought to be grateful to his sister-in-law. It did not occur to him that his table was kept somewhat meagrely. To be sure he had taken to dining as well as lunching in town of late. After all, there was nothing to come home for. The last thought that would have occurred to generous Hans would have been that Miss Bradley-Smithers stinted the children and herself, since the servants would not be stinted. He had no idea of the pinched gentility of life in

THE WIDOWER

which his wife's people lived, which is apt to develop in woman a passion for saving.

He ought to have been grateful to Miss Bradley-Smithers, yet he was not. He wanted to get his children to himself for a good romp. He wanted to have the animals in the house as of old. Miss Bradley-Smithers had banished his two old Irish terriers to the stable yard, where he left them because he was sure they would be quite happy with Brady, the coachman, who was a countryman of their own, and he was

a subdued wildness, in keeping with their refined air. Hans could remember when they had been lusty and merry children. He was not greatly in love with this refinement of theirs.

They had their outfits for the journey. Hans carried the two off to Regent Street and brought them back again quite done with their blacks. Gretchen was in scarlet with a black beaver hat and a little fur coat; Fritz in a blue coat trimmed with astrachan, and a soldierly cap of astrachan.



"Hans did not seem to care very much for her displeasure. He was in a mood of exhilaration."

not at all sure that they would be happy under the austere rule of his sister-in-law.

Hans was a good son as he was a good husband and father, and he always spent a fortnight about the New Year with the old mother in South Germany. This year, just upon the edge of Christmas, he announced that he was going to take the two children with him. Miss Bradley-Smithers protested. Something of the old insolence of her family towards Hans was in the protest. Hans did not take offence. He had told the children, and they were as wild with joy as it was in their nature to be of late. It was

The rest of the outfit was following. The motor, that was Hans' latest acquisition, was heaped with all manner of Christmas toys and games and sweets, and Hans, sitting in the midst of his purchases, with the happy children either side of him, might have passed for Santa Claus.

Their reception by Miss Bradley-Smithers was cold water on their cheerfulness. She was scandalised at the discarding of the mourning, and also at the new garments—such gay colours, not even half-mourning.

Hans did not seem to care very much for her displeasure. He was in a mood of

THE QUIVER

exhilaration, a child on each knee, and inclined to disregard Miss Bradley-Smithers for once.

"Ach!" he said, "that angel, Rachel, she would not have her little ones in the ugly blacks. Why then, I ask you, should we wear the blacks for an angel who is in heaven?"

Miss Bradley-Smithers did not answer. Privately, she thought the question theatrical and in bad taste. Hans and the children had one glorious evening together, defying all the laws of the arbitrary ruler of the house.

Alas, the result of the feasting and the excitement was that both children were ill in the night. Miss Bradley-Smithers said nothing, only looked unutterable things. Both children were laid up with gastric attacks; and in the midst of the flurry came a hasty summons for Hans to his mother's sick-bed. There was nothing for him to do but to go at once, leaving the children behind.

He was delayed longer than he expected. The old mother had contracted a severe chill, and there were a good many days before anyone could say that she was going to come back to life. Perhaps she would not have lived if it were not for Lili, a distant cousin, who was a nurse in a Berlin hospital. Into the household, wild with fear at the threatened removal of the one who was its centre, came Lili, with her steadily-shining blue eyes, her golden braids plaited about her head, her fair skin, her comfortable figure. Lili was all in blue; her movements were soft and quiet; she had an air of ineffable tenderness. She took command of the sick-room before she had even got out of her cloak. She was consoling, strengthening, soothing. Little by little Lili seemed to coax the old soul back from the gates through which it had nearly stepped.

The New Year was some three weeks advanced before Hans felt it safe to leave. He had had one or two prim bulletins from his sister-in-law and formal Christmas letters from the children. He had shown the letters to Lili, who adored children. Gretchen's was oddly blotched. He had not understood, but Lili had.

"See you, my friend," she had said, and the light on her face was wonderful, "thy little maiden cries for thee."

He remembered it with a sensation of

heartache as he neared home. He had not thought to tell them to send the motor, and there was nothing at the station but a growler. He had a number of small parcels—not much personal luggage. It was a foggy afternoon, even in the suburb. There were not very many people about.

He was full of a joyous excitement as the growler rumbled along the ill-lit roads, where the occasional lights burnt redly through the fog. At last, his own gate! Beyond the little avenue the square, comfortable house. How enchanted the children would be. His little lad! He smiled to himself ruefully with a remembrance that Miss Bradley-Smithers had once described Fritz as rebellious and ungrateful. His little maiden, whose tears had dropped over her Christmas letter to him! What a joy he was bringing them.

He was out of the cab before it stopped and rat-tatting on the hall door. The whole house-front was dark. More economy, he supposed. The gloom of the house, with the overhanging boughs all about it, brought him a sudden depression. Ridiculous! He could afford to have his hall lighted. Bother Lucy's carefulness! He said the "Bother!" out loud, making the old cabman jump on his box.

He knocked again and rang. Ah—there was a light at last, coming up the kitchen staircase, a light borne in someone's hand: he could see it through the muffled panes of the hall door.

Someone came along the hall slowly. There was a drawing back of bolts. What did it mean? Where was Bailey, the spectacled parlour-maid? The door was opened on the chain. He saw the ace of Mrs. Hutt, the steady and reliable old woman who had come in to help on all sorts of occasions while Rachel lived.

"Is it you, sir?" she said, unchaining the door. "We weren't expecting you, sir, not so soon. Miss Bradley-Smithers is away, down in Warwickshire. She said she'd maybe not come back before February. She's wrote to you, sir. I'll light a fire in a few minutes and get you something to eat."

"The children? Where are the children?" he asked. He lifted his face up towards the well of the staircase. The house, an old-fashioned one, was built around its staircase. He had the strange

THE WIDOWER

feeling of utter emptiness above there. He *knew* the rooms were empty, although he could not have told how he knew.

"The children?" he repeated, stooping mechanically to fondle the two dogs who were leaping upon him with deep, quiet manifestations of delight. "Where are the children?"

His voice shook. A sudden terror had taken possession of him. Then—of course, they were gone with their aunt into Warwickshire. He must have missed a letter.

"Lor bless me, sir, you didn't expect to find them here, surely," said Mrs. Hutt. "W'y, they're at school; Master Fritz at Mr. Parker's preparatory for young gentlemen in the Osborne Road, Miss Gretchen at Miss Plummer's over to Marchfield. Miss Bradley-Smithers packed 'em off soon as ever the doctor 'ud let them stir. She said as 'ow she'd let you know, sir. Dr. Kent, 'e said I was to be sure to let you know soon as ever you came home that he wanted particularly to see you about the children."

Something strange was happening to the gentle Hans. He was hardly ever angry. Now he was shaken with such a tempest of anger that for a second or two he could not control his voice. The cabman was standing outside the door amid the packages. The fog was lifting and drifting away. There was a glimmer of distant lights through the bare branches.

"Wait!" he said, at last, finding his voice. Then, to Mrs. Hutt:

"You are alone in the house?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Bradley-Smithers paid off the servants before she left. They did have somethink to say to her, beggin' your parding, sir."

"Can you light a fire in the library and cook a simple meal? I am going to fetch the children. If you have no supplies in the house I will bring you anything you want."

"I could slip round myself, sir, leavin' the dogs in charge," said Mrs. Hutt, with a beaming face. "I'll get anything that's wanted, and you an' them there blessed children shan't want for nothink, I promise you."

First Hans swooped down on Miss Plummer's Select Boarding-School for Young Ladies. He had a very short and easy way with him which cleared his path wonderfully. His way was to write a cheque for a quite ex-

traordinarily generous amount while the astonished school principal was yet gaping over the suddenness of his demand for the restoration of his daughter. He had explained in a very few words that the children had been placed at school without his knowledge or consent. While word was sent to the French governess to bring down Miss Kellmann and see that her trunk was packed and sent after her, Miss Plummer acknowledged suitably Mr. Kellmann's handsome behaviour.

"I may say," she said, "that the child has been grieving incessantly, in spite of all we could do. She seems to brood over her brother, and how he is bearing the separation from her. I am very glad not to have the responsibility of her any longer, although we can usually make our little people very happy."

At this point Gretchen arrived, a miserable little Gretchen indeed, in her blacks once more. She came forward a step or two into the parlour, the governess beaming behind her. At first the child, whose eyes were sunken in her head from weeping, could not see who it was that waited. Then, recognising her father, she flew to him with a cry that haunted him for long enough afterwards.

"Ah," she sobbed, "we thought, Fritz and I, that we had no more a dear Papa. We thought you had followed Mamma, and that we should never see you any more."

"Poor maiden!" cried Hans, with an answering sob, gathering the child into his strong arms.

It was a mile to Fritz's place of detention. As the growler carried them along, Gretchen held to her father's breast, there were no two happier people in the world, only that now and again Hans had a misgiving. Was it right? Dear heaven, was it right that the little one should be so light—as a snowflake or feather light? Was it right?

He forgot his misgivings in the joy of picking up sleepy Fritz, who was already in bed and had wept himself to sleep. Mr. Parker had been propitiated in the same manner as Miss Plummer, and he allowed Hans to walk upstairs into the small boys' dormitory—where his presence excited an immense commotion—and carry sleepy Fritz, who thought it was a dream of Paradise, downstairs to Mr. Parker's own private room. At first, he refused the matron's aid in dressing Fritz and broke several

THE QUIVER

buttons in his clumsy attempts at dressing him before he yielded up the task to more expert hands.

It was the most wonderful drive for the two children, back to the Leas, where there was no one to browbeat them any more, but only kind old Mrs. Hutt, who had done her best to make them a little feast worthy of the occasion. When they had done full justice to it, the three knelt down and said their prayers as they had been wont to in Rachel's time. And then Hans himself undressed Fritz; and Gretchen, who had grown so tall and weedy lately, undressed herself; and they lay down, the two happiest children in the world, in their little beds which had been carried into Papa's bedroom and put each side of his bed, in a beautiful firelit room, such as they used to have when Mamma was alive.

"Sleep well, my angels," said Hans, kissing them. "To-morrow there is a long journey for you both. What do you say, then, to going to see the angel grand-mamma who is now able to sit up and desires to embrace her little grandchildren?"

The children gasped, and Fritz, who was too young to have understood his loss, asked hopefully if the little Mamma would not be there also.

"Not so, Fritz," Hans replied gently. "The little mother is in heaven; but—there will be someone there. Listen, my treasures. The little Mamma, when she knew she must leave us, she said: 'Hans, when I am gone, I wish thee to be happy with Lili, and the children also. There is no other I would trust thee and the children with but Lili.' Other things she said which you shall know some day, when you are no longer little ones. She and the Cousin Lili, they had a friendship rare among women. Lili longs for Rachel's children."

He had stayed with the children till they were asleep before he remembered what Mrs. Hutt had said about Dr. Kent. In the midst of all the joy of this evening there had been a shadow, a fear. The children were too thin and too pale. They were not so when Rachel had been there to watch over them.

Having kissed the little sleeping faces and left them there in the warmth and the firelight, he went downstairs, put on his overcoat and hat, and set out to seek Dr. Kent, who lived not very far away. He found him at

home and sat down to talk to him about the children. He was yet so angry with his sister-in-law that he could scarcely trust himself to speak. When he told what he had been doing since his arrival home some four hours before, the doctor listened with an expression that somewhat puzzled Hans.

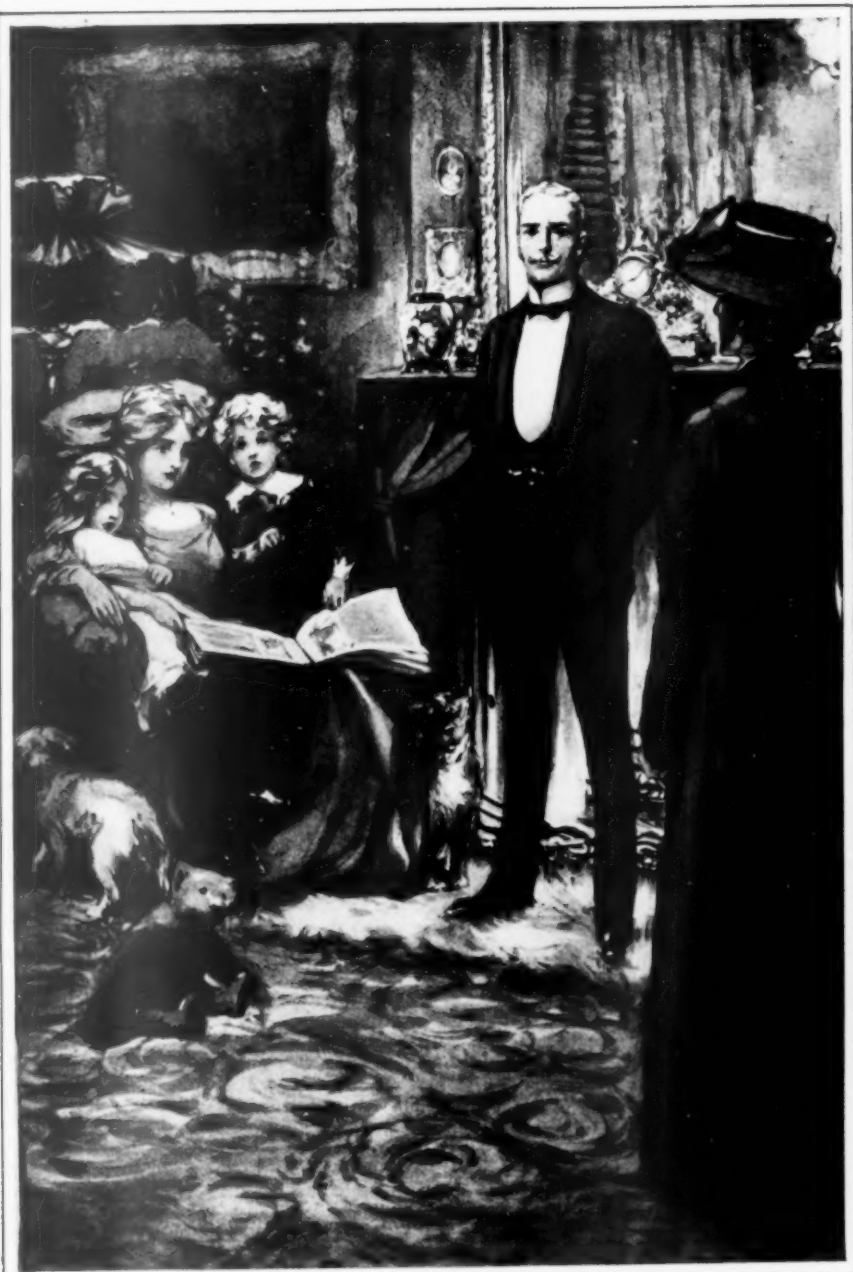
"My dear fellow," he said, when Hans had come to a shy pause, midway of the delights that awaited the children. "You have taken a weight off my mind; you have indeed. Don't have your sister-in-law back with the children. She means well, but"—he paused for a second—"it becomes second nature with some women to pinch and save. I hate to say it to you, but—the children are ill-nourished. I found out from their nurse how they had been fed. Iniquitous! I'm bound to say the woman rebelled against it at last. Your sister-in-law starved herself as well as the children. She had no idea of what she was doing. I ought to have been called in before . . . There, my dear fellow, there is no serious harm done. They are healthy children. They will soon pick up. You should marry again, you really should. The children's mother would say you should. I am sure of it. Poor mites! how much they endure sometimes."

It might have been a month later that a cab, laden with Miss Bradley-Smithers' luggage, drove up to the door of the Leas. The lady's pinched face looked out. The first thing she noticed was that the house-front was cheerful with light from top to bottom.

"So!" she said to herself. "Evidently my worthy brother-in-law has come back, though he hasn't found time to answer my letters. New servants, I suppose. Hussies! I'll soon put a stop to such wastefulness."

The door was opened by a man-servant, who looked bewildered, as Miss Bradley-Smithers, waving away his questions, swept past him into the hall. She was furiously angry. Her anger had been growing for the month during which not one word had reached her from Hans, and her letters to the children—of a minatory order—had remained unanswered. For once she was going to be vulgar, to tell Hans what she thought of him before consenting, when she had humbled him fully, to take up once again the management of his affairs.

With her hand on the drawing-room door



"'This lady,' he said, 'is my wife, my honoured and beloved wife.'"—p. 1084.

THE QUIVER

she started, as though she had been shot. A wooden horse lying on its side on the mat at the foot of the staircase had caught her eye. At the same moment the dogs barked just beyond the door by which she was standing. So! Did they think she was dead, like her poor sister? Or what had been happening in her absence?

The man-servant tried to precede, to announce her. She swept him aside with an imperious gesture. She flung open the door and walked into the room. She was quite within the room before she took in all she saw. The dogs had retreated before her to join the group by the fireplace. It consisted of, first, Hans, standing with his back to the fire. His face darkened as he saw her, but she was angrily aware that it had been beaming with happiness before her presence fell on him like a blight. Lying back in one of the big arm-chairs was a big, golden-haired young woman, with white shoulders gleaming out of a blue silk dinner-dress. Fritz and Gretchen were in her arms, a head lying on each of her beautiful shoulders. There was a book open on her knees, and apparently Miss Bradley-Smithers' entrance had interrupted the telling of a fairy story.

"Who is this—person?" she asked, standing still in the midst of the drawing-room, which was littered now with books and music and needlework and children's toys, as it had been in Rachel's days, but never under her sister's frozen rule. "Why are not the children at school? It is time I came back, indeed."

Hans Kellmann, with a queer suavity, which she remembered afterwards as vaguely ominous, stepped forward to meet her.

"This lady," he said, "is my wife, my honoured and beloved wife. She has come to make happiness for me and the children. They have not been happy since their mother died, nor well. You know what Dr. Kent said."

"I know." For the first and last time she quailed before his eyes. "They had plenty; I do not believe in children over-eating themselves. I——"

"Do not let us discuss it. I believe you did not mean ill. If it were otherwise should I be talking to you like this? My wife will make you welcome to dinner and to sleep if you choose to stay. There are business arrangements. You saved me quite a large sum. Heavens, at what expense! It shall be yours."

The golden-haired young woman stood up, having first placed the two children in the big chair with a motherly tenderness.

"I hope you will honour us——" she began, in her difficult English.

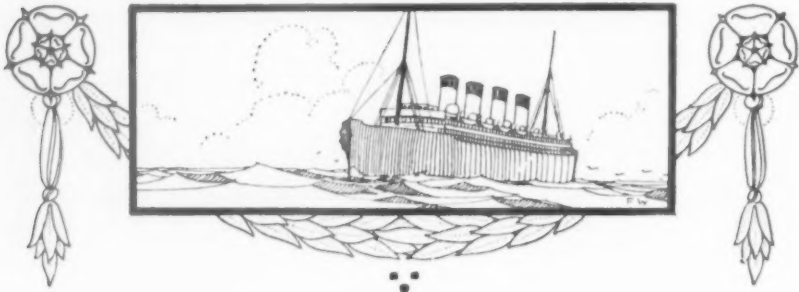
Then Miss Bradley-Smithers recovered herself.

"No, thank you," she said. "I prefer not to receive any hospitality at your hands. I——"

Whatever else she might have said was prevented by Hans. He advanced, offering her his hand with a serious politeness.

"Allow me to conduct you to your cab, since you will not stay," he said. "My Rachel's sister—not that you were sisterly to her—exact my forbearance."

Miss Bradley-Smithers looked down at his arm, uttered a queer laugh, lifted her tweed skirt as though she shook the dust of the room from it—and left the Leas for ever.





AFTER FIFTY YEARS 1861-1911

BY THE EDITOR

ON September 7th, 1861, appeared the first number of *THE QUIVER*. It was a twenty-four-page penny magazine set in small type, and without illustrations. No word of introduction accompanied the first issue, but an advertisement of the new venture described *THE QUIVER* as "John Cassell's New Weekly Journal, designed for the Defence and Promotion of Biblical Truth, and the Advancement of Religion in the

Homes of the People." *THE QUIVER*, we are told, "will every successive week be charged with well-poised arrows, each fledge with a motto to carry it home to some member of the family circle. . . . *THE QUIVER* will be evangelical and unsectarian in its character, having for its grand aim the intellectual, moral, and spiritual improvement of its readers. Its staff of contributors will include some of the ablest writers in the sphere of religious literature, irrespective of denominational differences."

A glance at the first issue shows that, whilst the aims and objects of the magazine have remained constant, the style and appearance have altered considerably. The first page starts off with a leading article on "The Bible, Christianity, and the Church." This is followed, on page 2, by an article on "Religion in the Home." Further on in the issue—in the middle of the second column, on page 11, we find "The Channings: A Tale by the Author of 'Danesbury House,' 'East Lynne,' etc.," whilst the "Youth's Department," "Weekly Calendar of Remarkable Events associated with the Christian Church," "The Half-hour Bible Class," make up the rest of the issue.

Unpretentious and somewhat heavy as

the magazine would appear to present-day readers, it immediately leapt into popularity, and in 1864 we have the announcement: "Three years ago, Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin commenced the issue of *THE QUIVER* as a Weekly Magazine for the Defence of Biblical Truth, and the Advancement of Religion in the Homes of the People. The cordial reception given to it by the public at that time, and its steadily increasing popularity since, have influenced the Publishers in their determination to make it still more attractive and, by the addition of new features, to increase the sphere of its influence. They have, therefore, determined to commence a New Series, which will be well printed upon paper of superior quality, and illustrated with Engravings of high artistic merit. . . . The principles of *THE QUIVER* will remain the same as before."

Some of the "Engravings of high artistic merit" have been dug out of the office archives, and are reproduced (in smaller size) in this issue.

Fifty years have elapsed since our first number appeared—and most eventful years have they been. In the world of religion and philanthropy, *THE QUIVER* has witnessed the establishment of the Church Congress, the Bishop of London's Fund, the Salvation Army, the Charity Organisation Society, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Church of England Temperance Society, the Church Army, the N.S.P.C.C., and a host of other well-known institutions. Dr. Livingstone's centenary is being celebrated in a few months—it seems a long way back since *THE QUIVER* published an article commenting on the detailed report of his supposed assassination in Africa—

THE QUIVER

years before the actual end of his noble career.

In the world of science and industry these have been truly marvellous years; indeed, it is safe to say that almost every trade and occupation has been revolutionised in some of its processes. And magazine production is no exception to this. The first printer of **THE QUIVER** would be as amazed at the perfecting machine on which the magazine is now printed, as would be the promoter at the typewriter by which the Editor's letters are now written, or the telephone on the Editorial desk. In the appearance of the magazine the most vital change has been made by the photographic method of reproduction. The old-time artist drew his picture on wood, the precious production was committed to the tender mercies of the engraver, who, laboriously by hand,

cut out the wood into as near a copy of the original as carved lines could make it. Needless to say, the result all depended on the skill of the engraver, and the process was costly and uncertain. To-day the finished drawing is handed to the etcher, who, either by the "half-tone" or "line" process, makes an exact reproduction by quite mechanical means, to any size, in a few hours. A recent development of this is shown in the frontispiece to the present issue, which is printed by letterpress, in precisely the same way as the other portion of the issue, but in three colours, and three only—red, yellow, and blue. These colours are obtained, from an original drawing, by purely mechanical means, with an exactitude that would bewilder the old-time lithographer.

So far for outward and mechanical changes. But what of the changes in the

times? **THE QUIVER** is doing its best to-day to carry out the aims of its founder "for the advancement of religion in the homes of the people." Few papers have kept so well to their objects for such a long stretch of time. But the conditions around are vastly different from those which faced its first promoters. Since that time the energy in the literary and magazine world has been simply enormous. New publications of the most varied and changing type have been launched. Where, fifty years ago, the public had the choice of five or six periodicals, thenumber now is legion, some of the very highest order in literary merit and production, others of the flimsiest and most ephemeral, not to say harmful, type. The habits and views of readers, too, have altered. The old stern puritanic Sabbath has departed,



"FIFTY YEARS AGO, MY DEAR!" AN EARLY "QUIVER" DRAWING BY R. BARNES.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS, 1861 1911

and, in the reaction that has followed, too often the claims of religion have been thrown aside. Not so very long ago nothing but a religious publication would be tolerated on a Sunday; now even the children will often abandon church service for the reading of the latest—sometimes harmful—novel. . . . And through it all THE QUIVER has forged steadily ahead: magazines of similar aims have drooped and died, or—worse still—have been entirely transformed in accordance with the "spirit of the age." But THE QUIVER holds its own on the firmest basis, and can well be said to be the foremost religious magazine of the world. The reasons for this are easy to find, and in giving them we shall be summing up the policy and the apologia of those who are responsible for its production.

First of all, then, in spite of all the gloomy prognostications of those who look back on the "good old times," the cause of true religion is really flourishing. There is the continual ebb and flow, there is less outward observance of the ordinances of religion, there is, perhaps, less reverence for sacred things, and also less superstition and automatic following of established custom. Still, there are a great number "whose knees have never bowed to Baal," although their existence is often quietly ignored by many a despairing prophet.

Magazines "for the advancement of religion in the homes of the people" are still urgently needed, and as urgently welcomed—all statements to the contrary notwithstanding. I do not think I am betraying any secrets if I reveal the fact



"WORK, WORK, WORK FROM MORNING TO NIGHT," ONE OF L. MEARN'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO "THE QUIVER."

that from time to time there is pressure brought to bear on the conductors of magazines such as THE QUIVER to make their productions "merely moral, not religious." On the other hand, there has grown up a detestable kind of journalism wherein a thin veneer of sentimental religion covers up a cheap sensationalism. I may say at once, and strongly, that the present Editor of THE QUIVER—in common with his predecessors—will resist the tendency in either of these directions to the last. My readers do not need to be told that the aim of this magazine is to advance the Kingdom of Christ. At the same time we will not tolerate "goody-goodyism" and mere sentimentalism. Perhaps the

THE QUIVER

religion of the future will have less profession about it, but more of performance. There will be less of mere pity for the poor and down-trodden, but more of practical help: proper housing will be substituted for "slumming," and we shall abolish "sweating," instead of pauperising its victims. At any rate, in this magazine our ideal is a manly and womanly religion, a religion of faith and hope. We shall

many publications having aims similar to this. At the passing of each of these the pessimists have turned round and said that religion was dying out too. That THE QUIVER has not passed away with the rest is due to a very simple cause. Somehow or other, in the eyes of many people, religion and conservatism have become strangely blended. Whilst on all hands we have seen magnificent enterprise displayed in the production of "secular" things, too often the tendency in matters religious has been simply to drift. An ordinary magazine must be constantly brought up to date; the processes of its production must be improved from time to time in accordance with the progress of science, art and mechanics. But with a religious magazine the tendency too often has been to get into a rut and refuse to progress. Then people have complained that to be religious means failure.

Now the aim of the publishers and editors of THE QUIVER has been, and is, to produce absolutely the best magazine possible. Because it is religious, it does not, therefore, mean that we may employ second-rate authors and third-rate artists. We strive always to produce a magazine that shall compare favourably in interest, in art, in production,

with any other not avowedly religious. Of course, we frequently fail of the best, but that is not because of deliberate belittlement of our mission or narrowness of our outlook.

Is it worth while to produce a magazine with such aims and ideals? We think it is. We believe strongly in the permeating and uplifting influence of good literature; the strength and health of a



"PENT IN THE CITY." FROM "THE QUIVER" FOR 1874.

continue to deprecate present-day tendencies when they are wrong, and to acknowledge the customs of our fathers whensoever they were better, but at the same time we shall hold the belief that "God's in His Heaven," and that the world is making steady, if slow, progress towards its transformation into the Kingdom of God.

We have referred to the cessation of

THE QUIVER : 1861-1911

nation do not depend simply on food supply or increased trade returns. The very existence of our people will finally depend on their ideals and their moral stamina. We need prophets and seers as well as traders and politicians: we need also a healthy and inspiring literature, a literature that shall not pander to the passions of men, but shall inspire and promote national righteousness.

At the same time, the issue is in the hands of the individual. If he calls for *The Thrilling Dreadful* and *Flimsy Scraps*, it will not be long before he is supplied. On the other hand, if Christian people believe in their own cause and profession, they will support institutions and magazines that try to realise them. We are reminded of a certain man who deplored the sensational tendencies of modern journalism, but bought *The*

Sensational Times—"for his wife!" He is a near acquaintance with the father who was shocked when his son played truant from Sunday School, although he himself had not frequented a church for years!

We start next month on our Fifty-First volume, and before launching out into this new period of our existence, it is only right and just that we should simply, but ungrudgingly and very heartily, acknowledge the support of those who for so many years have made possible the success of this journal. There are friends who have subscribed from the very first; there are numbers who have put their hands in their pockets for every special appeal we have issued. To these, and to the vast number of new readers joining the ranks from time to time, we render hearty thanks.

HERBERT D. WILLIAMS.



THE QUIVER : 1861-1911.

THE first year gave thee birth. With hopes and fears
Thy parents welcomed thee, and length of days
Invoking on thee with fair meed of praise,
Have watched thee grow through half a hundred years
Till in this last thy fame completeness nears.
Thou hast a name where'er the sun's bright rays
On Southern seas behold, or Western ways,
The tramp of empire and its trail of tears.
Men need thee still. Bid them this burden know :
The men that fear not God shall surely die,
But they that fear shall surely live and grow
In virtues, fashioned for eternity,
Whence they have sprung and whither they must go
To give account to Him Who reigns on high.

F. W. MORRIS WOODWARD, D.D.Oxon.



"The Professor laid rude hands upon the bust, staggered with it to the open window, and cast it forth"—p. 1092.

The Professor's Predicament

Short Serial Story

By J. J. BELL

CHAPTER VIII

PAINFUL PICNICS

PROFESSOR FROWARD went home from the garden party very much like a man in a trance; he did not offer a remark from the Frampton gates to his own door. Yet he was no busier with his thoughts than Marjorite with hers. Incidentally the girl was regretting having denied Dick permission to call with his father later in the evening; something had occurred to make her desire his advice, and perhaps his help also as well as his company. At the last moment, had he been a little less coldly courteous, she might have summoned courage to hint that, after all, she would not be greatly annoyed were he to disobey her command; but to his good-bye he had politely added "until some afternoon next week, Miss Marjorite; or, if more convenient to you, the week after." It was mean of him, she reflected; moreover, he had turned away ere she could invent a suitable retort. But her resentment was short-lived, and a heavy melancholy took its place in her heart. How unkind was life! how cruel were circumstances! She supposed now that she had always been fond of Dick Frampton, but how very fond she had not realised until this big trouble had come upon the Professor and herself.

The little scene in the Framptons' garden when the Professor, his eyes as she had never seen them before, had called Miss Keith by her Christian name, had given the girl a curious shock of hope, indefinable, no doubt, but none the less surely hope. Alack! it had passed like a throb of electricity; the Professor had recovered himself; and nothing could have been more conventional than the subsequent conversation of the man and woman who had not met for twenty years. Yet Marjorite, even as one who hopes that the false may somehow become the true, the elusive the tangible, had a hundred questions to ask Dick concerning Miss Keith.

She was called back to the commonplace of life by the Professor's attempts to open his door with a key belonging to a cup-

board in his old University, which for some years he had been intending to return to the proper quarter. Before she could point out his mistake, however, the door was thrown open by Susan, whose homely countenance was smiling and beaming in unusual fashion.

Froward noticed it not, but Marjorite, somewhat taken aback, inquired whether anything was wrong.

Susan shook her head, and kept shaking it, looking as if she were about to explode with sheer glee, until the Professor had hung up his hat and passed to the far end of the hall. Then, in a hoarse whisper, broken by chuckles that seemed painful, so deep were they, she said:

"Wait till ye see who's in the study, miss; wait till ye see who's in the study!" And with a final chuckle, that rose swiftly to a cackle, she fled to her own particular region.

Puzzled, Marjorite hastened to the study. "Why, there's nobody here!" she exclaimed. "Susan said——"

The Professor, who had flung himself upon the chair at his desk, looked up wearily.

"No; there's nobody here," he said, without interest.

Then he stared, but not at Marjorite; and she stared, but not at him. Their respective gazes were fastened on the same object, to wit, the bust, which seemed almost to overhang the Professor. For the pedestal had been moved from the opposite end of the room and placed close against the edge of the desk. And there was the bust—all but a portion of its left ear—well-nigh dazzling in its cleanliness, and still exhaling a perceptible odour of soap-powder. (A long time afterwards Susan confessed to having "biled" it for three days.)

Precisely what took possession of Professor Froward at that moment will never be known, for the simple reason that he did not know himself. But there are moments in the lives of most of us when the desire to smash something is paramount; times when we say, "This is too much!" even as the Professor said.

THE QUIVER

And while Marjorite, with tightly clasped hands and startled eyes, cried: "Oh, Nunky, what are you going to do?" the Professor laid rude hands upon the bust, staggered with it to the open window, and cast it forth with such violence that on reaching the gravel the head was separated from the shoulders, and went bounding down the sloping path in a most absurdly merry manner.

"Oh, Nunky, what have you done?" cried Marjorite, as if any question were necessary.

The Professor wiped his forehead, and came slowly back to his seat.

"I'm afraid," he murmured, "I'm afraid I lost my temper just now, my child."

She ran to him. "You poor dear, I don't wonder! But—but what are we to tell Susan? She was as proud as a peacock about the wretched old thing. I suppose that was why she stuck it close to your desk, so that you'd be sure to notice how she had improved it."

"I—I couldn't help doing what I did," he said shamefacedly. "Do you think Susan—"

"It'll about break her heart, Nunky. We must explain it somehow."

"Let's raise her——" Instead of saying "wages" the Professor put his head on his hands. He was, undoubtedly, beginning to remember things.

"Let's try and stick it together," said Marjorite on the verge of tears, for it had been a wearing day. "I know where there's some Seccotine."

Without a word the Professor went out to the garden, and brought back the shoulders, which he placed on the pedestal. It took him longer to recover the head, which had got into a shrubbery. During his absence, Marjorite applied the sticky stuff lavishly. On his return, she said:

"I expect we'll have to sit up half the night holding the head on, because it's such a slanty break. I think the best way will be to let Susan see it once as if it were all right, and then we must try to get rid of it." Once more Marjorite regretted that Dick wasn't coming that evening. They could have buried it together.

The Professor and she had just got the head in position when Susan appeared to announce dinner. She was still beaming.

"Now, Nunky," whispered Marjorite, in the last stage of nervousness.

With great presence of mind, and some-

thing of the air of a phrenologist, the Professor kept a hand on the head, and said:

"Sarah, I am much indebted to you for the trouble you have taken. I—I scarcely recognised the bust. Permit me to thank you a thousand times. My only regret is that I must part with the bust shortly, as I have decided to—to give it away." Ignoring his niece's signals to stop, he continued: "But I fully intend to get a new bust, which—which I trust you will not object to—er—exercising your skill on at least once a week. Once more I offer you my—what, what?—quick, Marjorite, it's slipping!"

Even as he spoke the head eluded his grasp and fell with a bang.

With a screech Susan disappeared. Marjorite threw herself on the couch in a fit of strange mirth.

"My dear," said the Professor, "my dear!" Then he began to laugh also.

Possibly it was the best thing they could have done in the circumstances. But they went in to dinner like a pair of chidden children.

As for Susan, she, being unable to decide whether to take to her bed or give notice, continued to perform her duties as one who has abandoned all but mere existence.

It was a melancholy household; and when Jenny the housemaid, having received her month's wages, disappeared, along with her box, very early on the following Tuesday morning, Marjorite remarked that it was just in keeping with the rest of things, in a tone so intensely pessimistic that even the Professor was startled out of himself.

"My child, you are too young to talk so despairingly. The happiness of life is only beginning for you."

"Nice beginning," murmured Marjorite, with unwonted irony. Next moment she was penitent. "I'm a pig to be cross and mummy when you are suffering so much, poor Nunky!"

"I can hardly call it suffering, my dear," he returned, stirring his coffee with the marmalade spoon. "Matters seem to have got beyond my control, and I am simply going with the tide. Not that that is pleasing or satisfactory. At the same time——" He broke off abruptly. "By the way, Marjorite," he resumed, "when I have money, remind me to give Jenny fifty pounds."

"Jenny! You mean Susan."

THE PROFESSOR'S PREDICAMENT

"Yes, yes. I fear her feelings were seriously injured the other day."

"Still, I think they might be soothed with less than fifty pounds."

"Well, well; whatever you think, Marjorite, just whatever you think."

Marjorite did not pursue the subject. "The Colonel stayed late again last night, didn't he?" she said tentatively.

"I suppose he did." The Professor sighed. "I fear I tried his patience with my wretched memory. He desired once more to know which ladies had—er—impressed me most favourably at the party. Unfortunately, I could only make guesses at the list of names he read over. However, I may tell you that we selected seven—I think it was seven—names."

"Might I hear them, Nunky?"

"The Colonel has a note of them. I may say that I have placed myself entirely in his hands. I—I fear we shall have to go out a great deal during the next few weeks. It appears that a number of kind people as well as the Framptons, having assumed that we are no longer devoted to a life of comparative seclusion—people whose invitations we refused years ago—will now invite us once more. Which reminds me of the Colonel's suggestion that you should have some—er—new clothes. Pray see to that without delay, my dear. Happily it is not necessary to pay cash for such things."

With a brave effort at lightness, Marjorite asked, "Have you any idea how long our season of gaiety is to last, Nunky?"

"Eh? Oh, I see what you mean. The Colonel thinks it would be well if my mind were made up not later than the middle of August. Even in the present peculiar circumstances it would appear to be advisable to allow some weeks to elapse between the date of the—er—engagement and the—other thing."

"For the lady's sake, the Colonel would mean."

"For the lady's sake, no doubt."

Marjorite rose from the table and drew a bow at a venture. Carelessly she said:

"I am going to call this afternoon on Miss Keith, whom we met on Saturday, you remember. She asked me very kindly, and I like her. But I'm a little shy about it. Wouldn't you come too, Nunky, seeing you have met her before?"

A dull flush mounted the Professor's pale countenance, but his sad eyes met the girl's fairly. "Many years ago," he said slowly,

"Miss Keith and I had a serious difference of opinion. She would not desire me to call upon her now, but I am glad that you are going to do so." He rose also, and without further words left the room.

Presently Marjorite discovered that she was trembling. A little later she ran upstairs and scribbled a note:—

"DEAR DICK,—

"I should very much like to know the names of the ladies on the Colonel's list. I am to be out (at Miss Keith's) this afternoon, but expect to be at home in the evening, if you care to send it to me, or drop in to smoke a cigarette with Uncle David.

"Sincerely yours,

"MARJORITE SILVER.

"P.S.—I enjoyed the garden party frightfully."

Dick called in the evening, about five minutes after his father had taken the Professor out for a stroll with the possibility of paying a call at the home of an "eligible."

The young man found the girl in the study. Marjorite was in a state of badly suppressed excitement.

"I've got to confess," he began a trifle stiffly, "that I knew the Professor was going out with Dad, and that consequently I didn't call in response to your kind invitation to smoke a cigarette with him. If the list which I have brought is not sufficient excuse for my presence, you have only got to say so, Miss Marjorite."

"Oh, Dick," she cried, "don't be a haughty goose! I'm fearfully glad you have come, because I want to consult you on something very, very important and secret."

Dick, whose heart had missed a beat, stifled a sigh and tried to look gratified.

"If I can be of the slightest use—"

"You can be of great use, if you will get rid of that offended air. I don't mind admitting that I've been horrid lately, but you've no idea how worried I've been. Let's be friends, and show me the list."

"One thing at a time," said Dick, taking her hand and holding it for a moment. "I'm an ass, Marjorite, but it's mainly your fault. Well, here is the list."

Her eyes devoured it. "Why," she exclaimed, "you've got Miss Keith on it!"

"I persuaded the Dad to add it to the list.

THE QUIVER

The Professor doesn't know yet that it's there."

"You genius!"

"Well, he called her 'Mary,' didn't he? And I discovered afterwards that her name wasn't Agnes."

"I wondered if you had noticed anything."

"So much for the genius!" said Dick, inclining once more towards sulkiness.

"Anyway, she's the best of the bunch," he went on, recovering his good humour.

"You and she seem to have struck up a friendship pretty rapidly."

"She's a dear!" said Marjorite. "But do listen, Dick!"

"Do I ever do anything else when you are speaking?"

"Don't be silly! Do you remember when you brought Uncle David to be introduced to Miss Keith on Saturday?"

"Perfectly. That's what we've been talking about, isn't it?"

"Well, just when you got quite near, she—she *shuddered*!"

Dick opened his grey eyes. "In that case," he said, "I'd better chalk her off the list at once."

"Stupid! It wasn't a shudder of horror, but of e-motion."

"Do you spell it with two e's?"

"Dick, I'm serious."

"Forgive me. I've been far too happy of late, Marjorite. Can't help bubbling over now and then. So you mean to suggest that there was something between her and the Professor in the past?"

"I'm certain there was." And she told him of the Professor's words of the morning.

Dick was interested. "There may be something in it," he allowed.

"There's everything. Of course, I learned nothing definite from Miss Keith this afternoon. Yet I fancied—but oh, how I wish that nasty paragraph had not appeared. She saw it, but you may be sure I explained that *he* knew nothing about it. And I must tell you before I forget that Uncle David says he burned his copy of the will."

"Or thought he did," said Dick gently.

"And then Jenny, the housemaid, ran away this morning, though I wouldn't say she had anything to do with the paragraph. What a difficult world it is."

"What I should like to know," Dick said, after a pause, "is why the Professor and Miss Keith quarrelled long ago."

"I don't suppose we shall ever know

that," she returned. "What I want you to do, Dick, is to help to bring them together on every possible occasion."

"So you do want the Professor to marry, after all, Marjorite?"

Marjorite did her best to look as if she had not coloured, and the pretty tint deepened. "If he must marry, I want him to marry the right person," she said, eyeing the toe of her slipper.

"And you think that Miss Keith is the right person?"

"Girls see things that boys—men—don't."

"They do." Dick heaved a heavy sigh.

"Very well. You may count on me to do my utmost. I'll try to get the Dad on our side, but at present he seems to have made up his mind that Miss Moss is the 'right person'—not so much because she grows on one, which I frankly admit she does, but because she has a sense of humour and no respect for money."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a gentleman (possessed of five sisters), who had called "just for one moment" to try to persuade Professor Forward and Miss Silver to go to a picnic on the 23rd. He remained for two and a quarter hours, toying with his hat all the time; and then the Professor and the Colonel appeared.

"A picnic!" said the man of science, with a laugh that suggested a sob. "Oh, by all means!—with pleasure!"

* * * * *

To attempt to describe, even concisely, the crowded events—crowded from the point of view of quiet-living people like our friends—of the next four weeks would involve us in a very long story, indeed. Therefore let us merely touch lightly on one or two details which may or may not have been important.

Dick Frampton kept his promise, and was the manager of a fair number of meetings between the Professor and Miss Keith.

Marjorite made a point of improving her acquaintance with Miss Keith, and her advances were in no wise rejected. "Even if she doesn't marry Nunky," thought Marjorite, "I shall always love her. She is good." At the same time, let it be noted that the woman had no confidences to give to the girl.

The Colonel, who could be stubborn when he liked, held to his opinion that Miss Moss was the "right person." He was not to know that Miss Moss, with all her

THE PROFESSOR'S PREDICAMENT

humour, lived with a memory. His wife still gave the Professor a thousand years to "do anything," forgetting that herself had been admired, courted, and won within the space of two calendar months by a man who was a hero on a battle-field but a coward in a drawing-room.

Susan, whom the local gossip had reached at last by way of the butcher's boy, wrung her hands—when she had time, which was not often—and bestowed a good deal of attention, energy, and furniture polish on the pedestal which now supported, appropriately enough, a pretty little cypress. Once, with a great groan, she said to Marjorite, "Please, miss, will ye tell me when I ought to give warnin'?" and Marjorite, taken aback, but not a little touched, had replied, "Why, Susan, I don't think your master would ever accept such a thing from you." Which had comforted Susan to some extent.

And as for the Professor himself, poor man, the wonder is that he lived through the four weeks, during which he shook

hands with more people than he had greeted in the last four years. He met socially nearly as many individuals as his friend the minister, with whom he began to sympathise. The difference was that the minister went out to help other people, while he went out to help himself—and Marjorite, of course, and—the Great Discovery. But the laboratory saw little of him. "I cannot fix my thoughts on the work," he told the girl. On the 17th of July it became necessary that he should visit his tailor. He left home at 2.30, and did not return until 6.45. Marjorite worried during his unusual absence, but he had nothing to relate on his return, except that he would require to visit his tailor again next day. The day following that he and Marjorite had an afternoon



"He came into the study arrayed for an afternoon call"—p. 1096.

THE QUIVER

engagement, but on the 20th he again set out for his tailor's. Marjorite called on Miss Keith at four o'clock, and found him there. After this she avoided the cottage in South Avenue on "tailor days," which until the 7th of August were of rather frequent occurrence—as frequent, in fact, as other engagements permitted. Up to that date one pair of trousers had been sent home, and the Professor had complained of their being made from the wrong material. On the 8th of August the Professor took no dinner, and seemed to be in lower spirits than ever. He visited his tailor no more.

And now we come to the 16th of August, on which day he must—according to the Colonel, with whom he tacitly agreed—make the Great Choice.

CHAPTER IX

THE GREAT DISCOVERY

HE came into the study arrayed for an afternoon call. For once his hair was smooth, his tie straight, his silk hat in order.

Marjorite, who for nearly an hour had been sitting at his desk, her elbows among the papers, her face in her hands, looked up. She had seen Miss Keith that morning, and the interview had taken away something of her youth.

"Dearest," she said, "where are you going?"

There was a poor smile on his wan face as he turned towards her.

"Little Marjorite, I do not know."

"Have you—have you not decided?"

"I cannot decide."

There was a silence.

"You are determined to—to carry out the condition, Nunky?"

"Oh, yes; quite determined. But I will make my conditions, too. You shall suffer no loss, my child."

"Don't!"

He came over to where she sat, stooped and kissed her forehead. "Ten years, Marjorite," he whispered; "ten years! It's a big bit out of your life, yet, in a way, it's a bigger bit out of my own. What can part us? Nothing but—nothing but —"

"Love," she said softly. "And it need not part us far."

"Love!" He turned and passed to the window. It had rained all morning, and

the garden was so much the lovelier. The sun now dallied with the clouds.

"What am I to do, Marjorite?" He repeated the old, weary question. "What am I to do? Tell me. I have no pride left. I think of you. I think of the thousands of my fellow-creatures—the tens of thousands—whose bitter lives I can, I feel certain, with God's blessing of a few more years, make sweet . . . if I marry on or before the *twenty-third of September*. Marjorite, Marjorite, what am I to do? How am I to decide? Whom—which of all those good women shall I ask . . . in the first place? You see, I am quite determined!"

"Can't you choose for yourself, dear?"

"I have told you I cannot."

The girl drew a long breath. "Would it be wrong to—to draw lots, Nunky?"

There was a pause. Then:

"Why not, why not?" he exclaimed. "It was done long ago by better men than I."

"Stay where you are, dear," she said in a voice unlike her own. "I know all the names."

In a little while she went to him, bearing a Japanese bowl in which were eight pieces of paper carefully folded.

"Will you take one?" she whispered.

He took one.

She retired and reseated herself, all tremulous, at the desk.

He unfolded the paper. "Miss Keith," he said sorrowfully. He did not move; he kept his face to the garden. "My child," he said at last, "Miss Keith refused to marry me a week ago."

Marjorite said nothing.

"I will tell you," he went on presently. "It was one of the mistakes of my life. We were more than friends, and we quarrelled. I did not approve of a girl in her position going out to make money. I was wrong; I know it now. We parted. She became a journalist. Now she is an author—you have heard of Martin Hereford—and people who have never seen her love her for her books. . . . But she refused me last week. I don't wonder. I'm such a fool, and then the money—" He broke off.

There was another pause.

"Nunky," said Marjorite unsteadily, "you have drawn her name. May not that mean that you should ask her again?"

He shook his head. To the girl it had never seemed so grey.

"Go to her now," she pleaded, "and tell

THE PROFESSOR'S PREDICAMENT

her everything—about the will—about the Colonel—about all you have endured—of me, if you like—and of the Great Discovery—everything.”

He turned.

“Why do you advise me so?”

“Because — because I know—I know you could never marry anyone else.”

She hid her face in her hands, and when her eyes could see again he was gone.

“Oh, God forgive me if I’ve made a mistake, and even if I have, make it come right,” she prayed, and went out to the garden as the sun burst bravely through the clouds.

And ere her wet, dazzled eyes were clear the Colonel and Dick were upon her.

The Colonel was waving a telegram. “Where’s Froward?” he shouted. “I want Froward. The War Office has changed its mind. Marjorite, where’s the Professor?”

Marjorite was amazed.

“He went away a few minutes ago to— to ask Miss Keith—”

“What!” roared the Colonel. “He must be stopped! A few minutes, you say? Dick—no; I’ll stop him myself. What an escape!” And the Colonel rushed away.

“No, no,” cried Marjorite. “Wait, Colonel!”

“Hold on, Dad!” called Dick.

But the Colonel paid no attention.

“Don’t speak. Smoke, if you like,” said the girl faintly. “It was I who sent him to Miss Keith. I made him draw lots, but every paper had her name on it.”

Dick was learning obedience. He did precisely as she commanded. When he had started his second cigarette, the Colonel reappeared. He was fuming.



“But the Professor was like a new man, like a youngster”—p. 1098.

“Never heard anything like it! Upon my word! The man’s mad! Told me to mind my own business, and declared he didn’t care tuppence for the War or any other office! Why, the War Office offers him— But I can’t see an old friend ruined. I’m off to South Avenue. I’ll hang about there till he comes out. Miss Keith is pretty sure to refuse him, and I’ll jolly well see that no one else gets the chance. The man’s mad! He doesn’t need to marry now unless he likes.” And in spite of remonstrances the Colonel rushed off again.

“Dick,” said the girl.

“What is it, Marjorite?”

“Would you mind going away to another part of the garden, and not come back until they do?”

“Marjorite, you make it hard for me.”

“And for myself.”

He went without a word.

It was a long wait—nearly three hours.

THE QUIVER

"Marjorite!" It was a whisper.

"Have they come back?" She was white as a lily.

Dick's voice shook, but his eyes shone.

"They went into the house a minute ago. I suppose they're in the study now. But the Professor was like a new man—like a youngster—and he was laughing at the Dad. Think of that, Marjorite! *The Professor laughing at the Dad!* She must have accepted him!"

"It might have been the news from the War Office," she murmured, though she knew it was not.

"But the Dad looked wilder than I've ever seen him."

"You mean annoyed?"

"Raging!"

"Oh, then," sighed Marjorite. But it was a sigh of utter comfort. "I suppose I'll have to tell him about the lots." She fell silent, her eyes on the grass.

"May I stay with you now, Marjorite, dear, little Marjorite?" he cried at last.

"I—I think you may—I've forgotten my hanky—for a minute or two."

Dick had a hanky, but seemingly no watch.

* * * * *

The two old friends had passed an hour in the study, and the Colonel had become resigned, in a measure, to the new situation.

"But, old fellow, what about the War Office? What about Marjorite?" he asked for possibly the tenth time.

And for possibly the tenth time the Professor laughed—laughed as he had not laughed for many and many a day.

"God bless you, Frampton!" he said, "for all your work and thought for me. But now I can have no dealings with the War Office."

"What!" shouted the Colonel. "And they offer you—"

"And as for Marjorite, the secret can die with me. Indeed, it shall die as soon as I get a chance to destroy—"

"Froward! Do you mean to say that

you intend to throw away thousands and thousands of—"

"Frampton"—the Professor had become serious—"within the last few hours I have gained more than I shall ever need—more than I have deserved, and far more than I could have hoped for in this world. Would you ask me to celebrate the—the day of my life by taking more money than I need—for an invention whose chief use would be to destroy life—life rejoicing, perhaps, even as my own is? I admit that I am greatly moved and excited at the moment, but so far as Marjorite is concerned, I vow it shall be as though it had never existed. Let it go, my friend, let it go; and, once more, God bless you!"

The Colonel walked to the open window and lit a cigar.

"Two months ago," said the Professor, not quite steadily, "I would, as you know, have sold Marjorite and been glad. Thank God, I had no offers. The mind may conceive mighty things for the soul to despise at last. I believe in Providence, Frampton. I wish I had never doubted. I believe Providence guided my Aunt Dorothea's mind when she made that will, her old hand when she signed it."

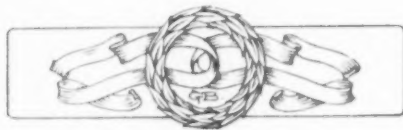
The Colonel blew a cloud. "Man, you're about right," he muttered. "But you're an awful ass."

"And now," said the Professor, smiling at the remark, "I have come into great happiness through my aunt's thought. All that I could have desired is mine." He started forward. "But where is Marjorite? She must be told all. Frampton, why did you prevent me telling her at once? Is she in the garden? Ah, my friend, what a relief to know at last that I can well provide for my little Marjorite. Let us go out and find her. Thank God, I can provide for her!"

But the Colonel closed the French window.

"Not now," he said quietly, a curious tenderness in his voice; "not now, my dear fellow. I want to talk to you. Besides, I have an idea that Marjorite is already—provided for."

THE END



A Group of Noble Workers

Lord Shaftesbury, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the Marquess of Northampton, Lord Kinnaid, Dr. Barnardo, and Miss Agnes Weston

By DAVID WILLIAMSON

(Sometime Editor of "The Quiver")

OUR country has been very fortunate in obtaining the services of many men and women of high birth who have devoted themselves to noble philanthropy. The first name on this golden roll-call is, of course, that of the Earl of Shaftesbury. I saw him in the evening of his life when waning strength, but not lessened interest, made him decline to preside over meetings. How finely the veteran had fulfilled the early promise of his youth. In his diary, as a young man, he wrote: "What am I fit for? Nothing but usefulness to God and my country." Owing much of his Christian fervour to the influence of his nurse in childhood, Lord Shaftesbury was keen to be "useful to God and my country" to the very last.

Lord Shaftesbury and the Costers

One of my earliest treasures was a photograph of Lord Shaftesbury standing beside a donkey. The animal was presented to the Earl by the Golden Lane costermongers more than thirty-four years ago, and was a fine specimen of the much-despised "moke." By the way, Lord Shaftesbury and the Baroness Burdett-Coutt were responsible for making donkeys quite fashionable. It became a usual thing for the upper ten thousand to purchase a donkey to give their children rides in the parks or country lanes. Greater care was taken in the breeding of

donkeys and kindness to them was encouraged by prizes, with the result that donkeys advanced in the opinion of the public.

Lord Shaftesbury as a Speaker

Lord Shaftesbury always spoke out of his heart, and that gave his speeches an effect which a greater orator would have envied. He took special trouble to get the facts of a society's work and then, in a happy phrase, tried to crystallise the achievement in a sentence which would be reported and remembered. "Take trouble about the end of your speech," he said to a young man once. "A poor speech is forgiven if it ends well."

"The Baroness"

To the British public there was only one "Baroness," and that was the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. All through her long life the white light of public interest was upon her, and she never lost the love of the people. Towards the end of her life I remember a great political demonstration passing her house in Piccadilly—the house where her father was once bombarded—and instantly the procession caught sight of the dear old Baroness they cheered her with enthusiasm.

Her Old-Fashioned Grace

Long after she had passed her eightieth birthday, I saw the Baroness at a concert. She came into the hall, upright and stately, the picture of a great lady of the



(Photo: Russell and Son.)
THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

THE QUIVER

old school. In the home she used to wear one of those black silk aprons which our grandmothers affected, and on her head was a dainty lace cap. She was interested in everything, and as she had met everyone worth meeting—kings, queens, statesmen, explorers, scientists—her conversation was very entertaining. I knew one of her private secretaries, and he told me how carefully the huge daily correspondence of the Baroness was sifted. She hated to be imposed upon, but no heart was more ready to respond to a genuine appeal. Personal inquiries were made before help was rendered, and if all charity were as discriminating as was hers we should not have the present horde of begging-letter writers making such a livelihood.

The Baroness's Portrait

Several years ago I had occasion to want to reproduce a portrait of the Baroness. A letter to her drew an excellent photograph in response, but also a statement that the Baroness made a rule of asking for a fee to be given to one of her special charities. I paid the fee gladly. The Baroness gave no sittings for photographs for publicity purposes for several years before her death. But her fine features were easily recognisable, even after Time had left its marks upon that kindly face.

A Birthday Party

When she reached her ninetieth year, the Baroness received a pretty compliment. The little Baroness Clifton, a lovely child of four years of age, brought her a bouquet, "from the youngest Baroness to the oldest Baroness." At the luncheon party, eminent men and women took pleasure in honouring the Baroness, and among those present were Prince Alexander of Teck and Viscount Gladstone. When, full of years and honours, the Baroness passed to her rest, a public funeral in Westminster Abbey was rightly accorded to her whom King Edward once described

as "next to my mother, the most wonderful woman of the day." I saw that funeral procession pass, and it was pathetic to notice how cabmen, omnibus drivers, and the poor folks of Westminster all wore some sign of mourning for her who had always loved and served the people.

The Marquess of Northampton

Coming to the present time, one of the busiest of philanthropic peers is the Marquess of Northampton, K.G., the President of the Bible Society and of the Ragged School Union. I met him first when he was Earl Compton, M.P. for the Barnsley Division. I went one morning to his home in the West End, and we fell to talking about modern Art. The Marquess is an excellent painter in water-colours, and I persuaded him to show me some of his pictures. One sketch he permitted me to take away. Then came a search for some brown paper and string and, as the household was out of town, the Marquess and I invaded the lower regions, and at last found what we wanted!

A Charming Voice

The Marquess was always very fond of music and, when a young man, was in great demand as a vocalist at parties. It is his musical voice which adds so much to the pleasure of listening to him at a meeting. He is a splendid man of business, and as a chairman sees that a programme is strictly adhered to. His speeches are sympathetic and succinct. I have seen tears in his eyes when some cripple child of the Ragged School Union has touched his heart.

Lord Kinnaird

The first time I met Lord Kinnaird was at a conversation. I did not catch his name when I was introduced to the short, quiet, unostentatious gentleman who chatted so pleasantly to me. "So that was Lord Kinnaird!" I exclaimed afterwards. "It is no wonder he is so popular." There was no "side," no cold hauteur,



(Photo: Elliott and Fry.)

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

A GROUP OF NOBLE WORKERS

but a manly sincerity which made you like him immediately. I thought of him in the football field, acting as referee for international matches with the zest which he has had for the game since, as a lad, he stood on his head for delight at the success of his school. The good sportsman has completed that other side of his character which is lacking in some religious men. Hear him at a great May meeting and you will find Lord Kinnaird wastes no time, makes no pretensions to rhetoric, but would say, like Mark Antony, "I am no orator as Brutus is; but, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man . . . I only speak right on." Deeds are more golden than words, and Lord Kinnaird's earnest philanthropy is too well known to need the eloquence of praise.

Dr. Barnardo

The first time I saw Dr. Barnardo was at one of those marvellously interesting anniversary gatherings in the Albert Hall. I was astonished to find that the dapper little gentleman on the platform, in a grey suit of clothes, was the famous philanthropist. Somehow or other, I had never thought of him as short in stature. Yet, if he had been tall, there would not probably have been the same volcanic energy in the man which made him the inspiring force of the vast organisation he controlled with so masterly a hand.

A Touching Incident

That afternoon lives in my memory by reason of a little incident which took place in the "box" to which I had been invited. There was an Australian visitor present—a man who had left England in his childhood, and was now paying his first return visit to the Motherland. As the various items on the programme took place—the model laundries in busy activity, the lads at their carpentering and the forge, etc.—I could see how fascinated this man became. But when at last the cripples played cricket, his emotion overcame him. With tears streaming down his face, he turned to me and said, "I had no idea Dr. Barnardo did all this for the poor children. There was nothing of this kind when I left England." For the rest of the entertainment, that man's eyes were glued to the

children as they went through their pretty object-lessons. And I know for a certainty that Dr. Barnardo's Homes received £100 from this visitor as a token of his sympathy. It was the sight of those merry little cripples at their game of cricket which melted his heart.

Dr. Barnardo and the Pickpocket

Dr. Barnardo once told me an amusing story of how a young pickpocket justified his reputation. The lad had been brought into the Doctor's room, and began to tell Dr. Barnardo some of his exploits as a thief. At last Dr. Barnardo said to him, "I don't believe you are telling me the truth. Wait a few minutes while I finish these letters, and then I will see what we shall do with you." The boy sat silent, while the busy pen travelled swiftly over the note-paper. A quarter of an hour passed, and then the boy asked in the most innocent way, "Can you tell me the time, sir?" Dr. Barnardo looked up from his writing and said, "Certainly; it is—" And then he found his watch-chain had no watch at the end of it. With a very puzzled look on his face, he said, "Why! whatever has become of my watch?" The thief turned smilingly to Dr. Barnardo, and said, "Is this your watch?" and held it up. "Perhaps you'll believe a feller another time," said the young pickpocket, who had thus proved his skill.

Dr. Barnardo's Deafness

I once asked whether Dr. Barnardo did not find his deafness very inconvenient. "On the contrary," he said, "it has saved me a lot of time. Bored and gossips think twice before they talk to a deaf person. It isn't worth while commenting on the weather when you have to repeat your commonplace remark." I wonder if Mr. Bramwell Booth, of the Salvation Army, and Mr. Broomhall, of the China Inland Mission—both very busy workers—have also discovered this compensating advantage of deafness?

My Last Sight of Dr. Barnardo

The last time I saw Dr. Barnardo was on the platform of a great political meeting held in his hall, the "Edinburgh Castle." It was characteristic of the man that at

THE QUIVER

a time of political excitement he should, with equal justice to both sides, lend his great hall first to Mr. Chamberlain, and then to the late Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

And Dr. Barnardo attended both of the meetings, still further showing his freedom from bias. It was a pathetic sight to witness Dr. Barnardo, with his ear-trumpet adjusted carefully, straining to catch the rather low tones of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. It reminded me of a story told of Lord Salisbury who, seeing a deaf peer in the House of Lords trying to hear a very poor speaker, said he had never known of such a case of a man "wasting his natural advantages"!

The Last Portrait

How appropriate it was that the very last photograph of Dr. Barnardo was a snap-shot (reproduced here) of him talking to a cripple lad, bending down to the boy that he might hear what he was saying, and placing his hand tenderly on the cripple's shoulder.

Among all the noble band of philanthropists of the last half century Dr. Barnardo stands out as a pioneer whose heart burned with Christ-like love for the weak and helpless.



(Photo: Hemy Cawsey Studio.)

THE LAST PORTRAIT OF DR. BARNARDO.

Miss Agnes Weston

The King recently paid Miss Agnes Weston the special compliment of sending her an autographed portrait with a warm eulogy of her work among sailors. I met Miss Agnes Weston some years ago in her splendid Royal Sailors' Rest at Devonport. She showed me the small and humble premises where she started about thirty-three years ago, never dreaming that the work would grow so amazingly.

What Queen Victoria Said

Miss Weston told me of her memorable interview with the late Queen Victoria, and how Her Majesty said, "God bless you and Miss Wintz in your glorious work, and remember I shall pray for you both." An interesting proof of how keenly interested the aged Queen was in the story which Miss Weston had told her was shown by what happened the same day. When the Court Newsman brought Her Majesty the usual report for the next day's "Court Circular," the Queen said immediately, "Oh! but you've not mentioned Miss Weston's temperance work." She added in her own bold handwriting the word "Temperance" to the report.

Miss Weston is the cheeriest philanthropist I have ever met. She is also one of the most businesslike. A great emergency, like the sinking of

some ship, only serves to bring her wonderful organising powers into instant operation. Yet her sympathy is never submerged by all her hard work. How many letters she writes personally in a year it would be difficult to count. All over the world go her kind messages of good cheer, and countless correspondents rejoice to see her signature to some genial letter. Then, what a good speaker she is! A "May meeting" could not be dull if Miss Weston were among the speakers. Before you have finished laughing at some racy episode, narrated by her with rare

A GROUP OF NOBLE WORKERS

skill, you find a tear stealing down your face as she tells some pathetic story of the sea. Thankful, indeed, should Great Britain be for the lifelong devotion of Miss Weston and Miss Wintz to the noble cause of helping the British sailor to lead a Christian life.

A Letter's Influence

Miss Agnes Weston was led into her special work through a very curious circumstance. When she was only a girl at home, she was asked to write a letter to a sailor on board H.M.S. *Crocodile*. Forty years afterwards this sailor, who became a medical missionary with the M.D. degree, recalled the incident in these words: "Your first letter to me, and mine to you, when I was on board H.M.S. *Crocodile*, were written in the month of April, 1868. We have been spared these forty years. How much we each have to rejoice in! We have watched each other's pathways of usefulness, and have rejoiced in them—you in your larger sphere, and I in my small corner—and yet with us both that sphere has extended to the ends of the earth. I am now here at Battle Creek, on the staff of the Sanatorium and Medical Mission College. It seems to have come to me as a crowning of my life. I trust to spend another ten years in this work, making out my fifty or more since my conversion to God in 1864, and you will, I trust, round out your golden anniversary of work for God. With pleasant recollections of years past, and best wishes for years to come, I am, most cordially yours, George Dowkontt, M.D."

An Amusing Blunder

Miss Weston told me an amusing story to illustrate the necessity of tact in Christian work. An earnest lady came to help among the sailors, but unfortunately her zeal outran her discretion sometimes. She began giving the sailors tracts just when they were beginning tea. Miss



(Photo: West and Son, Southsea.)

MISS AGNES WESTON.

Weston said to her, "We should not like that, if we were tired and hungry." So the lady decided to put her tracts in an accessible part of the room, with the request, "Please take one," displayed prominently. A wag, however, transferred the card, "Please take one," to a piled-up dish of jam tarts. When the usual rush of hungry bluejackets arrived, they acted on the instruction and, to the amazement of the servers at the refreshment bar, proceeded to clear the dish of all its jam tarts!

Miss Agnes Weston and Miss Wintz have not only given their lives to this splendid work, but have been generous donors of money to it also. They have laid the whole nation under a heavy debt of gratitude for their splendid and unselfish labours.



The Judgment of Violet

A Complete Story

By MOLLIE E. JAMIESON

IT was what Aunt Camilla said. It was what Violet's guardian said. It was what everybody said.

Violet, dimpling, though frowning a little, agreed with them all. Violet entirely and thoroughly owned to the advisability of making up her mind, if only anyone could be found to assist her in so colossal an undertaking. In the existing state of affairs, Violet very naturally appealed to her guardian.

"I can't, and you know I can't, Guardian, and it isn't fair to ask me. They're dear boys, both of them, all of them." Violet flushed up very prettily. "It's just my fault that I can't like them—well, quite in that way. You would hate yourself to be made to like to order; now, wouldn't you, Guardian?"

For it was regarding Violet's matrimonial settlement in life that Violet's little world was for once all at one. Mothers of marriageable daughters, shaking their heads, agreed that it was shameful the way Violet, pretty heiress and all though she was, was playing fast and loose with both Reggie Smythe-Browne and Phil Darcy. If Violet could only be brought to make up her irresolute youthful mind to the saying of either "yea" or "nay" to those equally desirous couple of young men, someone else might hope to have a chance. Let her choose either the one or the other; but let her do it speedily and with decision. Hearts are sometimes caught in the rebound, and more than one unappropriated maiden, at present languishing in solitude, would have been only too happy to cast her sweetest and most consolatory glance upon the defeated candidate for the pretty heiress's hand and heart.

Violet's guardian pulled his moustache and looked thoughtful. He was unused to arbitrating in such matters, and if privately he thought that neither Darcy nor yet young Smythe-Browne was quite good enough for his pretty ward—well, it would be taking an unfair advantage of her undoubted trust in his older judgment to tell Violet so. Now he smiled a little ruefully, as, for a second time, she put her question.

"Like to order?" No, I don't think that I could fancy that any more than you seem to do, little one. But no one wants to force your inclination; don't imagine that for a moment. If you can't bring your mind to fancy either of those young fellows, why, the world's wide, and I dare say that presently the fairy prince will come riding by. We are in no such hurry to get quit of you as you seem to fancy, little Violet. But I should be lacking in my duty to you, and those who are gone, if I failed to do my best in getting you happily settled for life."

"Don't you think I'm settled pretty well as I am with Aunt Camilla?" Violet, slipping her hand within his arm, looked up laughing in his face. "But I know quite well what you mean, Guardian, and, of course, if you think it best— It isn't that I dislike either Phil or Reggie; it's rather that I like them both too much to choose between them, though, perhaps, not in that particular way. If I could only tell which of them liked me best, perhaps that might settle the matter. Otherwise, as far as I can see, I shall have to go on 'playing fast and loose,' as Aunt Camilla so tactfully puts it, with poor Phil's and Reggie's joint hearts till the end of my life."

"And that, of course, isn't to be thought of," Violet's guardian said, with what was, for him, extraordinary decision. He was a tall, fair, middle-aged man, with pleasant blue eyes, and what Violet had always thought was the kindest smile in the world. Report had it that Alan Meredith had once upon a day loved an earlier Violet, and that for the mother's sake, as much as for that of his dead soldier comrade, Violet's father, he had pledged himself to do the best that in him lay for their orphan child. And if the best was to be Reggie Smythe-Browne or Phil Darcy— Only, as Meredith told himself, he would have to be exceedingly certain that such a choice *was* indeed the best.

"Then we're just as far on as ever," Violet said despondently. "Oh! Guardian, you who are so wise, can't you settle things

THE JUDGMENT OF VIOLET

a little bit for me? It all comes of your being so nice yourself, you know, that now I am so dreadfully hard to please. You should be severe and cross and grim, like the guardians in story-books, and then as a natural consequence I should be ready and glad to marry the first young man who asked me."

Meredith passed his hand caressingly over the bright hair. If for a moment his kind eyes looked sad, sadder than Violet had ever known them, her own, down-bent, failed to render her aware of the fact. Was he thinking of that other Violet of the bygone years, whose going had made all the difference to his life, that Violet for whose dear sake he could never be aught else save pitiful and tender to the child whom she had left behind?

"Am I so much to you as that, child, all that? Then the more reason that the old guardian should now stand aside, and let those younger lovers of yours have a chance. As for my settling things for you, it's you yourself must settle them, Vi, and no one else. Am I a Solomon, to judge betwixt those two swains of yours, which of them loves you most?"

Violet pouted.

"I don't know about the Solomon part of it, but I know you've got to help me somehow or other, Guardian. Reggie means to speak to you any day now—he threatened as much last night; and I know that Phil won't be far behind. Then, of course, like the nice, kindly, lenient Guardian you've always been, you'll refer them to me, and what will there be for poor little me left to say? No sooner will I have accepted Reggie, than I'll think I'd rather have had Phil, and naturally vice versa."

Meredith shook his head still ruefully.

"And there again I'm afraid that I can't help you, child; though, as you say, the crisis is rather imminent. To-morrow—your birthday it is—you've promised to dine at my place, you and your Aunt Camilla, and I've been fool enough to invite Darcy and Smythe-Browne as well. Ten to one the hot-headed lovers, one or both, will seize such an advantageous opportunity of expounding their matrimonial views to me. What are you going to do about it, Vi? Feign illness, and stay away, or rush upon your fate at once, and accept, for very fear of hurting their feelings, both Reggie and Phil Darcy?"

"Now you are laughing at me, Guardian," Violet said with a pretended little stamp of her foot. "And it would serve you right for asking those tiresome boys, if I was to stay away from the birthday party altogether. Why couldn't you let us have our nice time in peace, just you and Aunt Camilla and me? You know that as long as I have you, I never care for any Reggie or Phil."

"I know that you are the most flattering little witch that a poor old fogey of a guardian ever possessed," Meredith said, looking down with the smile which was always in his eyes for this younger Violet. The smile still lingered about his usually grave face when he had left her and was mingling once more with the busy throng of the town. Violet, for her part, went singing upstairs, to decide the knotty question as to whether the white gown in which her guardian loved to see her, or her new pink chiffon, should grace the festivities of the coming dinner. Phil Darcy had once said that he liked her in pink; no, she would not wear the pink. It would be almost as though she were openly encouraging Phil's particular suit, were she to don his favourite colour.

When, on the eventful morning, Reggie's unfailing gift of French chocolates arrived, Violet was quite ready to confess herself in love with Reggie, until Phil's roses appeared upon the scene. Then Violet, flinging both half-petulantly aside, declared herself more than content with the basket of her sweet-scented name-flowers with which her guardian had sought to do honour to the auspicious day.

Fastened to the handle of the basket was a little note, inscribed in the familiar handwriting which she had known since childhood:

"DEAR LITTLE GIRL,—

"Many happy returns of the day. It seems, after all, that my prediction is to be fulfilled, as I met Smythe-Browne yesterday, and he asked for an interview this evening. So make up your irresolute mind if you can, little Violet, regarding the respective merits of your brace of lovers, as Darcy is only too likely to follow suit. You know that I would help you if I could, but as I have already told you, that is altogether out of my power.

THE QUIVER

"Again with the best of wishes, good-bye till we meet again this evening.

"GUARDIAN."

"Isn't it dear of him?" Violet buried her small nose appreciatively among the sweet-scented blossoms. "Guardian always knows just what I like, and those violets are simply delicious. Phil's roses will go beautifully with your black dress to-night, Aunt Camilla; but I have quite made up my mind to wear some of my pretty namesakes. How glad I am that I decided to wear white instead of pink."

Aunt Camilla looked up from the perusal of her own letters. She shook her head now a little reprovingly.

"How you do rattle on, child. But your pink; of course you must wear your new dress, and so do full honour to your guardian's hospitality. What can he be finding to write you about, when he is to see you so soon?" Aunt Camilla held out her hand for the letter, but Violet, flushing up a little, pretended not to notice. Aunt Camilla?—she knew just what Aunt Camilla would say if she once became cognisant of the fact that the desirable Reggie Smythe-Browne intended to propose for her hand to-night.

Violet, holding fast to her purpose, wore her white frock that evening, with Meredith's flowers as circlet in her bright hair. To the three men waiting to welcome her in the long, empty drawing-room, sacred still to the memory of Meredith's long-dead mother, she seemed more than passing fair. If Phil Darcy frowned a little, noting that other flowers than his own adorned the fair wearer, he, at least, had not the chagrin of seeing his offering figure in Aunt Camilla's toilet. Aunt Camilla had, with more spirit than might have been expected of her, entirely negatived her niece's suggestion of her participation in Phil Darcy's bounty.

"The flowers are yours, Violet, not mine; though, of course, if you intend to disappoint poor Mr. Darcy——" And Aunt Camilla looked unutterable things. Phil Darcy, if anything, was Aunt Camilla's favourite of the two young men. Phil Darcy, next heir but one to a title, if he could not boast the wealth of his less aristocratic rival, would at least prove himself a nephew-in-law of whom no one, not even finical Aunt Camilla herself, need feel ashamed. Aunt Camilla could never quite ignore the fact

that Smythe-Browne père, then plain John Smith Brown, without the exclusive and elevating "e," had begun life as a pork-butcher, if not indeed a pork-butcher's errand-boy. And Violet, something of an heiress in her own way, need not necessarily mate with wealth. In Violet's husband, it was of infinitely more importance that some of the bluest blood in England should run in his veins.

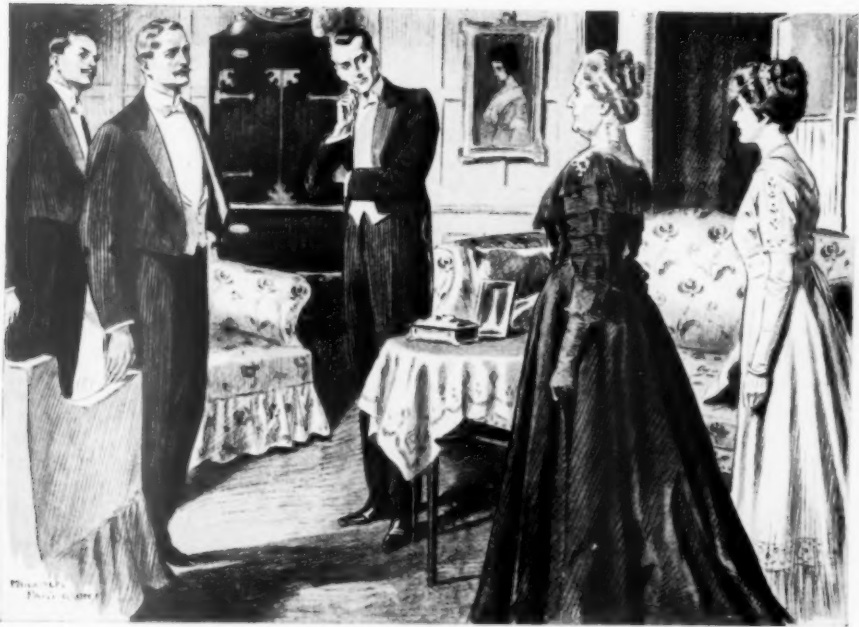
But Violet, tossing her pretty head in disdain of both Phil Darcy and his roses, would have none either of Phil Darcy or his roses. If Aunt Camilla did not choose to avail herself of them, well, neither did Violet for that matter. So Violet wore her fragrant name-flowers, not only gaily, but almost flauntingly. She would do her best to moderate her respective suitors' desires by at least indicating to them, by every means in her power, that even her elderly guardian was of more account in her eyes than any brace of handsome young lovers.

So Phil looked gloomy, imagining the violets to have emanated from his happier rival, and Reggie only a degree less so, in that, having sent no flowers, he could not well consider himself as personally slighted, even while believing the floral offering to have been a prompting of Darcy's admiration. While as for Violet's guardian, who had the best of all reasons for appearing joyful, if care did not actually sit upon his brow, his smile was certainly more absent from his face than ordinarily. Violet, after the customary greetings had been exchanged, and while Aunt Camilla, at the farther end of the long room, was still monopolising the attention of the younger men, slipped her hand, in her old, school-girlish fashion, within her guardian's arm.

"I'm not a bit nearer a solution of the difficulty, Guardian, not a bit nearer. But you've thought of something; I'm sure you have, by your face. It isn't for nothing that I nicknamed you 'King Solomon.'"

Meredith smiled. Few, meeting Violet's coaxing, chillish glance, could refrain from smiling. He patted the little hand lying on his arm.

"No, I haven't, and yet, that isn't altogether true either. Darcy spoke to me this evening, begged for a private interview later, though, of course, he hadn't the least idea that Smythe-Browne had been before him. So I mean to allow both the poor



"To the three men waiting to welcome her, she seemed more than passing fair."

beggars to state their case, and if they come satisfactorily through the test I intend to apply to them, then I shall know better how to act. Smythe-Browne is to come to me in the library at nine o'clock, and Darcy, who presents himself half an hour later, need not necessarily be enlightened as to the fact that he has not been the first upon the field. After that, of course, *Vi*, it will be your turn to act—and decide."

If dinner, presently announced, was not in every respect so cheerful a function as such birthday dinners are usually supposed to be, it was perhaps, after all, hardly to be wondered at. The respective lovers, bracing themselves for the ordeal which lay just ahead; Violet, miserably apprehensive of her indecision and its probable consequences; Aunt Camilla, never, at the best of times, the gayest of company; and Meredith, occupied with his own somewhat gloomy thoughts, could hardly, under existing circumstances, have been expected to prove themselves the most hilarious and gay of social groups. When the long-drawn-out repast was at length at an end, and the drawing-room had been again regained by the ladies of the party,

Violet glanced a little apprehensively at the gilded timepiece beneath its Early Victorian glass shade. It still wanted some twenty-five minutes to the hour of nine, and she was wondering how she could possess her soul in patience, and behave with even decent civility to Phil Darcy when he should appear upon the scene. She would have given a good deal to be quit of Phil Darcy, and, for the matter of that, of Reggie Smythe-Browne as well just then.

Aunt Camilla—the great event of the evening, dinner, being at an end—straightway proceeded to dispose herself for slumber. The gentlemen were safe to remain below stairs for another half-hour at least, and meantime she might, with an easy conscience, indulge in her forty winks. Violet, after wandering restlessly up and down the long room, a prey to her own somewhat disquieting thoughts, slipped at length noiselessly away. She would go down to the library and secure a certain book which her guardian had promised to lend her. Its pages might for the time being serve to distract her. She would have plenty of time to steal downstairs, possess herself

THE QUIVER

of the volume in question, and return again to the drawing-room, ere Reggie Smythe-Browne sought out her guardian for that interview which to him was to prove so momentous.

Violet, arrived in the library, could not all at once tear herself away. It had always, since the time when she first came there, a little, lonely child, been her favourite room in the house. She snuggled down now in the large, rather shabby arm-chair beside the blazing fire, which was always regarded exclusively as her own. Violet found herself wondering a little ruefully if Reggie would sit just here, her guardian opposite, that grave, kindly smile which she knew so well

upon his handsome features. Reggie, yes, he was a nice boy; but somehow she could not picture herself as counting the world well lost and all the rest of it for—well, just Reggie. She had played with him when she was in pinafores, and had no objection to the playing going on for the remainder of their joint lives—only, she did not want to marry Reggie. Perhaps it might be better after all to let the scale dip in favour of Phil. Phil, poor, proud, and a trifle imperious, was more essentially the man in Violet's eyes, in that, being a more recent acquaintance than young Smythe-Browne, she had never enjoyed the felicity of knowing and snubbing him in long-legged, awkward boyhood.

"Yes, perhaps it had better be Phil," the girl decided, staring hard into the glowing fire. "It's such a big thing, all one's life, and then perhaps to choose wrongly after all."

"If they'd only let me go on staying with Aunt Camilla, seeing Guardian every other day—oh! I've always been so happy. If it happened as they wish, I couldn't help having the feeling that Phil or Reggie, whichever it was, was coming between me and Guardian."

The sonorous chiming of the hour of nine by the clock above her on the mantelshelf fell unheeded on her ears. Violet, gazing still into the fire, seeing there—who knows?—visions of that coming life which must perforce be shared with either Phil or Reggie, forgot the passage of time, forgot all else, till steps in the hall without, and approaching voices, suddenly broke in upon her reverie. Reggie and her guardian—of course she might have remembered—and it was imperative above all else that Reggie should not find her here.

The door opened, closed behind the two men, but



"There's the governor to be reckoned with, don't you see?"

THE JUDGMENT OF VIOLET

even then the big chair by the fire was empty, and Violet stood breathless and trembling behind the threefold Japanese screen which occupied the farther corner of the room, terrified lest by a single movement she should untimely disclose her whereabouts. She could hear the preliminary observations regarding the weather and such-like trivialities, with which they settled themselves in their respective chairs. It was Reggie, who, as was only natural, entered upon the subject first.

"You'll have guessed what my object was in asking for an interview with you to-night, sir," he said, clearing his throat awkwardly; for this son of the retired pork-butcher was by no manner of means the self-confident and assured young man one might with every reason have expected him to be. "I've known Violet all my life, and there's no need to say that I've always loved her. One couldn't see her, and not do that," added the young fellow with a little choke in his voice, which seemed to make the listening Violet's throat choke in sympathy, too.

"Then I think you must tell Violet that for yourself," Meredith said kindly. "As her guardian, I need hardly say that I quite approve your suit; but as her guardian, I also think it is only due to her and you to acquaint you with the fact that things are not with her, in a monetary sense, altogether as they were. My ward is not now the heiress of even a month ago. Investments in which, by her late father's desire, the bulk of her fortune had been placed, have turned out disastrously, though as yet Violet herself is unaware of the fact. But, being a rich man yourself, Smythe-Browne, all this is possibly of but small interest to you. My ward, fortune or no fortune, is well worth winning for herself alone."

Violet, still holding her breath, listened with frightened eyes. But presently the terror died away from those same grey orbs, to be replaced by a look of half-amused relief. Of course this was the "test" of which her guardian had spoken, the story successfully coined for Reggie Smythe-Browne's benefit. Well, it would be nice to hear that Reggie wanted her, money or no money. True, she had not wholly made up her mind to accept Reggie; but perhaps this might help her in her decision.

Yet surely Reggie was a long time in

answering. Violet, peeping cautiously round the screen, her apparent security lending her boldness, saw him sitting in the chair which she had just vacated, staring into the fire with gloomy eyes. When at length he spoke, his voice sounded harsh and strange. And what was this?

Surely Reggie was not repudiating her.

"If it was only I who was to be considered, I shouldn't care a rap. Vi would be Vi all the same to me, though she hadn't a brass farthing to call her own. But there's the governor to be reckoned with, don't you see? Plenty he has himself; but if I married anything else except money, he'd never forgive me. All along he's been ready enough to welcome Violet as a daughter; but now——"

Violet, clasping and unclasping her little hands behind the screen, could almost have shrieked aloud in the silence which followed. If she could but, without ignominy, there and then have disclosed herself, she would willingly have informed the astonished Reggie that, whether his money-grasping parent said "yea" or "nay," she would have none of him. And Reggie, Reggie, whom she had always fancied cared for her at least a little—to think that for her sake he should be afraid to face such minor ills as poverty and his father's frown!

"Then perhaps you would rather consider the situation before proceeding farther," Meredith said coldly. "I need not acquaint my ward with your intentions until your mind is finally made up. At present no more need be said regarding it. And now, if you are quite ready, Smythe-Browne, perhaps we had better join the ladies in the drawing-room."

"I'm sure I'm awfully sorry," the younger man said humbly. "Violet's a ripping little girl, but you know I've been brought up to nothing, sir, and if I was to offend the dad—— But I'll see what I can do in the way of talking him over, and if, as you suggest, you wouldn't say anything to her for a day or two, things might perhaps come right in time."

In the almost unbearable silence which followed, Violet could hear the dragging-back of his chair as he rose, and a couple of moments later the room was empty. There was an unwonted flash in the girl's eyes as she emerged from her temporary hiding-place. She laughed a little bitterly.

THE QUIVER

"Guardian did that rather well, but Reggie—yes, I *am* disappointed in Reggie. Not that I could ever have brought myself to marry him; no, I know now that I could never have married a man who did not love me well enough to count even the world itself well lost for my sake. If I could only run away, and not face them again to-night. But even now Aunt Camilla may be setting up a hue and cry after me. I must slip upstairs and get it over."

Her hand on the door, Violet still hesitated. Was she mistaken, or were steps again coming along the corridor which led to that wing of the house in which the library was situated? Was it the irony of fate which was about to force her a second time to be an unintentional auditor to this second lover's plaint?

To gain the safe refuge of the screen was but the work of a moment; but this time it was Phil Darcy alone who entered the room. He crossed slowly to the mantel-shelf, and stood leaning his elbow there, his dark head upon his hand. It is only in highly flavoured works of fiction that the hero of the tale communes at length and with studied grammatical correctness aloud, and Phil Darcy's entrance was, upon this occasion, remarkable mainly for its silence.

It might have been almost an eternity to poor Violet, cowering behind the friendly shelter of the screen, ere the man for whom Darcy waited entered. Meredith, upon his return to the drawing-room with Smythe-Browne, had abruptly disturbed Aunt Camilla in her nap, and discovering Violet to be absent, had wrongly surmised her to be inspecting the latest additions to the conservatory in company with the also missing Darcy. That the young man in question was angrily wandering there alone, and suspecting Smythe-Browne of undue monopolisation of the heiress's society, did not just then occur to him. He was therefore more than a trifle surprised when, returning to the library before the prescribed time, he found there the second of Violet's suitors awaiting him.

Darcy, as was his way, came to the point without any preamble. He turned and held out his hand to the older man.

"I want Violet, sir, and I want your permission to tell her so. I hope you haven't any objection to me as a possible suitor for your ward."

Meredith laid his hand on the young man's

shoulder. He had always liked Phil Darcy; it might be a better thing for Violet than she knew, if she could bring herself to return the affection of Phil Darcy.

"Go in and win, lad," he said heartily, if a little huskily. "As for the objections you speak of, they must come from Violet herself, not from me. And now, sit down, Darcy, and let us talk things over." And then had ensued the explanation to which Smythe-Browne had so shortly before hearkened with so ill a grace. Darcy lifted his dark head proudly.

"I'm a poor man, sir, shall be a poor man to the end of my days, as far as I can see; but if Violet isn't afraid of poverty, neither am I. Not but that I admit that her wealth would have made life easier for her; for, things being as they are, it will be a hard enough struggle for both of us. But I'm ready if she is—that is, if she'll do me the honour to listen to me. As far as money is concerned, I know I stand a sorry enough chance; but from what I know of your ward, I think that such a lack would weigh with her very little."

Violet, holding her breath to listen, was trembling now. Of course it was nice of Phil, ever so nice of Phil; but, deep down in her heart, hardly confessed even to herself, she could not help wishing just a little that Phil had been instead worldly-wise enough to decide as Reggie Smythe-Browne had done. Now, as the least self-centred of the two competitors, there was no alternative for her but to accept Phil, always supposing, of course, that she accepted anyone. She had from the first averred that he who loved her best should be her choice, and now there could be but little doubt. Ungrateful Violet found herself almost hating Phil for his magnanimity. A lesser soul she could so much the more easily have rebuffed and scorned, whereas her acceptance of Phil now seemed little less than a matter of plain duty.

It was her guardian who was speaking now, her guardian, evidently determined upon maintaining the "farce" to the end of the chapter.

"You speak of poverty, Darcy; but Violet is too dear for me ever to permit of that. When she becomes your wife she need experience no change in the life to which she has been accustomed. I shall never marry, and the child has always been

THE JUDGMENT OF VIOLET

to me as though she were my own. Your scruples upon that point may therefore easily be set at rest."

Violet, quivering in every limb, could hardly force herself to listen to Darcy's expression of his thanks. Oh! it was horrible, horrible, taking so much for granted, almost as though she had already given that promise which was to alter the whole course of her coming life. Her guardian—surely her guardian might have known for himself that she could never marry Phil Darcy. Thus illogical Violet, forgetting that only so shortly ago as yesterday she had as good as signified her intention of accepting either of her rival swains, if aided by Meredith's superior judgment. Indignant as she had been regarding Reggie Smythe-Browne, Violet, quite and totally without reason, experienced an almost hotter indignation against innocent and unoffending Phil Darcy.

"Then I have your permission to ask Violet?" Darcy said, a triumphant little thrill in his usually quiet voice.

She heard a door open and close, the lover speeding on the wings of love to seek his loved one. Violet, feeling very small and ashamed, crept out from her temporary ambush. Meredith was standing with his back towards her, his head leaning upon his hand, as he gazed into the fire, and the girl saw that his whole attitude was that of despondence. She went towards him, and laid her hand upon his arm, looking up at him with the swift, bright smile which had always been her greeting for him since she was a little child.

"Guardian, it was horribly mean of me; but I couldn't help hearing. And I want to tell you that it's all of no use. I thought I could, and now I can't, and I'm ever so sorry, for I did want to please you. You'll have to put up with me for a little longer, Guardian; for, in the whole wide world, I don't



"Weren't you blind never to see it before?"—p. 1112.

think I shall ever find anyone I love as I love you."

The man looked quickly down into the innocent grey eyes uplifted to his own. So many times the knowledge had almost come to him—now he *knew*—*knew*, that the living Violet was dearer far to him than the dead Violet, her mother, had ever been. There are moments when even the most contained of us fling discretion to the winds, and such a moment, after long years of waiting, had come at last to Alan Meredith.

"Child, do you realise what you are saying?" he questioned almost hoarsely.

THE QUIVER

"To you it is little, perhaps only a lightly spoken word; but to me it is everything—everything. Your whole young life, can you trust that to me, little Violet? Can you bear to let younger, braver lovers go by, for the sake of a man who, love you dearly as he may, is old enough to be your father?"

Violet's two small hands were still clasped about his arm. The grey eyes, looking up demurely into his, were dancing over with happy smiles.

"Guardian, Guardian, weren't you blind never to see it before? And to think that I almost as good as had to ask you before

you'd understand. So the farce was no farce after all, but a reality, for, of course, I know my proud old Guardian too well to fancy that he'd ever dream of marrying anyone who wasn't as poor as a church mouse. You are a King Solomon, just as I said, do you know that, Guardian? The storied monarch's wisdom was as nothing as compared with yours, in so satisfactorily making up my irresolute mind for me."

He drew her gently towards him.

"I think it is high time now that 'Guardian' received another name, little one. What should you say to substituting 'Alan' in its place?"



A WORD OF CONGRATULATION

To the Editor
of The Quiver. **Wine 5.**

**AUCKLAND CASTLE,
BISHOP AUCKLAND.**

Dear Mr Editor,

*I congratulate you and
the publishers on the Jubilee
of The Quiver.*

*May it have a long life
of usefulness yet before it.
Few monthlies have so
steadily maintained so
high a standard for half a
century, in respect both of
mental calibre & moral &
religious purpose & influence.
It is a great & urgently
needed function is fulfilled!*

*Ever faithfully yours,
Stanley Dunelm.*



IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH BY THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

IN THE QUIVER a year ago I collected some of my earliest recollections, and the chain of memories was carried down to the eve of my college life. With that life the present paper is mainly occupied.

I began residence in Cambridge in 1859 as a lad of not quite eighteen. The time just previous had been marked by many public interests. Scarcely a year after the Crimean peace the Indian Mutiny was upon us, and no one who remembers that tremendous time can ever lose the impression. There was no telegraph then to India (the first Atlantic cable, by the way, was not laid till 1858), and the dread suspense was aggravated by the slow transmission of news, which, if I remember aright, was sent by mail to the Continent and thence by the wires to England. One early victim of the great revolt was a first cousin of my own by marriage, Captain Stewart, murdered near Darjeeling by his trusted sepoy.

Close upon the Mutiny followed the American Civil War. It dragged its sanguinary and fluctuating length through most of my college years, affording inexhaustible themes for eager debate at the Cambridge "Union," the undergraduate Parliament. I am reminded by this of the much earlier date when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" arrested and, as it were, possessed the reading world in England. Was not 1851 the year of publication? No other book of that year had a chance of large success; Mrs. Stowe's story was the one dominant literary fact. To me the book—or rather an excellent abridgment of it for children—was read by my dear mother, at a time when I could not use my eyes; I still feel myself in the summer-house in the pleasant garden of a neighbour at Fordington, where I so often sat listen-

ing entranced to that beloved voice, which could only add life and feeling to the wonderful story.

I may note in passing that for some four or five years of my boyhood I was troubled with ulceration of the left cornea, and almost wholly kept from reading. Severe remedies were applied; I got almost used to the burning drops of nitrate of silver, and to leeches on the eyelid. Very backward, of course, I was when at last study could be resumed. But the loving pains of my mother in reading to me—little did I realise how full her life was all the while!—kept the mind nourished and alive, and, on the whole, this enforced slackness in school studies saved me, I cannot but think, from that mental fatigue and "staleness" of which I often hear now in schoolboy life. The never-forgotten help of my dear brothers made it possible for me ultimately to go to Cambridge, not seriously behindhand. And a year previous to this, in 1858, I was inspirited for future efforts by unexpected success in one of the first Oxford "Local Examinations," where I won a good place in two subjects, classics and English. The examination was held at Oxford itself, in the summer of that glorious year, the year of Donati's comet. I still feel upon me the charm of the Oxford streets, courts, meadows, and waters, and the pleasant sense of adventurous ambition with which (in the old "Schools") I sat down to the first printed question paper I had ever seen. I hold to this day the certificate (signed by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Sewell) which attests me an Associate in Arts of Oxford.

But Cambridge was chosen for me by my father, himself a Cantab of 1821, and by my brothers. One of them—my brother Charles, Senior Classic of 1857,

THE QUIVER

when he was bracketed at the head of the List with J. R. Seeley and two other scholars—not only recommended my entrance at Trinity College, but most generously, out of the income of his fellowship at Corpus Christi, made it possible. I think he knows a little of my lifelong gratitude.

October, 1850, saw me lodged at Cambridge, not yet an undergraduate, but preparing by a year's "coaching" to become one. My classical teacher was Henry Sidgwick, eminent later as a philosophical thinker, but then the recent Senior Classic, busy with classical pupils. He was a kind but strict task-master, and kept a high ideal before me; I owe him abiding thanks. The three terms thus passed were uneventful, and closed with an unsuccessful attempt to win an open scholarship at Trinity, but they were full of mental stimulus and interest. And one public incident abides vividly with me—a great missionary meeting, held in the Senate House, called in support of the then recently founded Universities' Mission to Central Africa, and presided over by the Vice-Chancellor. The two chief speakers were eminent enough—W. E. Gladstone, then in the mature fulness of his splendid powers, and Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. I see and hear them speaking now, a wonderful pair, and a striking contrast. Gladstone, erect and dignified, was restrained and elevated in style and manner, while giving a grand impression of force in reserve. Wilberforce was life and fire personified. I hear still the thunder of applause he called down by a noble panegyric on Henry Martyn, the missionary Senior Wrangler of 1801—genius, saint, burning lover of God and man, dying alone on a journey home-ward at thirty-one, but a living influence still. Gladstone I saw only once in my life again. It was in 1884, when I was Principal of Ridley Hall. He passed me in the "Backs" of the Colleges, walking with his nephew, the late Arthur Lyttelton. And so upright and alert was his bearing, that not till the moment after he had passed, expecting a much older-looking man, did I recognise him.

October, 1860, the October of an almost sunless year, saw me entered at Trinity. My college tutor* (three tutors then

divided the "men" between them, for the college was very large, though not, if I may say the word, so overgrown as it is to-day) was Mr. Lightfoot, afterwards Professor, and yet later Bishop; my great predecessor at Durham, where still, twenty-one years after his death, the people love his noble name, so that "dear Bishop Lightfoot" is their almost invariable phrase. In 1860 he was young for a college tutor, not more than thirty-two years old, and he was not a little shy with his pupils, excepting an inner circle to which I did not belong. His chief intercourse with most of us was that of the classical lecturer, for as yet he was known more as the scholar than the divine. But somehow we felt a magnetic influence in his presence, and even in the thought of him—the magnetism of an example of unsparing, unswerving diligence and dutifulness, backed by known power and learning, and with godly faith and reverence at its heart. The latest loiterer in the college court at night always saw Lightfoot's lamp alight, in the rooms that once were Isaac Newton's. And the most regular morning worshipper at seven o'clock in chapel always found Lightfoot there.

Great was my sense of loss when he resigned his tutorship for a Divinity Professorship, in which he soon began a course of public lectures on St. Paul's Epistles which made an epoch. But his place was supplied by two noble-minded scholars and men, Robert Burn and James Hammond, for whose fine teaching, and high example, and great personal kindness I am their debtor for ever.

And how shall I thank God for my college friends, many of them pupils of Vaughan at Harrow? Coming as I did with no school connection to Cambridge, I was indeed fortunate in those friendships. Not a few of the group "are alive and remain," while many very dear to me are gone before. They all did me good by their mental, moral, and physical healthfulness and genial force. No word from their lips do I remember at any time untrue, or impure, or irreverent. Several

*At Cambridge the college-tutor (not the private tutor) is the person who, somewhat like the house-master at a public school, stands *in loco parentis* to the student.

IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH

of them were eminently gifted intellectually. But none of them was spoiled in simplicity of life and spirit by cynicism or conceit. In our rooms, in hall, on the river—which to me is full of happy memories—they were in the largest sense good company indeed.

I will not weary the reader with details of my college course in the way of examinations and the like. Let me only say, with humble thankfulness to God and gratitude to admirable lecturers and private teachers, notably among the latter to the late Mr. Arthur Holmes, that I was favoured with successes beyond my hopes. I obtained a "first year" foundation scholarship, some University prizes, and a classical degree. In the tripos list I was bracketed second with the late F. W. H. Myers, and we came next to H. W. Moss, the senior classic, who has lately resigned the head-mastership of Shrewsbury after more than forty years. A year and a half after my degree, when I was a form-master at Marlborough, I took the Trinity fellowship examination, and was elected, with two other men of my year, F. Myers and W. P. Turnbull. The latter has lately retired from a chief inspectorship of schools, and I am happy to reckon him among the dear living friends of my college days.

I may be pardoned for a brief digression on that election. I had got leave off from my form at Marlborough to take the Fellowship examination at Cambridge, in the glowing September of 1865, and then I returned to work. The day of election drew near, and I asked a friend at Cambridge to telegraph me the results, whatever they were. In those days (I know not if the custom survives; things have changed in a thousand details at Trinity since



(Photo: Russell and Sons)

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM IN THE ROBES HE WORE AT THE CORONATION.

then) the electors, being the Master and the eight Senior Fellows, who then ruled the College, assembled at the Chapel, shut themselves in, recorded their votes, issued forth, and from the steps of the door (not then, as now, protected by a porch) read the result to the awaiting group, and departed. This was always at ten in the morning. So I counted on receiving my telegram (I think we still called it a *telegraph* in 1865) by, at latest, noon. But noon came, and afternoon, and early evening, and there was no sign. I was rather wistfully setting myself to the evening's work in my rooms when the

THE QUIVER

door was flung open, and a voice (most dear to me—it has been silent now thirty-seven years—my brother Horace's; he also had a farm at Marlborough, and the present Lord Tennyson was in it) exclaimed: "You are elected; there is time to catch the last train for town and be 'admitted' at Trinity to-morrow." I packed my bag, and literally ran to the station, with that dear escort and another comrade; slept at King's Cross Hotel, and next morning knelt for admission to the Master in Trinity Chapel, placing my hands in his and promising to be true to duty. It appeared that when my friend took the message to the Cambridge telegraph office (telegraphs were company undertakings at that time), he could not, do what he would, persuade the clerk that at so rural a place as Marlborough there could be an office. So the message was sent to Swindon, miles away, and cost me (so trivial are the details memory will carry) half a crown for portage, besides a long day of suspense. But what were such troubles when the message came?

Shall I give the reader one other and a very different memory of my examinations? At the close of our third college year came the "third May," the *May* being, oddly enough, the traditional name, as it is still, for the annual *June* examination. (As late as the 'forties, May was the month in reality.) To-day, alas, the Cambridge honour course is shortened by a long half-year, and the normal "honour man" graduates at the close of his third year instead of waiting, as we did, till the middle of his fourth—and greatly did a diligent student gain in that final period. We took our college examination, then, in June, 1863, with our degrees in view early in 1864. The rigorous simplicity of those days required every man, whatever his line of reading, to appear in the Hall for every paper, and sit there at least half an hour. So I, whose mathematics were nothing if not elementary, presented myself one morning, as in duty bound, when an advanced paper in optics was set by Mr. F. Brown, now Canon Brown, late of Houghton-le-Spring, co. Durham; I am proud to call him my friend to-day. The paper was very much worse than Greek to me, but I found one question,

on the construction of a telescope, which I could answer intelligently though not mathematically, and so I did. A week later Mr. Brown met me, and said, with a friendly smile (so I remembered his words): "I gave you three marks for your answer." I was grateful, and so the incident was over—for the time. But thirty-eight years later, on the day when I was installed Bishop at Durham, I was introduced to Canon Brown, and at once I reminded him of those three marks. With a humour altogether his own, he said, recalling my total absence of mathematical merit, "And I dare say they were too many." We laughed over it. But the story was not quite over. A few weeks later, by a strange accident, I lighted on an old memorandum of 1863, which showed the figure 2, not 3, as my reward for that memorable answer. And I wrote at once to relieve my friend's mind—at least to the extent of one unit out of three.

But how my memories of those old college days live and glow within me! I visualise again and again in silent hours the "old familiar faces." All the then older faces are now gone, long gone; not all the then younger faces, God be thanked. How vividly I recall my pleasant attic rooms, spacious, low, raftered, at the top of "Letter K, Old Court"! They looked across to the Chapel, and from their window I saw, one morning in April, 1862, two friends (both living still, one for a long while an M.P., and now Right Honourable, the other a deeply learned D.D., and still my beloved correspondent) run across the grass from the Chapel door, to tell me I was elected scholar. Dear rooms, from which I could hear the fountain splashing at night, and where in the longer evenings the fire lit up the books and pictures as I read for "coach," or lecture, or for the joy of reading; while true friends "kept" (such is the word) close to me, beside me and below. I see the noble Chapel, then severely unadorned, but thronged then as, under altered conditions, it is not thronged now. I see the great Dining Hall, which also looked sterner and barer than it does to-day, for only the older (and mostly poorer) portraits of the present large collection then hung there, and the

IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH

only light in the winter afternoons came from candles set in sconces round the walls, and the only seats, even for the most illustrious Fellows at the High Table, were backless benches, except the chair of the Vice-Master. The only artificial heating in cold weather was given out by a huge low open brazier in the middle of the vast floor. And in those times we Foundation Scholars had, every day, to be in waiting, two at a time, to read responsively the Latin Grace (*Tibi laus, Tibi gloria*—I can almost say it through still), for the Fellows when they rose. It was not for us to know when that rising should be; so we used to sit about, talking low, in the kindly glow of the brazier, till the Hall Butler summoned us to duty.

That was an age of discipline, and I like to recall that it was so. Perhaps the sternest instance of this in my case occurred in the September of 1862, when I, so recently elected a scholar, was junior on the list. At that period, even to the end of September, though the College was nearly empty, Chapel services were kept up, and there was dinner in Hall with its Grace. Think of my alarm when, peacefully at home in Dorset, I received a sudden summons from the Dean, Robert Burn, whose noble memory, and the noble face that mirrored his character, I love now to dwell on—but I could not just then love his behests! For his short letter told me that I must come up to read the Lessons and the Grace for my allotted week; and precisely so I had to do, sorely against my will. I was the last scholar so disciplined—but I am not at all sorry now that I had that experience of being “under authority,” in a very genuine sense.

What grand personalities Trinity then contained! The Master was William Whewell, who had been Second Wrangler of 1816. He was son of a carpenter at Lancaster; in due time fellow, tutor, professor, till at length, in 1841, he sat in that seat of singular dignity, the Master's stall in Trinity Chapel. It is said that he was shy and nervous to an extreme in youth. In his old age (he died at seventy-six in 1866) he was much more the cause of shyness in others, with his grand presence, his mighty brow (no man

in England, they said, wore wider spectacles), his large voice, and a manner of unaffected but inevitable authority. Vast was his knowledge. It is a true story that two Fellows, while he was still their comrade, resolved to pose him, and accordingly got up the remote subject of Chinese music, and aired it in after-dinner talk—only to find that they had read *his* article in the Cyclopædia. His heart was deep and true all the while. I remember the quiet dignity of his great grief when, in 1864, we followed in the funeral train of his dear wife, Lady Affleck.

It is my pride that I was the last man he admitted Fellow. I was junior in the election of 1865, and early in 1866 he fell from his horse, and in a few days passed away in the peace of faith.

The Vice-Master of my first days was Adam Sedgwick, B.A. in 1808, so that his memories went easily back to Trafalgar. He used to dwell on the untold relief England felt that great October, a relief to which that which came after Waterloo, June, 1815, was not to be compared. Sedgwick was one of the fathers of English geology, and had been geological Professor since 1818. His deeply-cut, animated face, with the light on it of a mind immortally young and growing, seemed to carry a geological grandeur in it. He was perhaps the best loved man among all ages at Cambridge in my time. In 1873, when I was Dean of the College, he sunk away to rest, at eighty-eight, rejoicing in his Saviour.

I have spoken of Lightfoot and Burn. What shall I say of Hugh Munro, perhaps the first Latinist in Europe of his time, fervent, wholly unconventional, but with no loss of dignity in his grand bearing? What of William Clark, son of a Teesdale farmer, the absolutely finished man of letters, classical and modern, the perfect lecturer, the eloquent Public Orator of the University? I see him leading up old Lord Lyndhurst in the Senate House for an honorary degree, about 1862, and hear him addressing him as *Nestor Britannice*! How shall I describe W. H. Thompson, Greek Professor in my time, afterwards (1866) Whewell's stately successor in the Mastership? Tall, pale, statuesquely handsome, famed for his caustic speeches (but I knew him in later days for a man

THE QUIVER

of kindest heart), he let us see little of him out of his lecture room; but that room was always full, whether Aristotle or Aristophanes was the theme. He was contemporary with Hallam and the Tennysons, and remembered a visit from William Wordsworth, about 1830, to Christopher, the poet's brother, then Master. William was entertained one evening by the young *illuminati* of the College—I think in Thompson's rooms; and the talk was full of letters and poetry. Wordsworth asked for the time at last; "his brother was an early, punctual man." And it was one o'clock, a.m.!

Of the public events of my time at Cambridge none is more vivid in my memory than the death of Prince Albert, so long our Chancellor, whom I had seen, for the one time in my life, when in the summer of 1861 he, with his young son, afterwards King Edward—how distinct the faces of the man and the lad are to me at this hour!—attended a lecture by Professor Willis in the Senate House. That November the Prince Consort came again to Cambridge, to visit his son at Madingley Hall, and caught cold on the four-miles' drive from the town to the Hall, and so the end began. On Sunday, December 14th (it was a dark day, I remember), as we sat at dinner in Hall, just before the vacation, it got about that the Prince was gone. The hush and shadow that fell on us was as if each man severally had received bad news from home.

Next summer the new Chancellor, William, Duke of Devonshire, second Wrangler and a high classic in his day at Cambridge, was installed with great ceremony in the Senate House. A noble Ode was written by Charles Kingsley, then History Professor (I remember him once walking up our Hall, as a guest, to the High Table, with his strongly-marked, eager features). Sterndale Bennett set the Ode to music, and himself conducted it, standing in the east gallery of the Senate House, with his calm, intellectual, beautiful face, and robed in the musical Doctor's splendid gown.

Many a great preacher I heard as an

undergraduate. Never to be forgotten is my first listening, in the University Church, to Charles Vaughan, then recently moved from Harrow to Doncaster. The magic of his literary and speaking power, with its matchless simplicity of noble art, the charm of his face, of his voice, of the faith and wisdom which in him were blent into one living force, all was to me a memorable revelation. In that Church too (but not at strictly University services, at which only Cambridge men then preached) I have heard Pusey, with his mournful earnestness of voice and soul, and Wilberforce of Oxford, in a sermon on the awful theme of future punishment; a wonderful achievement of argument and appeal. Once, too, I listened to Henry Melvill, the mighty master of a rhetoric which now probably would be thought too studied, but which was indeed a living force in his delivery. As each magnificent paragraph rolled to its close there came an audible *sigh* from the dense congregation—a sigh of tension relieved and attention renewed.

Those were great days. I do not think I romance or dream when I rejoice that my youth was cast in the Cambridge of the mid-Victorian time. I indulge sometimes in the innocent amusement of asking in what age, if I had the choice, I would have chosen to spend my life. And upon the whole, I gravitate always to about the time ranging from about sixty to forty years ago, a period when all the essentials of the modern civilisation of life were present, with very much less noise, hurry, disintegration of home, and decay of reverence, than now, and when the world of thought and action, of letters, of science, of theology, of the State, was canopied by a sky thick and bright with stars of the first magnitude.

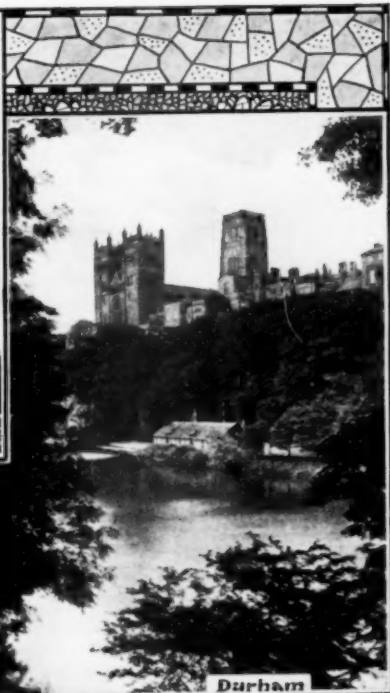
I am glad that I recollect that time, and that it entered deep into my being. And all the while this time too is full of blessings. And the Almighty and Eternal, the faithful Creator and Redeemer, is infinitely the best disposer of our date and of our lot.

HANDLEY DUNELM.





Peterboro



Durham



Wells



York

CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.

(Photo Studies by E. A. Jackson.)

Cynthia Charrington

Serial Story

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY

CHAPTER XXV

THE HOME CALL

IT was springtime once more—spring, after a long, hard winter—and three girls were seated by the window of Beth Elliot's bed-sitting-room in the "Home," enjoying the delights of the returning sunshine and warmth. Beth, with an air of proud proprietorship, was examining the progress of three straggling geraniums which had been fostered carefully throughout the winter and referred to proudly in conversation as the "winter-garden." Mary Higgs sat on the floor accurately on the middle of the patch of sunshine which irradiated the shabby Kidderminster square, her eyes half shut, her freckled face held upwards with a cat-like enjoyment of the heat. The third girl lay at ease in a deck-chair; her daintily shod feet supported on a hat-box, her arms hanging slackly on either side. She wore a brown dress, and had a mass of ruddy brown hair carefully dressed in the latest fashion, but her face was thin and pale, with little lines of exhaustion showing round the mouth and eyes. She looked like an elder sister of the blooming Cynthia Charrington of a year ago, as she recounted her adventures of the day with a mingling of her old vivacity and a yawning deliberation caused by physical fatigue.

"Neither of you girls realise what work is. You think yourselves superior because you are self-supporting, and gibe at me as a remittance man. You *do*—you know you do! And make rude remarks about my clothes because I can see no earthly reason why, because I am badly housed and fed, I should look a fright into the bargain. I *am* badly fed! I made my dinner to-night of cheese and biscuits, and *they* were limp. I never realised before I came here that I was a gourmet, but I am, and when the holidays draw near my thoughts fly like winging birds to the prospect of meals. What was I saying? How did I begin? Mary, my dear, does it strike you that you have already your full allowance of freckles? Move out of the sun this minute, and leave some for other people. I was saying that I worked harder than either of you, or than

both put together, and I'll prove it if you like. What have you done to-day?"

Mary Higgs nursed her knees, and smiled unperturbed.

"Same old grind! Mewed up all day in a cupboard eight foot square. Weather's been so good that people are disgustingly healthy. It's worst of all when there's nothing to do. So sleepy that when a prescription comes along I feel stupid enough to poison a village. That's the only time I repine at being plain. If I were sweet and lovely, it might occur to those two men that I might like a walk, or a little shortening of hours; but, bless your heart, they take no more notice of me than the typewriter! Useful bit of machinery; cheap at the price; oiled every Saturday afternoon—no reason why it should need more oil this year than last. If it creaks, get a new 'un, and let it go. But it knows better than to creak. Cheerful attention to business, and grumble at home, that's my motto. I've screwed together five pounds for a holiday, and am going to camp out on a farm, and milk the cows, and poke the pigs, and quaff fresh air from morning till night. Whew! what bliss! Not a single whiff of chloroform for three whole weeks! Monotony's my programme, my dear! Year in, year out, you may see her grind—"

"There's no monotony for me. I sometimes wish there were. I fly about from east to west like a thing possessed. This morning I was in three separate places: Chelsea, chasing a parlourmaid; Oxford Street, matching patterns; Grosvenor Street, marking goods for a bazaar. Came back at two, dashed out to read aloud for an hour to an invalid; back again to put on my war-paint and fly off to help Flora Fanshawe with her reception. It was a big success. His sister and cousin were there—their first visit; and several officers from his old regiment. And Flora was just perfect—so quiet and dignified and self-possessed. They *were* impressed—could hardly take their eyes off her the whole afternoon; and Guy was bubbling over with suppressed excitement. She is fairly floated now. We shall soon be reading gushing accounts of the lovely Mrs. Fanshawe in the

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON

fashion papers, and the best of it is it won't spoil her a bit, for her nature is as lovely as her face. I'm very happy about her, but I'm sorry for myself. Dashing about in everlasting tubes and omnibuses is a fatiguing experience, to say nothing of the mental effort of adapting oneself to a different key every other hour."

"But your keys are in the major; mine are all in the minor. A General Helper has a far more wearying time in Stepney than in the West. Every morning when I call at the Settlement for my orders, the rush and bustle seem worse than ever. The need is so great that if anyone will give her services voluntarily, she is promptly pounced upon and worked to death with all possible dispatch. I'm being killed myself; my youthful bloom is departing at the rate of a stone a year. I shall be a bony skeleton if I stay on much longer. And when you talk of your cupboard eight foot square, Mary, your nice, clean, sanitary, peaceful cupboard, and Beth of Grosvenor Street and receptions, and I think of the dens I've been in to-day! My dears, you are living in the lap of luxury; you don't realise the meaning of toil. Listen to my day. First I went to the infirmary to see one of our club girls who has a dreadful home and is getting into bad ways at the factory, and tried to persuade her to go into a home to be trained for service. They always send me to persuade girls to do what they don't want, because they are more influenced by a girl of their own age. My line of argument would perhaps startle the authorities if they heard it, but it succeeds. It's no use preaching to a wild, half-tamed thing that she ought to be thankful to be caged up, and drilled, and isolated from her friends. I said to this one frankly: 'It will be horrid, I know. You'll hate it for a year, but after the year, think what it will mean! A comfortable home, money to spend, pretty clothes, friends who will help you on instead of pulling you back all the time; probably a kind, respectable husband, and a nice little home to yourself, instead of an underground cellar and a drunken wretch who comes home and beats you, which will probably be your lot if you stay on where you are. Be brave and set your teeth, and go through it for a year, and I'll write to you every week, and arrange for a holiday in summer, and give you a silver watch when you come out.'"

"Bribery and corruption," muttered Mary

Higgs sententiously, but she blinked her eyes at Cynthia as she spoke with a friendly smile. "You're coming on, my dear—twice the woman you were when you came here first. Couldn't stand you then at any price—cram jam up with your own affairs, and so disgustingly superior! Needed to find out that there were one or two people in the world besides yourself. Valuable discovery, worth giving up a bit of time and good looks to master. Much more agreeable now, if you *are* a bit plainer."

In face of such praise, Cynthia's start of dismay was amusing to witness. Her hand went up involuntarily to her hair; she straightened herself quickly to peer into the glass on the dressing-table.

"Oh, how horrid of you! Am I really? Would anyone think, if they hadn't seen me for some time—would—er—anyone think I was changed?"

"Course he would!" replied Mary briskly. "'Anyone' is singular, my dear—was when I was at school, at least. I like pretty people myself—used to be as good as dessert to look at you across the table. Alters you badly to be pale. Why not try charity at home, and give your mother a turn for a change? Expect, if you ask me, that there are times when she needs you just as badly as the club girls."

The colour rushed into Cynthia's cheeks in a flood of anger and resentment.

"Mary, you are hateful! You know I'm tired out. Are you bent on sending me to bed utterly wretched? You say such stinging things."

"Drastic," said Mary. She stretched out her hands and slowly raised herself from the ground. "Drastic, but wholesome. Think 'em over! I'm going to bed. You can abuse me all you want—ease you, and won't hurt me. But think 'em over, my dear. Take 'em to heart!"

She stalked out of the room, leaving the two friends alone, when Cynthia immediately turned to Beth for consolation.

"Beth, is it true?"

"What, dear?"

"Am I really—have I really changed?"

"You are thinner, of course: you said so yourself. People always lose their colour in London. It would soon come back. Your expression is far sweeter."

But at that Cynthia waved an imperious hand.

"That's enough! That's enough! You couldn't possibly have hit on anything more

THE QUIVER

convincing. People always tell you you have a sweet expression when you are looking hopelessly plain. I knew it, of course, but it's horrid to have it put into words." She was silent for a few minutes, gazing intently past the geraniums into the street. Then: "Beth!" she said suddenly in a different voice; "about mother. It hurt me when Mary said that. Do you think that was true, too?"

"I'm sure of it, Cynthia."

"Sure? Then that means that I ought to go home. I came here to be cured. Mother was willing, for she saw how badly I needed occupation. But I was cured long ago. I've stayed on, fondly imagining that I was needed here; but I'm the parents' only child—I'm their only child—if they need me, I ought to go back. Tell me what you think, Beth—honestly, your real opinion."

Beth turned her head aside; her voice had a curious muffled tone.

"I *do* think so, Cynthia. Your mother hasn't been strong lately. I'm sure you ought to be with her, if—if you are quite sure—if you really don't care—"

"I don't think I ever can have cared," said Cynthia simply. "Oh, I don't mean to say that I was not in love—it would be folly to deny that. If I live to be a hundred I can never forget the suffering of that first fortnight, or, for one little half-hour—the joy! But it could not have been Stamford Reid that I loved, Beth, for I never knew him. He was so handsome and good to look at that I was fascinated, and showed it so plainly—silly girl!—that from the first he felt awkward and constrained. When I saw him talking to other people and looking happy and animated, I used to be miserable because he was not like that with me. I never knew him; I was in love with youth and beauty—and a dream. When it all came to an end, it was my pride that was broken, not my heart. I shan't mind meeting him at all, and, in any case, his time in Liverpool will soon be out, and then he will be returning to town. You are more likely to meet him than I."

Beth said nothing. There was a certain rigidity about the pose of the slim figure as it stood outlined against the window, which attracted Cynthia's attention. Her lips quivered a little as she said slowly:

"Beth! we have never talked about this since that first night, but now—there's something else I'd like to say! He said in that letter that there was 'someone else.' I

don't know if I'm quite, quite mad, but once or twice I've had an idea, a tiny gleam of suspicion, that it was—you. . . . Beth! was I right?"

"Cynthia, I—I—! He never said . . . but I thought—I think—"

Cynthia smiled sadly. "And you, Beth? What of yourself?"

Beth shook her head rapidly.

"I hardly knew him. We had met so seldom. He was sorry for me, and kind, and I was grateful, of course—and you said yourself that he was handsome. I admired him. Before I knew that you were engaged, I—I had dreams, too; but I've never seen him since that night at the garden-party. There is nothing between us. How could there be, when you—"

"Oh, Beth!" cried Cynthia brokenly. "Oh, Beth!" She hid her face in her hands, and the hot tears scalded her eyes. "I understand! I understand! All this long year, when you've been so good, helping me on, showing me the way, bearing with my moods—all this time I've been keeping you apart! It *was* you, and you *could* have cared. Don't try to deny it, dear. I saw you together at the picnic, and I know that it's true. It was the memory of your two faces which made me understand. Beth! listen to me. You can marry him to-morrow, and I shall be *glad*. I'll be your bridesmaid, and dance for joy. There isn't one lingering scrap of the illusion left. It would be a relief to my mind to know that he was happy. He behaved so well, and I made him as miserable as myself. The sooner you get engaged the happier I shall be."

"But—he has never asked me!" Beth gave a quivering, uncertain little laugh. "You go too fast, dear. I told you I *thought*, but it is only thinking. He never said anything; he never will say anything, unless you—until you—"

"Then the sooner I—"

Both girls drew themselves up sharply, faced one another for a moment with flushed cheeks, then hurriedly turned aside.

"I—you— This is most really upsetting. I must have some refreshment at once. Let's make some tea!" cried Beth hurriedly, clattering the cups and saucers in her corner cupboard as she spoke, and, handing over a jug to her friend: "Run downstairs, like a dear, and beg, borrow, or steal some milk."

Cynthia departed with haste, for, in truth,



"Then suddenly a tall figure filled the doorway"—p. 1124.

it was a relief to both girls to have a few moments' breathing space apart after the agitating revelations of the last few minutes. Beth's relief in this sudden smoothing of the path was so overpowering that it was not in human nature to repress every visible sign. She knew that her face was ashine with a happiness which, under the circumstances, must be a revelation of all that she had endured during the past year. No one but herself would ever know how trying had been the first few months of Cynthia's sojourn at the "Home," or how difficult it had been to deal with a girl whose heart was sore with anger and pain, whose nerves were on edge, and who demanded to work without having the slightest idea of what work she wished to undertake. There had been various painful efforts and failures before, at last, the brilliant idea of voluntary work for an East End settlement had come as a solution. Cynthia had indeed begun her philanthropic duties in a spirit of distaste and suspicion, but in the unexpected surroundings of a night club for factory girls had found her vocation. The factory girl is a creature of passionate likes and dis-

likes: she was pleased to approve of the pretty, daintily-attired new assistant at the club, and demonstrated the fact with her usual candour. Henceforth there was no more lack of employment for Cynthia, for there was a constant succession of girls out of work, out of health, cut of heart, who demanded help and comfort, and who came to her as to their truest friend. In the early contemplation of the troubles of others—such bitter, sordid, unalleviated troubles!—Cynthia had found her own cure, and in an almost humiliating short space of time discovered the soundness of her own heart. Recurrent fits of depression had given place to hours of returning joy in life, in which was mingled something that was extraordinarily, inexplicably like relief. So might a man feel who, after a spell of blindness, looks ahead with opened eyes and beholds the dawn. Henceforward each month brought with it increasing happiness and content. She enjoyed her work, was conscious of being of real use in the world; enjoyed, with all its drawbacks, the free and independent life at the "Home"; and looked forward with a zest hitherto unknown to

THE QUIVER

home and the holidays. So the time had passed, month after month, each day like another, with stated hours for work, for rest, for refreshment, a regular jog-trot programme, with no startling doings to break the monotony.

Life holds such spells for us all; but the little god of fate has presumably a caustic wit, for at the very moment when we are pluming ourselves on our peaceful backwater, presto! the waters are stirred into activity, and we find our craft once more riding the waves.

Mary Higgs's chance word had quickened in Cynthia's mind a growing conviction that the time now approached when it would be her duty to return to her parents.

A quarter of an hour later she reached the entrance hall on her descent to the kitchen regions, to find that the decision lay no longer in her own hands. A letter was awaiting her on the hall table, announcing her mother's illness, and summoning her to return home by the morning train on the following day.

CHAPTER XXVI

SUSPENSE AND PROGRESS

MR. CHARRINGTON had expressly desired that his daughter should travel by the train leaving Euston at eight o'clock the next morning. A night return might, he explained, cause alarm to the invalid, which was of all things most necessary to avoid; and if Cynthia arrived at four o'clock she would still "be in time."

In time for *what*? The question opened up dread possibilities, before the thought of which Cynthia's heart stood still. There was no sleep for her that night. Beth sat up until the still hours, helping with the preparation for the journey, and the dismantling of the little room, which both felt instinctively would never again be occupied by Cynthia Charrington, and then she left to seek a few hours' sleep in preparation for her day's work. Cynthia sat in her basket-chair watching the sun rise over the massed chimney-tops, living over again her home life since the earliest remembered days; seeing always, as the central figure on the scene, the tender, loving mother who had lavished on herself a wealth of unrequited love.

Unrequited—yes! What had she ever given in return but an easy, careless affec-

tion, a casual caress when the sky was bright; when the storms arose—nothing!—not even the right to comfort and console. Her one idea had been to get away from home: for a whole year she had left the home childless and empty, and out of the depths of their love father and mother had let her go, and rejoiced in her cure. Now it appeared that mother had been suffering for weeks, had not written about it for fear of giving pain, until now she was too ill to write at all. "*In time!*" What had father meant by "*In time!*"? Cynthia leapt up from her seat, and paced restlessly to and fro. Would eight o'clock never come?

At seven Beth came back with a breakfast-tray, which she had bribed a sympathising cook to make more attractive than usual, and Cynthia was coaxed to eat and drink, helped to dress, driven to Euston, and settled in a corner of the carriage for the long journey.

Only those who have lived through the ghastly experience of sitting still through a journey by rail, the end of which is to bring them to the sick-bed of one near and dear, can understand all that Cynthia endured before the train slackened down and ran smoothly into Rugby station.

Doors opened and shut; boys in uniform came walking past the windows bearing trays of magazines, of fruit and flowers; the woman who was seated opposite to Cynthia lifted her bag from the rack and stepped into the corridor. She was alone in her little compartment; she was seized at once with a longing to remain alone, with a shrinking from the solitude of the long hours which still remained. Then suddenly a tall figure filled the doorway. . . . It was like a dream—there was all the unreality of a dream in the recognition of Malcolm Daughlish's face, all the unexpectedness, the extraordinary absence of surprise. It seemed at once the most wonderful and the most natural thing in the world that he should be there. She needed him, and he had come. She had not known that she had needed him, but now she knew. Nothing in all the world could have comforted her as did his presence in this crisis of her life.

He was smiling as he looked at her. Cynthia realised instinctively that that smile was meant to disperse alarm. He held her hand for a moment, then seated himself in the seat just vacated, bending forward towards her.

"I came to meet you. Journeys seem

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON

endless when one is anxious. I thought you might be glad of companionship."

Cynthia looked at him dumbly. Her eyes answered for her, but her lips could frame only one question:

"Mother?"

"No worse! Very brave and collected. Looking forward to seeing you."

"Why is she brave? What is it? What is coming? Please tell me the worst."

"Appendicitis. They operate to-morrow. It was hoped for a time that it would not be necessary, but now it seems inevitable. She wishes it herself."

Cynthia shut her eyes, and leant sickly back against the cushions. The train moved slowly onward. Daughlish bent forward and closed the door of the compartment.

"Cynthia."

The hazel eyes opened and regarded him blankly.

"She is looking forward to your coming. They are all longing for you. You must be brave for her sake!"

Cynthia stared at him stonily.

"Will you answer me one question—truthfully, without thinking of my feelings?"

He smiled; the wistful, little smile which brought back a dozen bitter sweet memories.

"I'll—do my best!"

"Has the trouble about me and my being away from home made her ill?"

The smile broadened happily.

"I have never yet heard a mental cause given for appendicitis. You may make your mind easy on that score. You certainly did not cause this illness. There is something else that you *can* do, however."

"Yes?"

"*Cure* it! I am sure it's not exaggeration when I say that you can do more than the doctor. It's mainly a question of strength to hold out; and if her mind is at rest about you, if she can look forward and know—"

"I will never leave home again! I made up my mind to come back last night—before I knew this! It did not seem fair to stay away any longer now the need was past—"

He looked at her with such a deep, intent glance that the red came into the pale cheeks, and she hastened to explain away her words. "I needed a change, and I have had it, and now I am glad to come back. The home life will seem very sweet and restful, when—when mother is well again."

If one could just skip over the next dreadful weeks. . . . To-morrow! How will it be possible to live through to-morrow!"

"You will have your father to look after. It won't last long; and every hour that passes will be a step on the right way." He paused, looking at her with anxious eyes. "You have not been well yourself?"

Cynthia made an involuntary grimace, recalling the freckled girl's candid criticisms on her appearance. For the first time, a sparkle of the old merriment danced in her eyes.

"Quite well, thank you; but a trifle underfed and overworked! It's not beautifying for the appearance; but I am assured that it has a beneficial effect on character. Only last night a candid friend was encouraging me by the reflection that though I had grown plainer in face, I had increased in moral worth. I—I am afraid I was not as much elated as she seemed to expect! Do you—did you—had you—*noticed*?"

"What? The moral worth?"

His eyes were shining with the boy-like gleam which gave so strange a youthfulness to his expression. Cynthia's eyes brightened in response; she found herself laughing involuntarily, before the darting remembrance choked the laugh in her throat.

Before the journey was at an end, however, she had laughed more than once again. The Professor had made her laugh despite herself; had led her on cleverly to relate incidents of her East End work; had succeeded, for a few minutes at a time, in rousing her to animation. It was only when the carriage was bearing her swiftly towards Sefton Park, and the old sick terror swept over her once more, that she realised how much torture she had been spared during the last half of the journey.

Looking back, it seemed to Cynthia that for the first three weeks after her hurried summons home she had not had time to draw a full breath. Life itself seemed to be suspended during those awful days when the precious life hung in the balance, and the convalescence was far on its way before anything like confidence could be felt.

Throughout those dreary days when Cynthia and her father had sat alone, existing, as it seemed, simply from one visit of the surgeons to another, waiting with sickening suspense for the verdict of better or worse, the only distraction was afforded by the visits of Professor Daughlish, who came

THE QUIVER

in and out at frequent intervals, and seemed to understand by instinct the most appropriate help for the moment. Sometimes he would talk, diverting the watchers' minds for a few moments to some subject outside the sick-room; sometimes he would be silent, realising the impossibility of even such momentary distraction; but even his silence had a helpful quality. Mr. Charrington would find his discarded pipe at his side, and a light held towards him so naturally that it seemed easier to accept than to refuse. Cynthia would drink the soup, which she refused at other times, when Daughlish brought it to her side and stood over her with an air of silent command, and both father and daughter felt their courage rise insensibly in his presence.

At the end of three weeks the danger zone was definitely passed, and the patient pronounced to be on the high road to recovery, whereupon by slow degrees the household returned to its normal routine—Mr. Charrington once more to spend his days in the city, Cynthia interviewed her friends, superintended the housekeeping, and lay out in her favourite spots in the garden with an enjoyment intensified by her year's sojourn in town.

Since her return from town her thought had been entirely occupied with her mother; but now, as was only natural, she began to feel a reviving interest in personal affairs, to recall that last pregnant conversation with Beth Elliot; to dream over her friend's future and her own; to ponder what she could do to remove the suspense which was the result of her brief, unhappy engagement. Stamford loved Beth; Beth loved Stamford. They had given up their chance of happiness, had spent a whole year apart, without exchanging so much as a letter, out of a loyal consideration for her feelings. It was time that they had their reward.

"Next time that Mr. Reid calls to inquire, ask him in, please, Barker. Say that I wish to see him."

It required an effort to give the order to the old servant, who, with the quickness of her class, had no doubt a very clear understanding of the tragedy of a year before, but Barker's expressionless countenance showed no flicker of change. She replied: "Yes, miss," in her most stolid fashion.

Two days later the summons came, and found Cynthia utterly unprepared. She was sitting in the book-lined study, addressing envelopes for the piled-up cards of "Thanks

for kind inquiries" which lay on the table beside her, laying down her pen every now and then to vary the work by a little day-dreaming on her own account. It was not of Stamford Reid that she was dreaming, but of that other man who a year ago had declared himself to be her lover until death.

She had hardly seen him alone for a moment since her return home; personal interests had been forgotten in the overwhelming anxiety; but now—now they could begin once more to think about themselves. Did he still care—?

The opening of the door interrupted one of these dreams, and the name on Barker's lips sent a shock of surprise coursing through her veins:

"Mr. Stamford Reid."

The next moment he stood before her, pale, strained, but handsome as ever—handsomer, indeed, because of the added expression which the year had brought. Cynthia had imagined that she would feel no emotion at the meeting; but, to her surprise, her heart leapt with painful violence, and for a moment she could not command herself sufficiently to speak. Poignant memories of the past swept over her; of interviews in this very room; of the afternoon when he had come walking towards her in the sunlit garden, and made her for an hour the most blessed of women. For a moment pain cramped her heart, then, like a mist, it passed by; she looked across the room and beheld, not the lover of her dreams, but a fair-headed, uncomfortable-looking man, a stranger, whom in reality she had never known! She held out her hand with a radiant smile.

"Mr. Reid! I am so glad to see you. It has been so good of you to call so often to inquire. Mother is getting on well now, and we hope to get away for a change quite soon. I wanted to see you before we left."

"Yes!" Stamford's barely concealed apprehension roused Cynthia to a mingled mischief and disdain. Did the man think that she was still a victim to his charms?

"Yes! There are one or two little things to be cleared up between us. I want to thank you first, and then to scold. You intended to be very gallant and unselfish; but how little you know about girls, if you imagined for a moment that you could make one happy, when you were miserable yourself! There are some things that are known by instinct, and I can't pretend that I was satisfied. You are not a very clever



"He looked down upon her, trembling. 'Cynthia, is it possible? Has the time come at last?'"—p. 1123.

THE QUIVER

actor, are you? Or perhaps the rôle was too difficult for your powers!"

Stamford flushed resentfully. He was sorry that he had come in, if this was all he was to get for his pains. He looked back over the past year of loneliness and longing, and felt that he deserved a kindlier treatment. Perhaps Cynthia read his thoughts, for suddenly she melted into her sweetest self.

"No—Stamford, that was naughty of me! Don't be cross; you ought to be glad that I can joke about it. You needn't feel guilty any more, for I'm quite happy and fit. If I don't look it, that's mother's doing, not yours. Shake hands and forgive me, and let's be friends!"

Stamford's hand met hers eagerly; but he was still embarrassed and silent, unable to carry off the situation with ease. In consideration for his feelings Cynthia remained standing, and he eagerly seized the opportunity to depart.

"I—I must hurry away. I have an appointment. Thank you so much. You are very generous. I was a blundering fool!"

"Well, next time you purloin a letter, it might be as well to burn it at once, and not keep it lying about for days. It turned out very well this time, but you can never be sure!" Cynthia stood blocking the way to the door, looking at him with laughing, puzzled eyes. There was something more that she had to say, and she could not decide how best to lead up to it in a natural manner. Stamford gave her a clue in his parting words:

"I was off my head, I think. There's no other way to account for such foolishness. Forgive me, Cynthia; and if ever there is any way in which I can help you or give you pleasure, you have only to speak. I shall be honoured."

"Oh, thanks, so much." Cynthia opened the door and walked out into the hall, speaking in light, casual tones. "There is one thing I *should* like. You are going back to town quite soon, aren't you? Look up Beth Elliot, and do what you can for her. She'll be lonely now I have gone, and I should be so glad to know she had someone to look after her and to take her about a little sometimes. I shall tell her that I've asked you. I hope you'll be great friends."

She turned to him, smiling, appealing, a hint of shyness in face and voice. He met her eyes for a moment, and turned hurriedly

away. His face was crimson; he gripped her hand with a force which made her wince.

"Cynthia—I— You are the most generous of girls! God bless you, Cynthia!"

* * * * *

Cynthia went back into the morning-room with tears in her eyes, but they were tears of an immense relief.

"*That's* finished!" she said to herself. "I've paid off my debt!"

CHAPTER XXVII

THE TIME COMES

IT was almost exactly a year from the Sunday afternoon which had been so big with consequences in Cynthia's life, that she sat once more in the rose-covered arbour, and, looking up, beheld Malcolm Daughlish crossing the lawn to her side. Her heart leapt at the remembrance as she asked herself for the hundredth time if he were indeed as forgetful as he appeared. A year ago he had declared himself to be her lover until death. Her lover! Looking back over those last eventful weeks, Cynthia beheld a friend indeed, the most devoted and thoughtful of friends; but of a lover, never a trace. A chill ran through her at the thought; she realised now, if she had not done so before, how large a part the knowledge of the Professor's love had played in the cure of last year's sorrow. The loneliness and humiliation, which are the bitterest drop in the cup of the slighted, had never been hers, who knew in her heart that the best and cleverest of men coveted her favour as the dearest treasure on earth. But if a year had wrought so great a change in her own feelings, was it not possible that it had equally affected his? Might he not have changed his mind, discovered another love more suitable in age and learning? The path ahead looked very blank to Cynthia as she considered such possibilities; she looked searchingly in Daughlish's face as he sat facing her on a garden-chair, but there was no betrayal in the quiet features. Did he remember it, too? Were his parting vows as fresh in his memory as in hers? The first ten minutes' conversation was of the most commonplace description. They discussed the different health resorts to which it was proposed to take the convalescent, the easiest methods

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON

of travel, whether it would be advisable for Mr. Charrington to accompany the party or go off on his own account, with a variety of other such details. With each moment Cynthia's manner grew more listless and distraught; her heart sank with a disappointment which hurt like a physical pain. Was it possible that the longed-for interview was to end like this? If he went away now they might not be alone together for long weeks to come. When she saw him stretch his hand as if to lift his hat from the seat, a desperate impulse goaded her into speech:

"Do you know that it is a year to-morrow, exactly a year from the time we sat here together—in this garden? What a long year it has been! The longest year of my life."

"Has it seemed long to you? To me it has been very short."

Cynthia drew herself up with a proud, pained look, but before she had time to retort, Daughlish spoke once more, in a soft, low voice, which just reached her ears:

"And it seemed to him but as a day, for the love he bore her!"

He did not look at her as he spoke, his eyes gazed across the garden with a rapt, unseeing look; Cynthia glanced at him sharply, and as she looked her heart leapt. So dear—so dear, the thin, worn face! So engraven on memory each feature, each line, that to gaze on it and read the deep love imprinted thereon was rest and peace, the end of wandering. A sob of thanksgiving swelled her throat, and at the sound Daughlish turned sharply, and for the passing of a moment they gazed deep in each

other's eyes. With an impetuous movement he leapt to his feet, but this time he made no motion to pick up his hat. Cynthia understood the impulse; with a thrill of sympathy and admiration understood that it seemed meet to Malcolm Daughlish to stand, to receive the great gift of his life. He looked down upon her, trembling, being more unnerved by hope than he had ever been by loss; his voice came in a broken whisper:

"Cynthia, is it possible? Has the time come at last?"

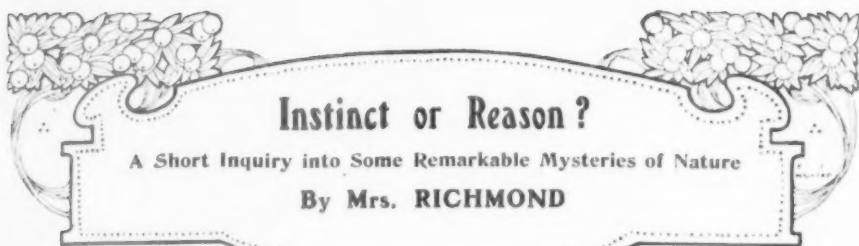
Cynthia rose in her turn and stood before him; she stretched out her hands—both little hands—palms uppermost, with a charming gesture of abandonment.

"Yes, yes; it has come. I wanted it to come! All the time I wanted it. Even when it seemed impossible I knew that it was best, most worth having; I've been knowing it better and better all the year. Oh! I am glad, glad, glad!"

His arms went round her; she leant her head on his shoulder with a fullness of joy of rest and content which can come only to those who have borne the smart of disappointment and pain. It was Heaven to feel the grip of the strong arms, and to know that while life lasted they would be a never-failing support—Heaven to listen to the murmured words and discover that one meant so much, could bestow such joy, and deep within her heart lay the consciousness that this joy was not for herself alone, but that its consequences must flow in widening circles until they brought to the same dear haven the friend who had been so truly her helper through the last dark year.



My next number will contain the opening chapters of a splendid new serial by Miss Amy Le Fèvre, entitled "Four Gates." It contains some of the finest work of the author of "A Country Corner," and will be followed by my readers with intense interest.



Instinct or Reason?

A Short Inquiry into Some Remarkable Mysteries of Nature

By Mrs. RICHMOND

Illustrations by A. FAIRFAX MUCKLEY AND H. L. BACON

WHAT a deep mystery lies hidden in the tiny head of an ant!

Many insects display remarkable instincts which enable them to perform their daily duties far more satisfactorily than some of us can do; but these little creatures (apparently, to our senses, nothing but skin and bone, yet capable of lifting objects many times their own size) approach so nearly to reason in their brain-power, that in their case it is difficult indeed to draw the line between instinct and reason.

The community life of an ant-hill might well serve as a model of citizenship, for here we find a monarchy, a royal family, with a queen under whom work is appointed for all, where oppression or strikes are unknown, and each one is loyally obedient. But the singular part of the whole is this, that these tiny workers are not mechanical slaves of routine, but have leisure to undertake new and unknown duties when the necessity for such arises. Take, for instance, the case of the large wood-ant which was imprisoned by a modern naturalist by means of building it up with small stones whilst leaving its head alone free. This was done within a yard of a long trail of ants issuing from the nest, and for a short time not one of the hurrying insects went near it. But at last one ant approached the prisoner, and felt with its antennæ all over its head; when no doubt its plight became evident to the visitor. But it did not stay long, and the naturalist was on the point of setting his little prisoner free when he observed that a line of ants was leaving the main track in its direction. The rescue party

went straight to their imprisoned comrade, and after feeling over his head (which probably is their way of communicating with each other) set to work with great strength and judgment to pull away the stones which imprisoned him, until he was able to crawl out, stiff, but uninjured. Then they proceeded to rub him down, and free him from dust; after which he was able to accompany them all towards home.

How very similar to the fine work of our brave miners when a comrade is in danger after an explosion! Yet these little creatures had no scientific direction, nor can we say how they were made aware of the difficulty and the proper means to save their comrade's life.

It appears that in South America, there are gentle black ants which are carried off when very young by neighbouring red ants—cruel warriors who make raids on the black ants, and carry off their children to bring them up as slaves, for they refuse to do any work themselves. But the black ants take precautions against surprise by throwing out scouts all round their nest, and when one of these pickets hurries home with the news of a red army approaching, their manoeuvres are most clever as well as laughable. They always select a spot for their nest which is close to high grass, and directly the danger becomes imminent, the order goes forth, "*All hands to save the children!*" Then every black ant takes a pupa, or an egg, out of its chamber and rushes to the top of the waving grass above; so that when the red ants arrive, they find nothing but a deserted nest, and pass on; whilst the

INSTINCT OR REASON?

whole black population must be "laughing in their sleeves" above. Then the nurses return home with their charges, and take each pupa back to its special apartment, for the nursing arrangements in an ant-hill are perfect, and not only do the ants supply their young with food suited to their age (and even to their station in life, for young queens are fed with royal food) but they never allow the temperature of the nurseries to drop below a certain point; they are, in fact, as fussy as trained human nurses over their charges, night and day, although they do not use the same kind of thermometers, and they keep everything thoroughly clean, washing the pupæ constantly by licking them, and rubbing them down.

Ants and many other insects also are most interesting in their ways, as we all know from the fascinating pages of Maeterlinck and other writers; but it is not so much of their ordinary habits that we now write, as of their behaviour in unforeseen emergencies.

The writer, during a stay in India, had

many opportunities of observing the ants which abound there, and are to be found in every room, especially in the bathrooms. The large "chunam" baths (formed of a sort of white china-clay) are like white marble in appearance, with sharply cut edges of the thickness of the chunam. Now when the ants find anything eatable on the floor, they proceed to carry it to their nest, taking the shortest way. Supposing that such a prize should be the body of a grasshopper, and the bath stand in their way home, ten ants will act as bearers, one at each end, and four on either side, at exactly even distances, to convey the grasshopper up the side of the bath. They take a slightly oblique way, but when they reach the top it becomes evident that half the ants will be in the air, owing to the sharp edge of the chunam; and the insects pause, turning their burden gradually round until it is exactly horizontal, when the four ants on the upper side walk backwards, whilst the rest advance, and so, with the greatest care and circumspection, the prize reaches the flat



"THE RESCUE PARTY WENT STRAIGHT TO THEIR IMPRISONED COMRADE AND SET TO WORK TO PULL AWAY THE STONES WHICH IMPRISONED HIM."

THE QUIVER

road above. Directly this manœuvre is accomplished, the ten stalwarts who have been entrusted with this difficult work lay down their burden, these evidently considering that they have finished their task, for another ten take it over, and convey the grasshopper round the flat edge of the bath until they arrive at the point nearest to their nest. The same manœuvre is then carried out to get the prize safely over the edge, but it is not so necessary to do this scientifically, because they may all fall together, and in so doing are uninjured, continuing their way home quite cheerfully with their prize.

Many times have these clever tactics been quietly watched by the writer; but who can explain them? There are no sharply defined edges to deal with in natural objects, yet no human being, with all the resources of science at command, could manage such a business better.

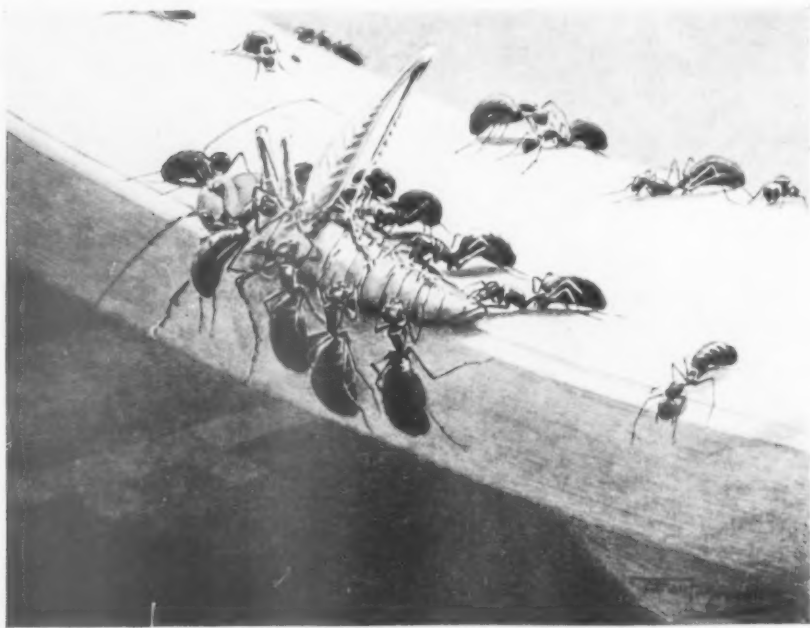
May it not be that there is no definite line between instinct and reason? And that the Creator of all has given a measure

of both to His creatures according to their capacities and their needs?

In the human race it appears that young children are singularly guided by instinct before their reasoning powers are developed; so that it is a common saying that a man who is trusted by a little child is worthy of that trust. Mothers, too, who are worthy of the name, share the instinct to protect their young ones at all costs with the lower animals; and they often find no work too arduous, no sacrifice too great if it be undertaken for the good of their children.

A singular instance of a mother's instinctive knowledge of danger to her babe occurred within the knowledge of the writer some years since. A house near London had been lent to the family by a friend for a short time, but the servants (who, doubtless, had made their own arrangements) were not, unfortunately, informed of this until their mistress was on the point of leaving home, and they bitterly resented the presence of their employer's friends.

The parents of the child slept on on:



"ANOTHER TEN TAKE IT OVER, AND CONVEY THE GRASSHOPPER ROUND THE FLAT EDGE OF THE BATH."



"SHE TRIED TO WAKE THE NURSE, WHO APPEARED TO BE SLEEPING HEAVILY."

side of a broad passage upstairs, whilst the nurse and baby had a room on the other side (all being thickly carpeted). They had retired early, leaving the servants to come upstairs later.

One of these servants crept quietly into the nursery and turned off the gas-jet (which had been left burning low) and again turned it on without lighting it, so that the gas escaped. She did not, however, quite close the door, and probably did not contemplate murder, but only wished to frighten the newcomers away.

About three o'clock, in the earliest dawn of a summer's morning, the mother suddenly awoke under a sense of deadly danger to her child, and instantly sprang up and went across to the nursery—finding it full of gas. It was the work of a moment to throw open wide the windows and the door, after which she tried to awaken the nurse, who appeared, as well

as the child, to be sleeping very heavily and for a time could not be aroused. Providentially it had not been necessary to strike a light in that room during the night, nor was the mother awaked whilst a candle was necessary, otherwise the consequences would have been terrible; but the insistent call of the mother's instinct (never before experienced, nor ever repeated) happily saved the situation, and both nurse and child recovered within a few hours.

May it not be true that all God's creatures share His help and guidance in specially difficult circumstances? There are so many mysteries surrounding our lives, quite impossible to be explained by our limited intelligence, that it is helpful to feel that there is a Higher Power than Reason, and that the Creator has not left us without special help in time of need. Truly "*His mercies are over all His works.*"

Miranda's Wedding Veil

A New Story by an Old Contributor

By E. EVERETT-GREEN

THE first time that I saw my Harold, I was sitting beside my dear Miss Miranda, and he rode by on a big brown horse.

I looked at him, and our eyes met over the lilac hedge which divided Miss Miranda's dear little old-fashioned garden from the lane upon which her garden gate opened. No passer-by could help looking at that hedge when it was in bloom, or at the quaint little house, creeper clad, which it sheltered, and the garden gemmed with flowers which bloomed in succession from March till Christmas.

Miss Miranda's couch was drawn up to the long window, and I sat just outside, beneath the narrow little overhead veranda. There was little traffic in this lane and, naturally, the sight of an unknown horseman interested me. He sat his horse so well, he was so bronzed and so handsome that he looked like a hero of romance; and when our eyes met, and almost unconsciously he raised his hand to his cap, as though in half-apology for his look across at us, I found myself blushing and smiling without knowing what made me do either; whilst, when I turned my head to look at Miss Miranda, I was startled by the expression I read in her face, which was quivering with emotion, and her beautiful big brown eyes were shining like stars.

"Dear Miss Miranda, do you know who that is?" I asked.

She shook her head; and in a voice which was rather tremulous, she answered, the hand which I held in mine trembling just a little:

"No, dear, I have never seen him before; but it reminded me of the past, when a horseman used to come riding down this lane, and when I stood at the gate watching for him—on sweet spring and summer evenings, that I remember like a dream."

I had always known that some sorrowful story attached to my dear Miss Miranda. Just a year ago I had come as an orphan to live at the Rectory with my uncle and aunt. They were very kind to me; but

quite absorbed in one another and in the parish. I took up the little duties suggested and allotted to me, and I had my books and my dear dog for companions, and enjoyed taming the squirrels and birds in the garden, so that they would come to me when I sat very still, and make my window-sill a gathering place for meals and conclaves.

But I had no young companionship; and I think perhaps I might have missed this, had it not been for my dear Miss Miranda, who was one of those sweet souls upon whom the hand of time only rests with tenderness and blessing, so that she never seemed old to me, in the sense of there being any gulf between us, although her years must have numbered almost thrice my own.

All that I knew about this friend whom I had come to love so dearly, was that she came of a good old family whose property had dwindled away during the years of agricultural depression. She and her mother had come to this little house, where she still lived, when she was a young girl, lovely and blooming; and in the days of her youth she had been betrothed to a young doctor of Stourbridge, who distinguished himself by great heroism during an outbreak of smallpox in the district, and just as the epidemic was crushed and mastered, he died of blood poisoning in a few hours.

That was all I knew of the story of my gentle Miss Miranda, and it was not from her lips that I heard even this much. She often spoke to me of the father who had died when she was a slip of a girl—she had a number of his books, which I read aloud to her, and learned many things from her lips as I did so—and of the gentle mother who faded out of life before her daughter had passed her twenty-fifth birthday. Since then the life she had led in the creeper-covered house had been quite solitary; yet I think she never felt lonely. Very gradually her health had failed her. There was no actual organic disease, but she became frail and transparent-looking and weak. The care of her garden she had to transfer to others.

MIRANDA'S WEDDING VEIL

But the village was an old-fashioned one, such as are growing rare now, and there were old men and weeding-women who loved to come in and tend it, receiving little doles in money—or warm garments for winter wear, made by those clever slender fingers. "Miss Mirandy's garden" was one of the show spots of our little community, and all the village took a pride in it.

As I walked home in the sunset glow that evening, I found myself wondering about the horseman who had passed the gate, and had brought that look into Miss Miranda's eyes. Was he like the man she once had loved? How strange it seemed—that once she had been a girl like me, and that a lover had come riding through the leafy lanes, to seize a few sweet hours with her in that dear garden!

And he was dead—oh, long ago!—and she lived on, faithful to his memory! I felt the tears gather in my eyes as I thought of these things. Dear, dear Miss Miranda! I should love to hear from her own lips the story of her young romance, but I did not want to speak of it to anybody else.

I turned the corner—there was the Rectory gate before me—and at the gate, coming down the drive, though now on foot, was the young man who an hour ago had passed Miss Miranda's cottage on horse-back! Again our eyes met; again his hand went up to his cap; again I smiled—and blushed!

Then I ran up the drive and into the house, and there was my uncle in the hall, as though he had lately sped a parting guest.

"Oh, uncle! who was that I met?"

"It is a Mr. Harold Weymouth. He is thinking of buying the Cotterills property, and came to make some inquiries about it. A well-born and very presentable youth, with good credentials. I should be very glad if he becomes a neighbour and parishioner."

II

UNCLE had his wish, for Mr. Weymouth—whom I may just as well call Harold from the beginning—did purchase Cotterills,



"Almost unconsciously he raised his hand to his cap."

THE QUIVER

though, as the place was greatly out of repair and he had to spend money on it, and money was not too plentiful with him at that time, it was some while before the transaction was fully completed and he could take up his abode there. Meantime he lived at the little inn in the village, and was a constant visitor at the Rectory.

Those were happy days, indeed! But the story I set out to tell is not my own love-story, which was too happy and ran too smoothly to make exciting reading. Yet for all that, the love was true on both sides; the only trouble being that my dowry was small, and Harold still had his way to make in the world. Farming was rather a doubtful venture, as uncle pointed out, although it was the only thing that Harold really cared for or could throw his energies into.

And, of course, we all knew how important it was for farms to let, and the land to be worked. And we were young and loved one another. I was quite content to wait, so long as I could see Harold almost every day; and though he was more impatient for the time to come when he could take me "home," he found his life very engrossing. He toiled early and late upon the land; during that first summer even, it was wonderful to see the crops of vegetables he raised, and the cleaning that was done—

But that is not my story either.

I think that Harold and I knew how it was with us from almost the first; but he did not speak for several months—not till he knew that his land was going to turn out good, and that by degrees he would be able to put in repair the house, and make a home for me there. All the same, it was a lovely summer for both of us; and I am sure my uncle and aunt knew, and were pleased.

Then at Christmas time he spoke! And on New Year's Day I took my happy secret to Miss Miranda, and told it to her!

I think she had guessed it long ago. Harold often dropped in to see her, on Sunday afternoons, when I always went to her after Sunday school, and drank tea with her in her dim, faded drawing-room that smelt of cedar wood and rose leaves; or in her garden fragrant with the scent of her old-fashioned flowers and herbs. Her dear face brightened at the sight of him; and when she felt more weak than usual, something in the strength of his touch, or in the way he often moved her when she felt the

relief of change of posture, seemed to help and cheer and strengthen her.

Often I would catch her glance resting upon his face with a great tenderness; and more than once I saw in her soft eyes the glint of tears. I knew that he reminded her of her one-time lover, and a rush of love and pity would fill my heart. I was to have so much of this world's joy; and her joy had been so quickly quenched. Yet I had never known a sweeter, happier nature, nor one more filled with serenity and peace. The wonder of it—the wonder!

Then at last there came the day when I knelt beside her, and whispered my happy secret into her sympathetic ears. I loved Harold. Harold loved me! We might not be able to marry just yet. But at least we had each other to love. And we had a home to beautify together. I had a hundred plans for the dear old farm-house, which had once been one of the manors of old England. How I would stitch and piece and contrive! How I would save up all my little income and judiciously make a purchase here, a purchase there, at local sales. How I would polish up and renovate—how I would be a jack-of-all-trades, so that I might be helping Harold!

And in the midst of this gush of happy confidences I caught a look upon Miss Miranda's face which suddenly brought me to pause. The beautiful bright eyes were shining almost too vividly; but they swam in tears also—and how wistful was their brightness! I suddenly felt that I was cruel in my eager young self-absorption.

"Ah! I am hurting you, Miss Miranda!" I cried.

"No, no, dear child; I love to hear your talk. Tell me everything, love. It brings my own girlhood back. I know just how you feel; I felt myself so exactly the same—"

"Oh, Miss Miranda! won't you tell me your story now? I have talked too much about myself—and my Harold. Won't you tell me—unless it hurts—something about—yours?"

And then Miss Miranda, with shining eyes, began her tale.

III

"**M**INE was called Harold, too, dear; that is why the very sound of the name was so sweet to me. And he was a

MIRANDA'S WEDDING VEIL

big, strong man—like your Harold—full of life and health and energy. But his ambition lay in a different field. He came to Stourbridge as assistant to old Dr. Moberley, who was then the leading physician of the neighbourhood, a wealthy man, and a great collector of curios. He had a wife who was a great help to him socially. She was connected with half the county families of the district. Altogether they were people a little too grand for their surroundings, and it was thought that he would take a partner before long, and only attend himself the more wealthy and distinguished of his patients.

"Harold always came out to the villages. He rode a big, raking horse, and carried a black bag with him. All his patients looked for his visits; he was so strong, so cheery, and withal so tender; and he never spared himself, night or day.

"My mother was one of his patients—that is how he began coming here. When he once began he never discontinued his visits. He wanted me; I loved him with all my heart and soul. But I had my mother to care for, and he only had what he made as assistant to Dr. Moberley, and if he were to take a young and active partner, then perhaps Harold might lose his job."

"But why did not Dr. Moberley make your Harold his partner?"

"Ah! I am coming to that. You see, it was just a case of £ s. d. Mrs. Moberley was an extravagant woman; the doctor's practice was lucrative, but he did not lay by much. If he took a partner he would expect that partner to lay down some capital; and Harold had nothing but his brains, his strength, and his absolute devotion to his profession. That was not enough.

"And I had no fortune. We had the little income settled upon my mother and afterwards upon me; but we could not touch the capital, and had we been able to, Harold would never have permitted it. But there was one thing I had—an old family heirloom, left me by my great aunt, Miranda—a wonderfully ancient and exquisite veil; a veil which would cover a bride from head to foot. It was of some very old Venetian point—of which very little is in existence now. Connoisseurs had pronounced it almost 'priceless.' And we knew it to be of very great value.

"So mother and I talked the matter over, and one day we asked for an interview with Dr. Moberley, and we took the veil to show him. He had considerable knowledge of such matters; also he called his wife in to look at it, and I saw her eyes gleam and gloat over it. Once she had it in her hands, she seemed as though she could not make up her mind to let it go.

"It had been my Aunt Miranda's wedding veil. It had been the wedding veil of other Mirandas in our family for generations back. In leaving it to me, without any legal conditions, she had hoped that I should wear it on my wedding day.

"But I could see that its value was appraised by this doctor and his wife. And at a sign from me, mother boldly stated our case. Would Dr. Moberley make Harold his partner if, upon his wedding day after the ceremony in which it must play its part, the lace veil were handed over to him, in lieu of cash payment for the partnership? That was our proposition, and though there was a good deal of discussion and backwards and forwards work, that became the basis of the agreement. After Easter we were to be married. On the day of the wedding, the veil was to be transferred and the deed of partnership signed. I lost my heirloom to gain a husband; and the filmy lace was exchanged for the solid comforts of a home with my Harold, sufficiently near to my delicate mother, that I should not feel sundered from her. And, indeed, we might live part of the year with her, and the rest in the rooms over the surgery and consulting-room, where Harold now lived, and which would make us our first home."

"And what did Harold say when you told him?"

"He could scarcely believe his ears. Even when he saw the veil he was still sorely puzzled. He was half reluctant that I should part with anything so valuable as this lace must be; and yet, man-like, he was puzzled to account for the great store set by it, and was easily brought to admit that a comfortable provision in life and a good husband were of more value to a girl than an ancient wedding veil, however costly.

"So mother and I had our way; and preparations for the marriage went bravely forward. Ah! those happy, happy days! And my Aunt Miranda's veil lay snugly

THE QUIVER

away in mother's ancient bureau, awaiting the bridal of another Miranda—and then its exit into another sphere of glory and grandeur."

Miss Miranda paused for a few moments. Her eyes seemed to be looking upon scenes far, far away; there was such a wonderful smile upon her lips, but such a wistful light in her eyes.

"One morning when I went to mother as usual—she did not get up for breakfast—she said she had heard a little noise in the house in the night, but it had soon ceased, and she thought it was probably the cat, or a mouse in the wainscot.

"Suddenly I felt a queer clutch at my heart, and when I was able to leave her I ran down to the old bureau, which opened by a trick that only a few persons knew; then I sprang open the secret drawer where Aunt Miranda's veil lay. It was gone!"

"Gone! Oh, Miss Miranda!"

"Gone—utterly and entirely! It had vanished without leaving a trace. I sent for Harold. The Moberleys employed detectives—"

"Oh! Miss Miranda—are you sure—they had not stolen it themselves—or had it stolen?"

"Dear child, I feel certain they had not. For how could Mrs. Moberley ever wear it had they gained it by foul means? They were terribly upset about it, and the disappointment made them perhaps a little hard and rather callous to other people's troubles. For he had an offer at that time for the whole practice, and he sold it, without any consideration to Harold's convenience or livelihood. The purchasers were two brothers, and they did not want an assistant even. Harold lost his position; he had to sell off the things he had bought to make a home for me. He was loved in the poor parts of the town, and the poor begged him to settle amongst them, and they would all do what they could. But it was no living to marry on. We had our love to sustain us, but all our hopes were dashed to the ground.

"And then the smallpox came and my Harold forgot everything in that grim fight. He got a billet under the sanitary authorities, and he worked night and day with every faculty he possessed.

"And I might not see him. He decreed it himself. And mother was ill through all

these shocks. I could not leave her, or risk anything on her account.

"They fought the battle to the finish—Harold always in the forefront of the fight. He did not take it. I was just saying that he was safe—when the news came—"

"I got to him just in time. He knew me, and his lips moved. 'You are so beautiful, my love,' he said, 'you are wearing your bridal veil.' I suppose to his poor failing eyes my white face and streaming eyes gave an effect of bridal whiteness and shimmer. They let me stay with him till the end. It came very soon—"

My tears were flowing fast. It seemed too heart-breaking, even after all these years. And perhaps had they married and his position been different, he might not have toiled with such terrible energy; perhaps the care of a wife at home might have saved him, for it was not of smallpox he died, but of collapse and blood poisoning. Ah! where was that veil which might have saved them and brought them happiness? How strange, how very strange, are the life-stories of those about us—stories which so often we never read or know!

I kissed Miss Miranda and stole away. I could not bear to talk any more to-day of the joy and happiness coming to me.

IV

I PROWLED about at many sales, as I have said. I picked up here an old chair, there a quaint little table or corner cupboard; and when a few of my parents' old friends began sending me cheques for the replenishing of my house or wardrobe, my purchases became occasionally more extensive and ambitious.

That is how the old bureau came to stand in Harold's room at Cotterills. It was my gift to him, and I had it brought there and set in place on a day when I knew that he would be out. But he came and found me looking at it, and I was caught in his strong arms. And then together we examined the treasure, for though I had not given a great price for it at its out-of-the-way little shop in a narrow street, where I had espied it, one could see that it was very good and quite old—just the kind of thing to suit the room and its owner.

"Oh, Harold, look here! Father once

MIRANDA'S WEDDING VEIL

had a bureau like this, with pillars between the sets of little drawers on the top. And one of the pillars worked by a spring, and it was really part of a thin drawer where you could keep papers you wanted handy but quite private. I wonder if one of these pillars is movable like that!"

It is always fascinating to hunt for secrets, and Harold is very clever with his fingers. All of a sudden there was a click, and the next moment he drew out a long, high, thin drawer, and I peeped in.

"There's some soft paper," I said, and we turned the drawer upside down and shook it. Out tumbled a paper written in pencil, and out came a thin square parcel wrapped in yellow tissue paper, tied by a faded ribbon, and marked in delicate old-fashioned handwriting: "Miranda's Wedding Veil."

I gave a great cry. Tenderly we opened the paper, and there was the delicate lace in its soft folds, as it must have lain for wellnigh half a century, forgotten and unknown.

"Harold, Harold! what does it mean? It is my dear Miss Miranda's lost lace! Oh, let us take it to her—let us fly!"

It was the only thing to do. It was her property, not ours. Our fleet steps quickly brought us to her couch—now at the sunny window, where spring-tide was making glad her garden.

I laid the packet upon her lap, and she caught her breath in a gasp as her fingers touched it.

"My dear! My dear! Oh, where—where—?"

We told her everything, and Harold placed in her hands the paper he had found. At sight of that she shook like an aspen.



"I gave a great cry."

"Read it to me—I cannot see. It is my Harold's writing."

And my Harold read it to her, whilst we held our breath to listen. It was scrawled in pencil, rather sprawlingly: "My dearest: I am not comfortable about that lace in your little unprotected cottage. I hear that people are talking of it. The knowledge might come to the ears of rascals. It will be safer here with me—in the secret drawer of the bureau I bought. I have taken it and hid it there——" The rest tailed off, and there was no signature. Harold and I gazed one at the other in amaze; but Miss Miranda's eyes were shining.

"He took it in his sleep! He told me

THE QUIVER

once that now and again he had walked in his sleep. Always when he had something on his mind that he wanted to do. He never afterwards remembered the doing of it; but a few times in his life he had found the thing done. He was anxious about us with that treasure in our little house. He came and took it himself. Dear Harold!"

Oh! the pathos of that explanation, which we all felt to be the truth. We could have wept; but Miss Miranda smiled.

"I shall so soon be with him now," she murmured, "and the waiting does not seem so very long now it is over. Dear child, this must be your wedding veil. And you must come and see me in it—that I may know what a bride looks like who wears it, even though she be not a Miranda."

So she had her way, and I was married in the veil of exquisite lace, which I have yet; for she left it me by will, and to Harold her house and little income—all she possessed—in memory, we knew, of that other Harold whom this one superficially resembled.

And when the bells pealed out above our heads we walked down the churchyard path, through the lane where he had come riding into my life, and into Miss Miranda's room, where she lay, so shadowy, so white, but with a smile for us upon her lips.

We kissed her, both of us; and she just lifted the veil in her frail white hands.

"Miranda's—wedding—veil," she whispered; and then came a little half-startled exclamation:

"Harold!"

She half sat up; then slowly sank back. My husband, with a set, grave face, unfastened the pins which held my wreath and veil, and gently took the soft, delicate fabric and laid it over the still form and the wonderful face, with the smile of rapture still sealed upon it.

"It is her wedding veil," he said. And with bent heads we walked away, feeling that we had witnessed another and more solemn union than our own happy bridal had been.

VESPERS—FOR A STORMY NIGHT

SWIFTLY the veil of night o'er earth is falling;

Darkness pursues the sun from east to west;

O Father, hear Thy children's voices calling,

And send Thy blessing ere they seek their rest.

Upon the far hillside where lambs are bleating,

A shepherd guards his flock from wind and cold;

So, Lord, our weakness pity—life is fleeting—

Bring back Thy sheep now straying from the fold.

Deeper the shadows grow, and ever brighter

The stars shine out through flying, storm-torn cloud;

Rough winds are threat'ning, yet our hearts grow lighter;

Comfort and hope are here, though troubles crowd.

Hoarse roars the deep upon the grinding shingle

Beneath the shudd'ring cliff that crowns the strand,

And frightened gulls their screaming voices mingle

With shrilling gusts that sweep the wild, bleak land.

Fling wide Thy temple's gates and now dismiss us,

Strong youth, weak age, with firm or stumbling feet;

Yet never leave us more, but safely guide us

O'er lonely meadow path, through echoing street.

As from this life on earth Thou dost recall us,

When ends that Sabbath of our closing years,

Guard us, O Lord, and make death's gloomy portals

A shining gate to heaven. Calm Thou our fears!

C. E. D.

"The Man of No Sorrows"

Mr. Coulson Kernahan's New Allegory

WE do not live in very heroic times, and the number of the prophets and seers is now, as ever, most limited. At the same time we have the gift of appreciation, and whenever there is a man, and he has a message: whenever we feel that the man knows his message and is able to express it, we are prepared to listen.

Among those who can read clearly the signs of the times we would all readily include Mr. Coulson Kernahan. Mr. Kernahan is one of our foremost writers, whose work is sufficiently varied to justify higher critics of some future day in declaring him to be at least three different persons; for instance, his "Captain Shannon" is a type of story of the "Sherlock Holmes" variety, and in quite different vein to the allegories for which he has so singular and strong a gift. It was as an allegorist that Mr. Kernahan captured the imagination and the heart of the religious world. "A Dead Man's Diary"—a somewhat weird but forceful book—had shown that he possessed the insight, picturesque touch and the whole-hearted zeal for righteousness that were necessary for the office of a seer; but it was the publication of "God and the Ant" that took the public by storm. The first edition came modestly and almost unnoticed before the book world; then suddenly the little volume leaped into popularity and 50,000 copies sold within a few weeks. The sales have now reached half a million, and the work has been translated into eighteen languages—including Chinese.

"God, the Wise Man, and the Devil," which followed a year or two later, had a similar run, its striking cover being seen on all the bookstalls, and people everywhere discussing its theme.

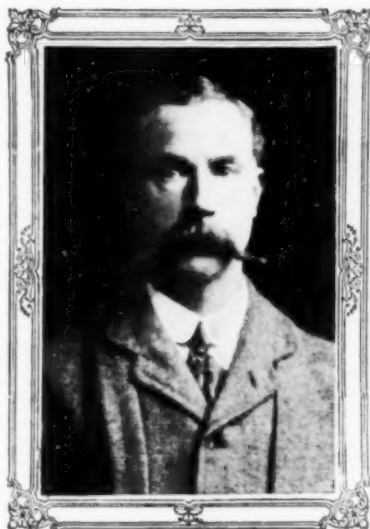
Of late years Mr. Kernahan has not developed the allegorical style of authorship. As he has confessed, he only writes this kind of work when he feels inspired. Other volumes, of diverse nature, have appeared from time to time, but it is only recently that he conceived the idea of a new allegory which should be in every way the equal of those which made his name.

For some time past Mr. Kernahan has been impressed—as we all have—by the way in which the love of pleasure has been eating itself into the heart of the nation. The old Puritanic standards, with their gloomy repression and stern views of life, are passing away. Our fathers greatly impressed upon us the awfulness of sin and the inevitableness of suffering, and now their children insist on the beauty of life and the pleasure of living. Is this a step in the right direction, or will

the reaction carry us too far to the other extreme? At any rate, it is easy to see that the exaltation of pleasure for mere pleasure's sake will lead to the gravest individual, social, and national consequences.

A World without Suffering

Supposing we and our fathers have been mistaken all these years, and that sacrifice is a sham, and pleasure the only end? What would happen if we put the Cross



(Photo: Kent and Lacey, Boston.)

MR. COULSON KERNAHAN.

THE QUIVER

out of our lives and deified Joy and Pleasure? This is the bold question that Mr. Kernahan puts to himself; and by way of answer he draws, with masterly strokes, the whole scene of the coming of a new Christ—the Man of No Sorrows, the Christ without a Cross. How he reveals himself to this new age, and how he takes the world by storm until kings and princes have all owned his sway—all this is graphically told as only Mr. Kernahan could tell it. And then—well, what then?

The stately drama moves on apace, scene after scene, everything logically following without haste, but tremendous in its effectiveness, until we reach the grand finale, and, in a scene which we are never likely to forget, the inevitable comes.

No Christian man or woman, especially if troubled by the tendencies of the times, can afford to miss "The Man of No Sorrows." It is a book which will quicken faith and belief, and make for a sterner, straighter manhood.

To Appear Next Month

I am glad to be able to announce that I have secured "The Man of No Sorrows" for publication in *THE QUIVER*, and that it will appear complete in the next two issues of this magazine.

It ought to be said that this is the first time that Mr. Kernahan has consented to the publication of his allegories in serial form previous to their book publication. *THE QUIVER* will be the only British magazine to contain "The Man of No Sorrows," which will be a very special feature of our Fifty-First Volume.

The first number of the new volume, with a long instalment of Mr. Kernahan's great work, will be published on October 25. In other parts of this issue full particulars are given of the other new features which will characterise our new volume, but "The Man of No Sorrows" ought not to be missed by any reader.





FIRST STEPS IN LIFE.

(Photo Study by Mrs. F. G. R. Wright.)

A GARLAND OF GIFTS BY ALISON

FIFTY YEARS OF "QUIVER" CHARITIES

BEFORE me lies a summary of THE QUIVER charities of these past fifty years. When I glanced at its figures there flashed through my mind something of the wonder that must have touched ancient travellers as they chanced unexpectedly on the great rivers of the earth. Here is the widening flood: where, and what like is its beginning? And through dusty, brown-leaved volumes I turned back, tracing to its commencement the stream of philanthropies which, counted in money, have summed over ten thousand pounds. I say "in money" of purpose. For all through the years there have been many gifts enriched by that sympathy and love which enhance the gift's mere value so that it cannot be estimated by our crude standards of finance. Charitable offerings made through the medium of a magazine or paper have a peculiar spontaneity. Appeals made in churches, in public gatherings, in any way by word of mouth, may be powerful by reason of the present, visible personality behind the spoken word. But that is wanting when they are issued through the pages of a magazine. There is the cold glare of print between the writer and the reader. There is nothing of the compulsion that may come in an assembly when common thought and common action exert something of hypnotic force. The "Oh-I-must-give-because-everyone-else-is-giving" influence does not exist in this instance. Every giver stands, as it were, alone; hence a total like the one named is the more surprising.

Each of the men who have occupied the editorial chair of THE QUIVER has had his own treasure-store, wherein have lain the

letters or wrappings that have accompanied sacrificial offerings. Some are buried now in secret. Others have had their little stories told for our example. Could they be wrought together they would make a rare history of loving service for some of "the least of these My brethren."

Back in the first volume, in the number for November, 1861, to be exact, appeared some quaint little "Lines by a Child in the National Orphan Home." The lines are headed "Beautiful Things," and begin:

"Beautiful ground on which we tread,
Beautiful heavens above our head."

One wonders how Mr. Cassell picked up that tiny manuscript, and what was the life-story of this first recipient of service from THE QUIVER readers. For in May of the next year the Editor wrote:

"Our desire to befriend this orphan child has been gratified through the benevolence of Lady Augusta Onslow, who, in consequence of perusing the verses, has been pleased to withdraw the little girl from the asylum, and has given instruction for the child's future provision in life."

This paragraph is headed "To Our Readers," and its continuation is the first of a long and successful series of requests for help for others.

"It would add to our pleasure" [wrote Mr. Cassell] "if any benevolent persons should be induced to start a subscription, however small, for the benefit of the two Nestorians who, from Christian motives and in Christian confidence, have visited our shores, as our readers will perceive by our leading article of this day."

In that leading article, and in later numbers, was unfolded a romantic adventure which is reminiscent of the days of Abraham. Two Nestorians, Mar Yohanan and Mar Yusef, came over from Kurdistan, where the Christians, through scarcity,

A GARLAND OF GIFTS

failure of crops and other ills were in sore straits. "Believing it was their duty, they set out, although without money, and ignorant of every foreign language," to seek help for their people. "They seem to have thought that if they could reach London they should find all they wanted, and do not appear to have had the remotest idea of what they should encounter, both on their way and here." They were the first of their nation to visit England, and the language difficulty seemed at first insuperable. But through Mr. Cassell's leadership all the difficulties were overcome, and help was found for them. The first *QUIVER* subscription list was opened, and C. H. Spurgeon and others took up the Nestorians. When Mar Yohanan and Mar Yusef were started on their homeward journey for Ooromiah, in September, 1862, over £250 had been raised for them, the larger part directly coming from *THE QUIVER* readers.

Lancashire Cotton Famine

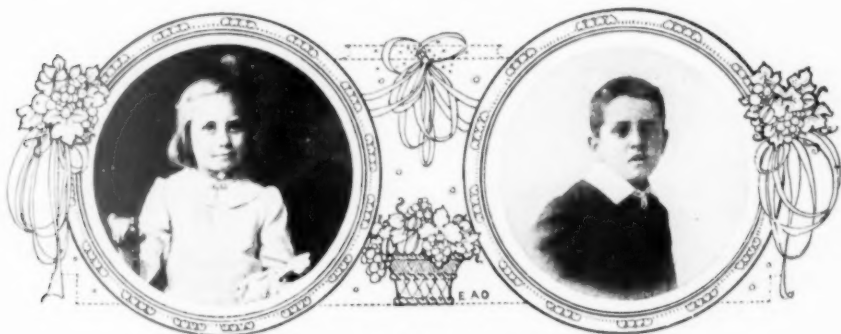
Encouraged by the responses to his first appeal, the Editor soon after tried to enlist his readers' sympathy for the Lancashire operatives who suffered through the great cotton famine. The lists of penny subscriptions to this fund are ciphers which no human wit could transcribe. Who shall value the gift of "One who being so poor as to have no more to give, is not ashamed to send a penny"? Or the twopence of a little "Servant girl in a village where she earned 1s. per week and two meals a day"? A little servant girl sent me three stamps, the other day, for David,

so I know how Mr. Cassell must have felt as he received those pennies! Between seven and eight hundred pounds came into *THE QUIVER* office for the Lancashire families. By and by the Indian Famine sufferers had testimony of the real brotherhood of the magazine readers. So generous was the answer to this appeal that in a few weeks more than £2,000 was received, and it presently became necessary for the Editor to tell his friends not to send any further gifts.

Lifeboat Fund

Another £2,000 was forthcoming for the Lifeboat Fund. Boats were provided for Southwold and Margate, and Queenstown Harbour, in Ireland, and a house for the Margate boat. In 1884, when a new boat was necessary for the latter place, the readers of that day enabled the Editor to present a fine up-to-date little vessel.

Passing on through the years, the tradition is maintained. There have been funds for soldiers' widows and orphans, for providing playing-grounds, for the supply of mission boats, for a hospital cot endowment, and many others. Whenever our Editors have presented any philanthropic scheme to their readers it has won their generous support. To-day we have the story repeated. The League of Loving Hearts has its long roll of eager helpers, and a wealth of loving service is given month by month. We who belong to *THE QUIVER* Companionship are serving also. How I wish I could show to all the grown-up readers of our magazine some of the letters which have come to me since we



VIOLET AND DAVID, "THE QUIVER" PROTEGÉS IN CANADA.

THE QUIVER

started "Our Scheme." By it we are trying to help one side of the work which Dr. Barnardo inaugurated—the emigration side. We look for the time when the Great Spirit of Love shall have overwhelmed and conquered all Selfishness and Greed and Indifference which to-day violate the sanctities of life. Meanwhile, the little children of our crowded cities are being cruelly wronged. We *must* minister as we can to those whom we cannot lift right out of the slumdom we allow at present to exist. But surely the sanest, most far-sighted policy is, where possible, to remove the boys and girls to other environments—to places where clean, wholesome, and beautiful lives are possible. This is the thought that led to the inauguration of our Violet Fund. And in sending our protégés Violet Little and David Morrison to happy homes in Canada we believe we are doing work which is good both for England and for the Dominion. Here—well, who shall say how they might have developed; and there—well, who can tell what they may become in the new, sweet surroundings? For each of our "adopted children" we need £10 for emigration outfit and expenses, and £16 per year until he or she is old enough to work. Our Companions raised Violet's expenses in the second six months of last year, and in the first half of this year they contributed enough for her boarding expenses for 1911. Money for David's emigration and the cost of his first year in Canada has come, through our Editor's kind help, from other readers.

"Quiver" Companions

My Companions are keenly interested in the children and are splendid helpers. They include little children, school boys and girls, and an ever-increasing number who are "grown up." Our motto is one of service, and loyally do they fulfil it. And the romance of our Fund grows constantly. Individually we have little money, but some of our littles are big by reason of the motive and method behind. From North and South and East and West the gifts come, and the joy of receiving them is very great. "We live too far out to go to church or Sunday School," writes one Canadian Companion, "and so we saved the collection." In Australia one of

our girl friends makes 3d. a week for the Fund by cleaning boots; in the South of England another, who "hates needlework," has been contributing the results of some self-denying ordinance. Lenten self-denial has helped one of our collectors. In South Africa, a small Companion (aged eleven) had a little bazaar for our Fund and sent £2 4s.; while another merry maiden of eleven years, whose home is in a far north corner of Scotland, started our list of sales of work with one that produced £3 15s.

"Most of my half-crown has been made by fetching milk for mother," says another country Companion. Of the pence that are put away out of weekly or monthly pocket-money (and do you remember, mothers and fathers, how many contingencies that has to provide for?), and of the regular quarterly contributions, I have not room to tell. Most of them involve hard work or sacrifice. They, our Companions, are trying to do their part as Empire-builders, and as their resources increase they will, I believe, do more. For this giving of healthy children to Canada is part of the process of Empire-building. Really it is the giving of potential citizens to that great country.

In his "Canada in the Nineteenth Century," Mr. A. G. Bradley commented:

"Barnardo boys and Barnardo girls sometimes turn out badly, but think of the material he handles and the average result of his work."

The "average result" of the emigration work more than justifies our confidence. Less than 2 per cent., I believe, of all the thousands of the Barnardo boys and girls sent to Canada have turned out "failures." These are the official figures. I have unasked evidence from one friend that wherever he went in Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the testimony was to the magnificent success of the Barnardo children. And this is the general verdict. Anyway, we believe that this new life, with its complete severance from all old degrading influences, does give the boys and girls a chance to develop into noble men and women. Our two children write such happy letters, that I think if the older readers of THE QUIVER follow them—with all the knowledge of what "a chance" means—they will want to help us to fulfil our ambition—and that is, to give many others the same opportunities.



Be Swift

BE swift, dear heart, in loving,
For time is brief,
And thou mayst soon along life's highway
Keep step with grief.

Be swift, dear heart, in saying
The kindly word
When ears are sealed, my passionate pleading
Will not be heard.

Be swift, dear heart, in doing
The gracious deed,
Lest soon they whom thou holdest dearest
Be past the need.

Be swift, dear heart, in giving
The rare sweet flower,
Nor wait to heap with blooms the casket
In some sad hour.

Dear heart, be swift in loving—
Time speedeth on;
And all thy chance of blessed service
Will soon be gone.

E. A. LENTE.



THE clouds I feared and worried about, and concerning which I wasted so much precious strength, lost their frown and revealed themselves as my friends. Other clouds never arrived—they were purely imaginary, or they melted away before they reached my threshold.—J. H. JOWETT.



THE test of religion, the final test of religion, is not righteousness, but Love—not what I have done, not what I have believed, not what I have achieved, but how I have discharged the common charities of life.—H. DRUMMOND.

The Demon of Worry

WORRY is one of the most fatal of all transgressions. It is a sin against not one organ of the body, but against the body as a whole. It is a demon whose pressure is felt upon the heart, and there is not a capillary in any gland or tissue which does not shrink under the glance of its gloomy eyes. A man who worries is slowly draining the springs of life. He not only stunts himself, but he makes it harder for others to grow and blossom. Depression is a vice, and like all vices it must be dealt with firmly and with vigour.

What is the effect of your presence in your home? Does your look fall like a sunbeam or a shadow across the breakfast table? Does your conversation lie like a strip of summer sky or a patch of midnight across the family life? Upon what subjects do you speak with largest freedom and keenest relish—your aches and failures, or the things which are beautiful and fine and high? For your own sake and for the sake of others you ought to bring your soul into a jubilant mood. All Christian virtues grow best under a sky filled with sun, and the man or woman who persists in being gloomy and sour and moody will have his home filled at last with weeds and brambles and briers.—Dr. C. E. JEFFERSON.



Unheeded Blessings

WE ought to cultivate the friendships of little things. Beauty is one of the surest antidotes to vexation. Often when life looks dreary from some real or fancied injustice or indignity, has a thought of truth been flashed into my mind from a flower, the frost, a shadow, clouds, rainbows, stars, and sunrises!—G. MACDONALD.

THE QUIVER

A Song of Trust

BEHIND the cloud the sun still glows ;
Above the thorn there smiles the rose ;
And side by side with Sorrow goes
Joy with his song and laughter.
God sends the stars into the night ;
And grief shall give way to delight ;
Trust Him, and find the paths all bright
That lead to the Hereafter.

For every noble deed begun,
For every strife of conscience won,
For every kindly service done,
The path of life grows clearer :
God's hand is ever at our side ;
God's voice is ever close to guide :
Trust Him, and so be satisfied :
Each hour makes Heaven nearer !

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Soul-Loveliness

IF either man or woman would realise the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble thoughts and hopes and purposes ; by having something to do and something to live for, that is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.—UPHAM.

Life in Perspective

IF life seems coarse or ugly it is because we do not see it with sufficient perspective. We are too close to its petty details. How beautiful to the aged appear the days of childhood ! What delight in those hours so free from care ! What a flower-fringed path through that green meadow ! Ah, there you have perspective. The little worries, the disgraces, the tears of that time are lost in the distance. And if we could only live long enough, this time through which we are now passing would appear just as beautiful—its heaviest cares softened to mere shadings in the distant dream-like picture. It is a serious thing that we should see the full beauty of our lives only when they are passed, or in visions of a possible future. What we most need is to see and feel the beauty and joy of to-day. Does time alone supply the needed perspective ? Does length of days alone unmask the moment whose glory is disguised in a mass of miserable worries ? Solomon says, "No," but wisdom is as grey hairs to those who possess it.

THE glory of life is to love, not to be loved ; to give, not to get ; to serve, not to be served.—H. BLACK.

Building Beautiful Thoughts

NONE of us yet know, for none of us have yet been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts—proof against all perversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands for our souls to live in.—J. RUSKIN.

The Power of the Trifle

IN one of the Edinburgh University classrooms, a generation ago, as the students entered, they found that Professor Tait had suspended in the air a little beam of iron, which was hanging perfectly motionless. When the class was all assembled, the Professor took up a little pellet of paper and hurled it at the beam, which remained unmoved. But he went on throwing these paper pellets, until, struck repeatedly in the same place by these Lilliputian cannon-balls, the beam began to shiver, and then slowly to swing to and fro. Finally it acquired quite a considerable movement. So it is with life. Tiny actions, thoughts, motives, and intentions contribute their minute results to its drift and direction. If you are perpetually performing minute actions with the purpose of pleasing yourself, you will as much live for that purpose as the millionaire or the epicurean, who deliberately sets out in life with nothing else in view.—REV. F. B. MEYER, M.A.

The Art of Happiness

AFTER all, it is not what is round, but what is in us ; not what we have, but what we are, that makes us really happy. We want a cheery fire on the hearth of our own spirits ; a fire always clear, always at our command. Without that we have to go abroad for comfort, and we return to find our bosoms dark and cold. The mind is its own place, and must find its happiness within itself, or remain discontented whatever its outward lot.—C. GEIKIE.

The Simple Things

GOD'S best gifts are the commonest—the air, the light, the beauty of the world, the blue of heaven, the winds and stars, and sunsets, the infant's smile, the mother's tenderness, the sweet affection of sister, child and wife.—DEAN FARRAR.

Bucketless Wells

By the Rev. ALBERT G. MACKINNON, M.A.

A THIRSTY Christ, a well of water, but no bucket. That Sychar tragedy is repeated to-day, only it is spiritual instead of physical. The well is deep enough; for God made it Himself, and it is the human soul. The water is there, for even the lowliest heart is an undrained source of affection and knowledge. The bucket alone is leaky or lacking, and it is the will of man.

There was a town on the western prairie that for many years suffered from a shortage of water. Fever was frequently a direct result, and its citizens were puzzled as to how they were to get a sufficient supply. Yet all the time there was a reservoir of the healthiest kind within their reach, only it lay several hundreds of feet below the ground. Until it was tapped, its rich supply was useless. Man is an adept at accumulating resources of spiritual energy where they cannot be utilised. The bucketless wells one meets with in life reveal the need for the Carpenter of Nazareth, Who alone can mend what man has broken.

The Mind of the Selfish Scholar

Here we have a well that has been enlarged at great pains, and in its depths there sparkles the water for which hundreds are craving; but the owner is too intent on increasing the supply, on earning the credit for having the biggest well in the neighbourhood, to waste time on making such a trivial thing as a bucket!

I have known people who have such a mania for putting things by that their lumber-room at last becomes so full that it is impossible to find the simplest thing in it. The pencil I hold may be ever so thick and large, but unless it has a sharpened point it will not write a single line. There is nothing wrong with the lead; all it lacks is point. So with men: their brains may be storehouses, crammed to the cracking, cumbrous cumulations of the "odds," but not the "ends," of knowledge.

Here my typewriter, which has been clicking along merrily, would like to put

in a word of its own to emphasise this point. Elaborate though its keyboard and mechanism seem, its usefulness depends upon the accuracy with which each bar strikes through a tiny hole. If that aperture be closed, all its other patented merits are in vain. How many a promising scholar fails to attain the rank he deserves just because he neglects to keep clear this apparently insignificant opening through which his knowledge impresses itself on others. He always finds the hole too small. To return to my metaphor: he is always trying to press down more keys than one at once; he cannot bring his weight of learning to bear on the one small point in hand; his thoughts jam, and he makes no impression. Our talents may be great and our knowledge greater, but they are almost worse than useless unless we can bring them to bear on the definite task of the day.

Talk of waste products! Here is a perfect mine of them. I once visited an aged scholar, and the pathos of this truth was brought home to me. Every inch of the walls was lined with books; even the floor had its share; and before he had talked for many minutes he was on his knees fishing out from the heap a rare edition he wished to show me. His brain was packed tight with a varied assortment of learning. There was not even space left for the mystic "Ego" to turn itself round in, far less roll up its sleeves and perform some healthy gymnastic feat. He had a great reputation based upon what he had absorbed: the output of his life was trivial. The mental miser has less excuse and more responsibility than the vulgar worldling who gloats on his gold. I venture even to say that the acquirement of learning merely for our own mental gratification is a species of theft. It is one of God's greatest gifts; but it is meant for use, and not to be squandered on self. Acquire by all means, but let it be with a view towards practical efficiency. The supreme quality in man is not the acquisition of knowledge, but the power to use it. Bjorn dis-

THE QUIVER

covered America centuries before Columbus, but he and his Norsemen made no use of their find, and so the knowledge of it lapsed, and for over four hundred years the New World remained unknown.

The Soul of the Selfish Saint

That may sound a contradiction in terms, yet it describes a well at which Christ sits to-day, thirsty as of old, and with not even a woman of Sychar to draw for Him.

"When saw we Thee athirst?" is the indignant retort of this self-satisfied person, whose religion is self-centred and whose soul is bucketless.

"Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these My brethren, ye did it not to Me," is the convicting response.

What a lot of attention the average Christian demands! Spiritual nourishment is poured into him every Sunday until he has become like an over-weaned child that will not give up the bottle. He has grown fond of being nursed, and he takes all spiritual coddling as his due. The fear is that he will never be got to stand on his own legs and learn that he was meant to be a man, not a babe, and that true religion consists more in giving than getting. The epitaph on an old tomb teaches a lesson still to be learned:

"What I kept, that I left;
What I gave, that I have."

The call to the mediaeval saint may have been to draw apart from the world, to seek the seclusion of cell and retreat. We know that the pious hermits of those days performed a useful work in their laborious transcription of the Bible; but whether it was the highest service is a question open to doubt. Had these saints become instead tradesmen, shop-keepers, frequenting the markets and homes of the people, perhaps the Christianity of the time would not have been so superficial.

To-day men who have been awakened by the Spirit of God go forth to look for the thirsty Jesus, and still find Him sitting helpless by many a well. They climb the backstairs to some drink-ravaged garret, and there, in the ill-clad, half-starved child, who came with the kiss of Heaven on his infant brow to receive from men the curse of Cain, they

find the Christ and hear a faint echo of the old cry, "I thirst."

The Life Untaught by Experience

The well of memory contains for many bitter waters. Trials and disappointments have added their acid, and some people take a morbid pleasure in keeping the heart sour. Yet the saddest experiences may be made to yield a secret sweetness. It was when the water was drawn at the marriage feast in Cana that it became wine. And so it is with our sorrows; when from them we have learned sympathy, and thus been able to share in the troubles of others and lighten their burdens, our own reveal a wealth of riches that make our lives more useful in the world.

There is a little thatched cottage nestling against the bare mountain side. A carriage with prancing horses stands at the open door. In the smoke-begrimed room, that serves alike for kitchen and parlour, two women are weeping in each other's arms. For years they had lived in the same parish unknown. Often had the one driven past that wayside cottage, unconscious of its inmate. But that day sad news had come from the African veldt: the idol of a parent's heart lay dead on the field of battle. Amongst the list of the slain there was the name of a simple private, unheeded by the casual reader; but he was a widow's only son. In that moment of grief all social distinctions are forgotten, and the heart-broken mother in the castle, feeling that there is only one who can truly sympathise with her sorrow, seeks the disconsolate widow in her lonely cottage home; and together, in the inexpressible language of emotion, their feelings commingle, soothe, and hush the throb-beat of each other's grief. It is thus that bitter waters are made sweet.

But if there be no bucket of sympathy, then will the waters in the well of trial be always bitter. And it is just because we have so many of these bucketless wells in our midst that there are to be found so many sore hearts which remain un-comforted.

"He who giving does not crave,
Likest is to Him Who gave
Life itself, the loved to save."



BREAKFAST DISHES

By **BLANCHE ST. CLAIR**

WITH the return of cool mornings comes the desire again for a substantial breakfast.

Our first meal, the British breakfast, so ridiculed by Continental neighbours, is too firmly established an institution to be dislodged from the position it occupies by any adverse criticism, and although most of us have departed from the rounds of beef, thick steaks and chops which were partaken of by our great-grandfathers, many persons acknowledge the truth of the old saw: "A hearty breakfast is the best foundation for a successful day."

There has lately been a revival of the meritorious custom of commencing the early meal with what our American cousins call "a cereal"—that is oatmeal in one of its various forms, cornflour, hominy, etc. Bread and milk, too, is by no means to be despised by seekers after health, and should not be relegated entirely to the younger members of the family.

How to Make Porridge

Oatmeal can be bought in three grades, described by the grocer as "coarse," "medium," or "fine," and individual taste dictates which of these three is chosen. Scots and North Country folk prefer the first named, and they make their porridge as follows:—Allow $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of water to each breakfastcupful of oatmeal. (This is sufficient for three persons.) Put the water into an enamelled iron saucepan, add some salt and let it come to the boil. Take the porridge stick, technically called a "spurtle"

(a Scottish instrument shaped like a wooden spoon minus the hollowed-out bowl), in the right hand and the oatmeal in the left, and sprinkle the meal very gradually into the boiling water, stirring steadily all the time. Should any lumps form, crush them against the side of the saucepan. When all the oatmeal has been used, draw the pan to the side of the fire, put on the lid, and let the contents continue to boil very gently. The porridge must be constantly stirred, and should cook for at least one hour.

A Quicker Method of Making Porridge

To every heaped tablespoonful of oatmeal allow a pint of water. Place the oatmeal and water in a basin and let them stand for twelve or more hours. Next morning turn the contents of the bowl into a saucepan, add salt, and boil for not less than twenty minutes.

Porridge must always be served very hot; it may be eaten with sugar or golden syrup, milk, cream or salt. The pan and stick used in the cooking must be kept scrupulously clean and for this purpose alone. As soon as the porridge is poured out the pan should be filled with water, otherwise particles of oatmeal adhere to the sides, and when next it is used these will burn and impart a disagreeable flavour to the next cooking.

Bread and Milk is not Difficult to Prepare

The bread should be cut into small pieces, and *boiling* milk, to which a pinch of salt has been added, poured over. If very stale bread is used, put the contents of the cup

THE QUIVER

or basin back into the saucepan, and let it stand by the fire for a few minutes in order that the milk may retain its heat whilst the bread is soaking. Toast and milk is often eaten by children who will not touch ordinary bread and milk, and this is prepared in exactly the same manner. A little grated chocolate sprinkled over the bread will tempt the appetite of a delicate child.

Boiled hominy makes a pleasing variation, and as this cereal possesses quick-burning proclivities it should be cooked in a double saucepan or in a jar stood in a pan of boiling water. The hominy must be washed in several waters and soaked overnight, the correct proportions being one teacupful of the cereal to a quart of water. Next morning put the hominy and the water in which it was soaked, with a teaspoonful of salt, into the saucepan and cook for an hour. It is served very hot and eaten with butter and sugar. What remains can be used for the following morning's breakfast. Cut into thick slices, dredge with flour and roll in the beaten yolk of an egg. Fry in boiling fat, drain well and serve.

Breakfast Bacon

On the principle that "anyone" can cook a potato, or boil an egg, the majority of persons assume that it is the easiest thing in the world to prepare a dish of bacon. Alas, the fallacy! Mrs. Glasse's excellent advice, "First catch your hare," might, in the case of bacon, be interpreted "First choose your pig," followed by "Next cut your rashers," for no cook, understand she her business ever so well, can hope to accomplish a satisfactory result unless these two conditions are first properly fulfilled. In busy households when bacon is bought by the piece, the rashers should be cut off overnight. The rind should be removed in one piece and the rashers cut of an even thickness. They can be laid together again, carefully covered, and placed in a cool larder.

There are several methods of cooking bacon, and the most common, frying, is probably the most difficult.

To Fry Bacon

Place the frying-pan on the stove and let it become warm, then arrange the rashers so that they do not touch each other. Cook very slowly, turning them repeatedly with a fork. The bacon is cooked when the fat

becomes transparent, but some people like their bacon to be crisp and brown, in which case it must remain longer in the frying-pan. Careful watching is necessary lest it cook too much and break into thin brittle scraps.

Toasted Bacon

This is the most delicate manner of cooking the popular breakfast dish. The rashers may be toasted, literally, on a toasting-fork, or suspended from the wire hooks of a Dutch oven. When arranging the slices, put the fat end uppermost, so that when it melts it will baste the lean underneath.

Fried slices of bread or potatoes are often served with bacon and make an appetising and economical addition to the meal.

"Every-day" Fish

Bloaters, herrings, kippers and dried haddocks are very "every-day" fish, but when well cooked are as good eating as can be desired. Bloaters are best grilled. Remove the heads, cleanse the fish thoroughly, rub the gridiron with a piece of mutton fat and place the fish on it over a clear fire. If no gridiron is forthcoming, melt a little dripping in the frying-pan and, when it is hot, place the floured bloaters in it. Fry quickly for about six minutes; drain, and lay the fish on a very hot dish and serve immediately.

Kippers are best grilled, but they may also be baked in a tin in the oven.

Any fish that is left over from breakfast should be freed from bones and skin, pounded with cayenne, lemon juice and butter. This mixture, spread on hot buttered toast, provides a savoury relish for dinner or supper.

When choosing dried haddocks, select fish that are thick in the back. When one thinks of the numbers of hands through which a dried haddock passes before it reaches its final destination, the advisability of washing the fish before it is cooked will be readily conceded. It is excellent grilled or toasted before the fire, but when thus cooked it should be put in the oven with a good-sized piece of butter for a few minutes before it is served.

The usual method of cooking this fish is to place it in a large frying-pan containing boiling water, and to let it simmer for five or six minutes. To provide a more nourishing dish, substitute milk for water. Send the fish to table with a piece of butter on it, and a little of the milk poured round.



Conversation Corner

Conducted by THE EDITOR

A Golden Jubilee

BIRTHDAYS are too often the privilege of the young, the dread of the old; the boy of sixteen wants to be twenty, the woman of thirty fain would linger in the charm of girlhood days, the man of sixty wishes to be thirty again—and only two classes seem to be satisfied: First, the youth of twenty-one. Who wishes to be older or younger than that? What more can age and experience bring than that to which he has already attained? Proud man, he has not even learned the extent of his own ignorance! Then there is the man of ninety; every one of those ninety years is a tribute and a pride; the mellow seventies have cured him of the lingering regrets for vanished youth; indeed, a new era of time has become his portion; he is older and yet younger than them all. . . . But I must return to the Jubilee. Fifty years is a very satisfactory, solid attainment. Have you, dear reader, a clear remembrance of the happenings and doings of fifty years ago? Still more to the point, do you remember *THE QUIVER* fifty years ago, and have you been a constant reader ever since? If not, listen to the voice of the nonagenarian.



Norton's Nonagenarian

A NONAGENARIAN from Norton (Malton, Yorks) writes me: "Can it really be that it is fifty years since *THE QUIVER* was first issued to the public? Alack-a-day! How time flies. I well remember buying one of the first numbers, and was so pleased with its contents, and even its name, that I wrote a letter to its then Editor on its promising start. I have read it, I believe, from its first issue, and have watched its progress through all these years, and have noticed its improvements as the years rolled on. . . . You evidently mean to keep up its prestige. I don't see much room for improvement now, either in its 'get-up' or its contents. You may possibly wonder who your un-

invited correspondent is. Well, I may say that as to age I am long past the three score and ten, but I have not found the labour and sorrow to that age as yet. As to residence I was born and have lived all my life in the house where I still reside, and I am now ninety-one. I am the oldest male resident in our town. . . . I hope to see and read a few more *QUIVERS* yet, as my 'medico' tells me he doesn't see why I shouldn't live to see my hundredth birthday."



From California

A PILE of letters of congratulation face me; they are from readers, some of them even being able to follow the lead of my nonagenarian friend in having read *THE QUIVER* from the start. I must pass on to my readers a letter from Los Angeles, California: "I should have been sorry to have missed telling you how much the dear old *QUIVER* has meant to me. Years ago, away in the seventies, I went from my childhood home in the South to live a lonely girlhood life in your great city. *THE QUIVER* and I then became friends. Since those days, years after, on returning to the States, *THE QUIVER* has followed me. I was trying to think back if there had been any break in our friendship. I know long before I came here, seventeen years ago, it was in my home in Texas, and has come each month, a welcome friend, out here in this beautiful land of sunshine, fruit, and flowers. It is such a pleasure to me that I pass it on—for years it went to a friend in Mexico, who greatly enjoyed it. Now, as soon as I have read it, I send it on to friends in Texas. They wrote me the other day telling me how welcome it is."



The Fifty-First Volume

NOW as to the future! With our next issue we make a start on our second half of a hundred years. For some months past I

THE QUIVER

have been making arrangements for special features for our Fifty-First Volume, and I am hoping that new and old subscribers will be delighted with the new issue.

"How Shall I Study the Bible?" The first of these will appear in my November number.

Our New Serial

I MUST first of all mention the new serial story. Few writers of fiction have been able to depict so charmingly the life of the country, with its stagnant pools, its mild excitements, its quiet delights, as the author of "A Country Corner."

Miss Amy Le Feuvre has now written a story which should considerably enhance her splendid reputation, and endear her still more to our readers. "Four Gates" is the title, and it is concerned with the lives of four girls, all living in a "backwater" in the country, all so near, and yet in temperament, standing and outlook so far apart. The author is struck with the fact that different people seem throughout life to be so differently placed; good fortune seems to pursue one from start to finish, and ill-luck and struggle another. "On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates." Some people seem to have a perpetual southern aspect—mild breezes, genial sunshine; whilst others face the biting east or the chilling north. The four girls with whom the author is concerned seem each to face a different way; how they each journey forth, and to what purpose and end, the readers of the story will discover for themselves.

The Bishop of Ripon's New Series

WE are living in a time of great unrest and change. Whilst so much is being disputed and so many things altered, people are anxiously examining the foundations of their faith, to see that these are secure despite the spirit of the times. There has been considerable research, criticism, controversy around the questions of the authority, authorship, and interpretation of the Bible. Of course, in a magazine such as this it would be impossible fully to discuss these questions, but I felt that if I could secure a leader of undoubted authority and learning to tell us just how we ought to regard and study the Bible, it would be of immense help to ordinary people. I have been able to secure for this purpose the Lord Bishop of Ripon—our senior Bishop—than whom none better could have been chosen. His Lordship has kindly undertaken to write a series of articles on

What is Wrong with Our Preaching?

IS there something wrong with our preaching? Have our preachers lost that splendid fervour and conviction that used to melt the hearts of congregations? The question "What is Wrong with Our Preaching?" has been put to a number of men in diverse walks of life, and in answer contributions from the Bishop of Durham, Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., Mr. A. C. Benson, Sir Walter Runciman, Mr. Frank Bullen, Mr. J. A. Steuart, Sir J. Compton-Rickett, M.P., D.L., Mr. John Oxenham, and others will appear in my November issue.

The Home Department

A LEADING feature in my new volume will be "The Home Department." Mrs. St. Clair, whose articles have met with such warm approbation, has consented to contribute another series. The articles will be longer and more detailed than hitherto, and are to treat of a week's cooking—each number to deal with one week out of the month in which the article appears. In November she gives a typical menu suitable for November catering, and in December for Christmas week. In addition to this Miss Ellen Masters contributes to the November number a fully illustrated article on "Simple Embroideries for Blouses and Costumes," and other articles of a varied character will appear from time to time.

Some Short Stories

FOR the next month or two I have arranged short stories by Annie S. Swan, Helen Wallace, J. J. Bell, George R. Sims, Edward Cecil, A. B. Cooper, Frank H. Shaw, Beatrice Rosenthal, Ethel F. Heddle, Oswald Wildridge, etc. The November number will also contain articles, fully illustrated, on "Sidelights from our Ancient Churches," and "The Humour and Romance of Local Preaching." In fact, no efforts will be spared to make the Fifty-First Volume the best of them all.

The Editor

BORWICK'S



The Best
and Purest
BAKING
POWDER
In the World.

GRAVES

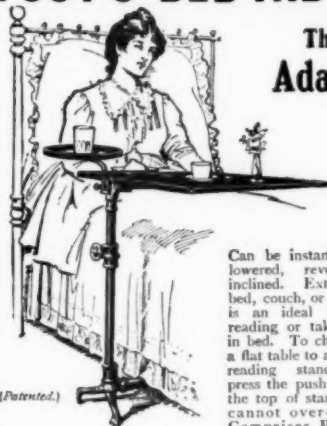
This Handsome Solid Walnut Case 8-Day Regulator (No. 1223) is delivered on approval, carriage paid, to all approved orders for **20** with order and the balance by ten monthly payments of **2**; if the Clock is considered entirely satisfactory. An accurate timekeeper, strikes hours and halves on a deep toned Cathedral gong. Height 28 inches. Warranted for 3 Years. **Large Clock Catalogue Free.** Contains the Newest Designs for Drawing Room, Hall, Kitchen, Bedroom, and all purposes. All Clocks delivered on approval for small payment with order, and monthly payments after delivery. **20/- in 2 Cash Discount.**
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.



CLOCKS

FOOT'S BED-TABLE.

The
Adapta



Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed, or inclined. Extends over bed, couch, or chair, and is an ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. To change from a flat table to an inclined reading stand, simply press the push button at the top of standard. It cannot over-balance. Comprises Bed-Table,

Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, etc.
No. 1.—Enamelled Metal Parts, with Stained Oak Top **£1 7 6**
No. 2.—Ditto, with Adjustable Side Tray and Automatic Book-holders (see illustration) **£1 15 0**
No. 3.—Complete as No. 2, but Polished Oak Top and superior finish **£2 5 0**
No. 4.—Complete as No. 3, but with all Metal Parts Nickel Plated **£3 3 0**

Carriage Paid in Great Britain.

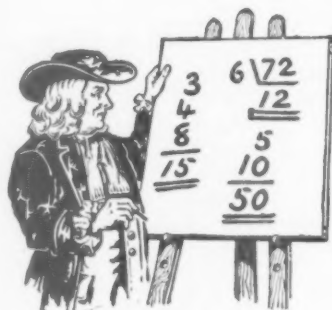
Write for Booklet A 24.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd. (Dept. A 24),
171, New Bond Street, London, W.

BRASSO

Have you tried Brasso, and
noted how quickly you
obtain a high-class result?

Metal Polish.



1. **ADDS**
to your strength.
2. **DIVIDES**
your food bills.
3. **MULTIPLIES**
your pleasure.

Here, in three lines, is the achievement of nutritious, economical, delicious Quaker Oats.

1. Quaker Oats supplies in perfect proportion the food elements which build up the body and nourish the nerves.
2. Quaker Oats provides "40 Meals for Sixpence," and being *all nourishment*, without waste, reduces your living expenses.
3. Quaker Oats, being so delicious, is as enjoyable as it is nourishing and economical.

YOU CAN PROVE THIS.

A thirty days' trial of Quaker Oats in your home will prove these facts. Begin the test to-day!

The Quaker Oats Sealed Packet protects the delicious Quaker flakes from taint, dangerous dust, and all impurities, and protects you from inferior oats.

No impurities possible with this Sealed Packet.



"The Quiver" Jubilee Thank-offering

An Opportunity for Readers

By THE EDITOR

TUMULT, strife, even bloodshed—such has been the record of the past few weeks. Rarely have the "holiday months" been converted into a time of such anxiety and trouble as has been the case this year. Wars, be they national, political or economic, have a way of absorbing public attention. To-day we read something that kindles our imagination and touches our hearts: we mean to act on the impulse to help or to censure; to-morrow, however, brings its new problems, and we forget.

We forget! So many things are forgotten, and in strenuous, exciting times, what sort of things are forgotten first? The holidays? Sport? Business? No, these things must have their way. But the agencies that amid the bustle and excitement all around are quietly striving to do some little bit of good work among the poor and helpless; these are forgotten, and their claims neglected.

Our Jubilee has come, and with it the reminder of what readers in the past have accomplished in the cause of charity. With this Number I want to make a special Jubilee appeal to my readers. I know if I were to present one single case of a child brutally ill-used by its guardians, a woman helpless and in danger of ruin, or a man demoralised by unemployment and rapidly going to pieces, the imaginations of my readers would be touched and their sympathy aroused.

I have no one tale to tell of misery, helplessness and need. But the appeal that I make covers sad stories by the score, urgent needs in hundreds. I appeal simply but earnestly for help for ten broad, national charities that have been at work

all through the stifling summer; that have toiled on when people were on holiday; that have worked away when people were on strike or absorbed in strikes. The past few months have been bad ones for our charities. The holidays first, and then political strife and industrial warfare have simply diverted people's attention from them, and closed the purse-strings of the sympathetic from their needs.

I am appealing for a thank-offering. My readers have much to be thankful for during these troublous times. **THE QUIVER** has ever been the medium of the thank-offerings of the fortunate, the distributor of the sympathetic. I want as a memento of **THE QUIVER** Jubilee, one thousand new members of the League of Loving Hearts. The minimum subscription is one shilling, but I want at least half that number to send me two shillings or more. This will make a most valuable contribution to the funds of the ten Societies the League helps—institutions whose worth it would be almost impossible to exaggerate.

Who is to be the first to subscribe to **THE QUIVER** Jubilee Fund? I shall welcome contributions from old and new members.

New members should fill in the coupon to be found in the advertisement section of this issue. Letters, marked "Jubilee," should be addressed to

The Editor,

THE QUIVER,

La Belle Sauvage,
London, E.C.

The following is the list of the ten Societies among which our contributions are divided:—

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, Stepney Causeway, E.
RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.
CHURCH ARMY, 55, Bryanston Street, W.
SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.
THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.
LONDON CITY MISSION, 3, Bridewell Place, E.C.
ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, 72, Cheapside, E.C.
CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING HOMES FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS,
Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, S.E.
BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, 72, Cheapside, E.C.



HOW, WHEN AND WHERE CORNER

Conducted by "ALISON"

The Companionship Motto—"By Love Serve One Another"

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,
This morning's post brought me a letter from *Gladys West*. Writing from Aviemore, where her holidays were spent, *Gladys* enclosed a piece of white heather. "I hope it will bring good luck to you and the Corner," she said. Wasn't it a pretty thought? I am hoping that it is a happy augury for our new year, coming just when I was beginning this letter. Certainly our prospects are rosy. I have a big budget of letters; we have new Companions coming in all the while. For instance, *E. Frederick Nelson* writes that he has got about thirty fresh members in Newry. Better still, our Fund is flourishing, and, better than that, we have splendid news from Canada. And, best of all, more and more interest is being shown in our beloved Scheme.

Our Maps

First let me ask what you all think of our maps? (See pages 1158 and 1159.) You will easily understand that they are not complete. That would be impossible, with new members frequently joining. Let me introduce our friends at once, and say I hope they won't be disappointed if their places are not marked. Suppose you each print the names on your own copies of the maps as a reminder.

Our Australian group is enlarged again. *Christina W. Bryant* (age 16) writes from Auburn, Victoria: "May I join your Corner? It would be lovely to correspond with you in England sometimes." *Christina* is working hard for her matriculation at Melbourne University. "We are in the depth of winter," she writes, "and oh! it is so cold! No snow can be seen, but the frosty mornings

and the biting winds are dreadful; in fact, I believe snow would be far better." *Dorothe F. Wright*, Kongwak, Gippsland, Victoria, is another addition to this group. Other new-comers are: *Dorothy Buckley* (age 15), Oldham; *G. A. Ballantyne* (age 16), Kingstown, St. Vincent, B.W.I.; *Carleton L. Cleveland* (age 18), Makwiro, Rhodesia ("If there happens to be anything I can do if I am not too old," he writes, "I will do my share." That is the spirit we like, isn't it?); *Nansi B. Felix* (age 10), Birmingham; *Gertrude Johnson* (age 20), Turnberry, Ayrshire; *D. M. H. Jhaveri* (age 10), Chanpatti, Bombay; *Richard B. King* (age 10), Khanawal, Punjab; *Josephine Lihou* (age 11), Port of Spain, Trinidad; *Ida M. Parker* (age 12) and *Gladys E. Parker* (age 11), Waikato, New Zealand; *Alfred R. Rusby* (age 13), Rawcliffe, Yorks, and little *Margaret A. West* (age 6), Macduff. All these we are delighted to welcome, and our Irish friends also. Their names had not reached me when this letter went to press, though.

How many splendid friends we are gaining in the West Indies! A parcel of scrap books has just reached me with the inscription "For Alison's little tots," from *Mrs. E. D. Field*, Kennington, Barbados. They will give untold pleasure in homes in our London slumland. And another scrap-book gift, by the way, comes through *Mabel Richardson*, Weston-super-Mare, whose Sunday School class is making them for our collection. Both gifts have given me happiness, and I shall pass them on to those for whom we intend them.

All About Violet

Do you like the new picture of Violet? I have a kind letter from the one whom she now

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

calls mamma: "Violet has excellent health, and has never had a cold or lost a meal since she came to me. She is a splendid reader, but is slow in arithmetic and spelling, but I hope she will do much better next year as she gets more used to the work." That is a capital report, isn't it? And two letters from Violet tell of all sorts of joys and success. "I have had lots of letters from *THE QUIVER* Companions," she remarks in the earlier one. Number two you shall have in full:—

"DEAR ALISON,—I am sending you a picture of myself on the pony; you will see that I am just learning to ride. I have just come home from my holidays in Millbrook for two weeks and a half. I came home to go up the lakes with mamma; we had just a lovely time, we saw so many pretty summer cottages and boats and canals. We climbed to the top Mount Julian, and ate our dinner looking over all the islands and lakes. Helen has gone to her holidays now. We have lots of company—Toronto cousins, big and small, and we have good fun. We went up the largest lift locks in the world; I felt frightened coming down. It is terribly high up, but the boat came down so gently we didn't feel them coming down. I received a number of letters from the members of the 'How, When and Where Corner,' and will reply by picture postcards. This letter is for you all. We have had terribly hot weather, one day it was 75° in the shade; in Millbrook everybody was just prostrated by the heat. When I came home mamma had some new dresses made for me, and she gave me a pair of kid slippers for my birthday on July 4th; my aunts gave me a ring, a pin, and some embroidery. I had a nice treat too of candies and ice-cream. It was too hot to have a party. Helen had two little birds given her. I passed and so did Helen. I am in the senior part first, and Helen is in the third. Now I will say good-bye. Give my love to all the girls. I remain, your friend, VIOLET LITTLE."

We must not forget that Violet's birthday is on Independence Day, must we? This news of her will rejoice every one of you. I should like to have later tidings of David. Probably he has been far too gloriously happy and busy, this first summer on a farm, to think of letter-writing. We shall hear soon, no doubt.

Prize Holiday Paper

But now, before touching any other correspondence, let me show you the prize holiday paper. It is that written by *Kathleen Crago* (age 16), Plymouth, and if you could see how clearly and nicely it is written you would vote with me, I am sure. Besides, it is really interesting.

The How, When and Where of the Holiday I Would Have if I Could

"My favourite holiday would be to visit Las Palmas, which is situated off the north-west coast

of Africa. One of the Elder Dempster steamers sails from Liverpool every week on its way to Africa, and calls at Las Palmas *en route*. The return fare is £15, including the hotel.

"The climate is so equable that one may visit the island at any time of the year, and find the temperature perfect.

"The harbour is very attractive; in the foreground and running down to the water's edge is the white town of Las Palmas, with its cathedral towering above all as though it was keeping watch over the inhabitants. This is framed by a background of stately trees, whose dark green colouring shows off to advantage the lighter green of the banana plants, which grow in the lower part of the island.

"As one ascends any one of the hills which abound there, one finds the sides to be almost barren, but at the top a very different scene unrolls itself before the astonished and delighted eyes, for miles of vineyards are visible. At the top of one of these hills a beautiful hotel is situated 1,450 feet above the sea level.

"A source of great interest to visitors is an extinct crater, at the bottom of which a man and his wife live,



VIOLET IS LEARNING TO RIDE.

but it is so deep that one is able to distinguish nothing but a few dark lines which are the boundaries of fields.

"One can have most lovely drives about the island, and the winding paths around the hills afford one a magnificent view. The vegetation is very luxuriant; one passes fields of bananas, grapes, and apricots, and the hedges are resplendent with geraniums and plumbago. The fare for driving is quite cheap, and the comfortable wicker carriages are provided with awnings.

"By the streams which run down the mountain slopes numbers of native women may be seen washing the family linen; they then spread it on bushes to be bleached by the sun. The Spanish inhabitants impress one with their genial and vivacious dispositions; they are very hospitable and courteous, and do all in their power to make the three weeks enjoyable."

Gertrude Johnson, Turnberry, comes next, in point of excellence, with an account of a real holiday in the Channel Islands. *Essyllt Prichard*, Penygroes, also deserves mention for her notes on a cycle tour in Normandy and Brittany. None of the juniors attempted this Competition.

THE QUIVER

But what fascinating letters some of our juniors can write! Here is one from *Peggy Allan* (age 11), Bucksburn, which you will enjoy as much as I. To *Peggy* goes one of our Letter Prizes, and it is well merited. After reading her story we shall all want to go to the Shetland Islands for a holiday.

"MY DEAR ALISON,—I will give you a full description of my journey here and afterwards, as the last letter was very short.

"I sailed from Aberdeen in the *St. Sanniva* at 11.30 a.m. on June 22nd, which was Coronation Day. I stood on deck with the stewardess, until my party had completely disappeared. Then I went to the cabin. I went to bed almost directly, so I could not tell anything of the passengers. I found the journey rather tiresome, as the time wore on. I could not sleep because there were sheep on deck, and they rolled about with every motion of the ship. At six o'clock p.m., I went to sleep, and slept till ten o'clock p.m. I awakened up with a start, wondering where I was, and without finding out, I went to sleep again.

When I awakened again it was about three o'clock a.m., and the first hills of Shetland were appearing. I opened my porthole and looked out. It was a beautiful morning, and the Coronation decorations in Lerwick were still flying. It was a good long time before my sister came to take me off the ship, so I got up and dressed. I then went with my sister to the house where we were to stay until we came to Firth. After having breakfast my sister (Theresa) and I went through Lerwick. The first thing I saw was a crowd of Dutchmen. They were so funny! They were dressed as follows: Short jackets, long trousers, and enormous sabots. Some jackets were ornamented with carving. Another pair of Dutchmen wore a different dress. A hat with a high crown, a jacket like a blouse, and wide trousers to the knees. Black stockings and black polished sabots completed the costume.

"I saw many lovely Shetland shawls in a shop window, also a spinning wheel. My sisters have a spinning wheel which is about 200 years old. I was on the top of the tower at Lerwick Town Hall, and I have a piece of sandstone which I took from it. One day we took a cab and started for our home and

I enjoyed the drive very much. I saw many very pretty sheep, but one amused me very much, it had black spots on both its eyes, and its body was pure white. This is the season for 'rooing' the sheep, as they call it here. I have seen sheep being rooed here. Instead of clipping the sheep, the men and women pull the wool from the sheep's back. This may seem a very cruel practice, but the wool is so soft that it comes tumbling off very easily. Now I will go back to the cab. Every now and then we had to get out and climb the steep hills. We had two friends from Lerwick with us, one had a camera, and some very good snapshots were taken. The ditches were full of forget-me-not flowers and heather. They were very pretty. We reached Firth in the afternoon, after driving twenty-six miles. My sister Nan was welcoming us in. It was a day like this, warm and sunny, with the sun shining on the Voe, making the waves sparkle brightly. I am waiting just now for the tide to go out so that I can get my sand castle built. On the hill opposite here there are eleven crofts. Nearly every croft has a boat, and these boats are hauled up on to the shores of the Voe. I like this place in summer, but what it would be like in winter I don't know.

"The beach is a source of never-ending interest to me. The tide goes out almost half down the Voe, and a great stretch of sand is left bare, much to my delight. There are sea-anemones, sea-urchins, and jelly-fish to be found. I have got a great many other things too. I have many razor shells and limpet shells. Indeed, I could get the limpets themselves if I knocked them off the rocks. I sometimes do take them off to look at them, but I always stick them on again. There are a great many shore crabs too. I caught a live one the other day, and I threw it into the sea. Sea-anemones are very pretty. They are of a red colour, and many are shaped like fancy jellies. They are prettier when in the water, because they open out their tentacles. I have seen them both out of and in water. The tide was coming in one evening when I took a walk down one side of the Voe. I looked down at the foot of a big stone where there were always a lot of these jelly-like creatures. I saw that as the water touched them the tentacles expanded. Sea-urchins are like a round ball covered with spines like the hedgehog. I have many of these. There is a round hole at the top, and through this the teeth appear. The teeth are five in number, very long and also very strong. The ball is about the size of an orange. This

is not a very good drawing, but it will help you to understand, will it not? Then I sometimes get the cases of dog whelks' eggs; the whelks are what we call 'buckies.' I sometimes collect shells to play a game which we call 'chuckies,' so 'buckies' make 'chuckies.' There are very few scallop shells, but I have got a few 'perie' ones, so I will enclose one; 'perie' is the Shetland word for small. They also say 'dat' and 'dis' for 'that' and 'this.' I think it very funny. There are wild ducks, cornsants, sea-gulls, black-backed



OUR "QUIVER" WORLD-WIDE COMPANIONSHIP

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

ducks, northern divers, and eider ducks here. There are also rare kinds of crows which eat the sheep sometimes. A man who lives near a neighbouring Voe killed a porpoise and skinned it. There are seals here, but I have not seen them yet, though I hope to some time. We get pretty mother-of-pearl shells which we call Silver Tommies. But I don't know the right name of them, they are like this. I will perhaps send you a few of these shells. If I do, don't be afraid of the grotesque collection. You need not keep them, for they are not worth keeping. They are only to show some of the sights I have seen, and you can throw them away when you are finished with them. Your Companion, PEGGY ALLAN."

Another budget from the far north comes from *Winifred Johnston* (Orphir, Orkney). That is all about Edinburgh, and refreshed my memory of its scenes and buildings.

And another nicely written letter from a junior is that of *Marjorie Grey*, who tells me about her terrier "Peter Pan," and of her books. Marjorie is very fond of reading, and has about 300 story books. Can any Companion boast of a larger library than that? It will be difficult to choose a prize for you, Marjorie. If you win one, as I hope you will one of these days, I shall need to see a copy of your library catalogue before selecting a book for you.

"Do let us have some other letters," says one of you. Here are a few extracts. I am pleased to have heard from a number of the "Lost, Stolen or Strayed" folks, by the way, but there are still others missing.

Elsie Hughes was enjoying a two months' holiday at Aldenham. "We have the sweetest little house; it is just covered with roses, and there are rose bushes all round. Our nearest town is Radlett, and we have to go there for our shopping. We haven't even a post office here." Then Elsie was going into camp at Beachy Head. "We do have such a glorious time! This year I think there will be about forty campers and about fifteen workers. I am going to be a sub-officer because there are four of us who are too old for campers, but not old enough for workers. We shall have to help the workers, but we shall have more freedom than campers. Our camp motto is 'Others.' and our head hangs those six letters in every bedroom. I heard one camper say in 1909, 'The worst of camp is that I always want to go again,' and that is just true—the more one has the more one wants." Elsie's verdict is the general one. All the girls and boys, too, who have



"THE QUIVER" COMPANIONSHIP AT HOME.

"camped" want to do so every year. I am sending a second Letter Prize to Elsie.

Ernest Parker tells me about his farm home at Waikato, and encloses his two sisters' letters. "My mother will join the Corner," he adds, "and says she will write you a letter about New Zealand life." We shall look forward to that, Ernest.

From South Africa comes a long letter from our old friend *Viola de Villiers*. She was very pleased about David. *Hilda Otway* and *Frieda Martin* send gifts for the Fund from Grenada. *Mary Mohan* (Sheffield) asks how she can help our "grand Scheme," as bazaars and concerts are not in her "line." Please suggest a plan for Mary, someone. *Esther Clarke* (St. Anne's-on-Sea), with a very kind note, sent three stamps for David, or if not needed for him, for our Fund. *Isabel Hale* writes two long letters, full of interest, from Nathalia, Victoria. *Kathleen Collyer* (London, Ontario), *Essyllt Prichard*, *Arthur Smart*, *Anne D. H. Anderson*, *James Henderson*, *Ivy Slesser*, *I. Margaret Wood*, *Winnie Wood*, *Gladys* and *Nellie West*, *Clarice Hilton*, *Olive Southerton*, *Grace Bright*, *Helen Strong*, *Maud Gill*, *Kathleen Burges*,

THE QUIVER

Kathleen Crago, Frances Boston, Enid Jones, Josephine Winser, Laura Jago, Molly Bridgman, Janie Crawford, Harold Naish, Evangeline Steel, and James F. Brown—have all to be thanked for letters, gifts or cards.

Our October Competition

And now for our October Competition. This number of *THE QUIVER*, you see, is a very special one. It is not often a magazine lives to be as old as ours. I want you to write and tell me what you think about our Jubilee magazine. Tell me what you enjoyed most in it, and why; criticise it as

you wish, and above all, tell me what you would like most to have in our Corner in the fifty-first year! Prizes for the best letters, which must not be longer than 300 words. Please remember our rules, and let me have the letters by October 31st.

A happy new term to all the school boys and girls, and gladness for everyone is the wish of your Companion,

Alison.



THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

The Practice of Sympathy

SOME time or other we have all been in a mood that has made us hesitate to open a letter which has been rightly enough addressed and duly received. We have been worried or troubled, and have had misgivings that this envelope with the strange handwriting was somehow going to add to our apprehensiveness, or we have had a run of happiness and have wondered if this unseen missive was going to increase our brightness. Anyhow, we have toyed with the envelope, turned it over and over, studied its post-marks, and generally comported ourselves unusually before pulling ourselves together and opening the letter in the usual dry, business-like manner. It is a mood which one time or other overtakes everyone.

It has been upon me for the last few minutes. Before me lies a missive with a strange stamp, and all manner of odd, grid-iron-looking characters printed on it, and in a neat handwriting marked *Via Siberia*. The sight of these hieroglyphics has set my mind a-wandering. Last year I published a book which has been translated into Chinese by a well-known archdeacon, and when my permission was asked I promptly gave it, but with the cautious condition that I should not be expected to read the proofs for the printer! This, it will be observed, was not giving myself away as a man who did not know Chinese when he saw it. I actually did know it once, for in my young and callow days, when I firmly believed that everything could be surmounted by pains and perseverance and other good copy-book axioms, I went through a brief course of lessons on Chinese under the instruction of a widely known missionary. But that was long ago,

and now, while I know the queer characters by sight—a sort of nodding acquaintance—for the life of me I cannot remember the names of the old, yellow-faced gentlemen. But the whirling things printed on the front of this missive are not at all like the friends I formed in my guileless youth, and so I must pause, and dream, and muse, and become reminiscent to myself before I break into the contents—to discover that the creepy-crawly things are Japanese ideographs (that's the word, isn't it?), and the writer from the far-off land of the Rising Sun is desiring to join the ranks of our Crutch-and-Kindness League. Of course I was glad—glad for the sake of some of my poor cripples, for there would be sure to be interesting treats in store for them; but the discovery only set my poor wits a-wool-gathering again. I thought of the strange assortments of man-kind and woman-kind and child-kind enrolled in the membership of the League—people dwelling in every part of the world—but all showing that the heart is the same everywhere, no matter what the complexion may be; for all of these members have the one aim and desire—to do what they can, for sheer Pity's sake, to make the sad lot of the wee London cripple a little more bearable. Here is the sympathy that will yet weld all hearts into oneness.

Apropos of this sympathy, and to help it further, both as showing how easily one may be crippled for life, and also how the good heart will, even amid its own adverse circumstances, go out in sympathy to others, let me without any comment quote from another letter in my batch this month.

"Owing to a misstep over six years ago, I have been obliged to use crutches more or less since. On

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

the 5th of January my crutch caught on the leg of a chair, throwing me headlong and hurting me so badly that I have been confined to bed almost ever since. Last Monday I was helped into a wheeled chair lent me by a circle of King's Daughters, and for the first time in six months I left this room. Everyone near has been lovely to me, and the many, many attentions bestowed on me have been, and still are, gleams of sunshine in what would otherwise be rather dark days. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, so that the Crutch-and-Kindness League especially appeals to me. Will you kindly put me in touch with some poor boy of twelve or over? Wishing you and your fellow-workers much success in this labour of love," etc.

What, then, in a word, is the character and aim of the Crutch-and-Kindness League? Just this: In London alone there are 12,000 poor crippled children on the Register of the Ragged School Union. Their lot, as a moment's reflection might guess, is tragically lonely and dreary, because they cannot move about much without help, and it is rarely such help can be given, for their parents being very poor have to be out working at something all day in order to keep a roof over their heads and find even plainest fare for the little ones dependent on them. The aim of the League is to send a little sunshine into this dreariness. Each member has some child-cripple assigned to him or her, with all particulars of the case given, and to this little maimed thing the member writes a letter once a month, or, if unable at any time to do so, sends a picture-magazine, picture-postcard, some toy or other trifle to let the wee sufferer see that he or she is not forgotten. This is all that is asked, but it means so much! It breaks up the dark wall of mystery which glooms over these little prisoners of God, and gives them a sweet glimpse in light of the big world of health all around them, but which they may never themselves enter. Since the medium is the post-office, this is a gentle task which all, young or old, can take up in every part of the world, blessing the one who writes as well as the one who is written to. The members are of all ages, and there is only one fee—a shilling—just enough to meet working expenses and the cost of the beautiful card of membership for framing.

One cannot close such an article as this without referring to our gracious King's most recent endorsement of the good work which is thus carried on by the Ragged School Union.

The Maharajah of Gwalior, before returning to his own country, recently put £8,000 at the disposal of His Majesty King George, to be distributed to such charitable works and institutions as he might see fit, and the King bestowed £1,000 of this sum on the Ragged School Union. It was a kind thing, kindly done, and it is also a guarantee of the earnest and thorough nature of the work accomplished by the R.S.U.

All other particulars of the Crutch-and-Kindness League may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

New Members for the Month

- Miss Anne J. Anderson, Leven, N.B.; Miss J. E. Alsops, Handsworth, near Sheffield.
Miss Mabel Berry, Tavistock, Devon; Miss E. Bennett-Cooke, Burma, India; Miss R. D. Bland, Haverfordwest, S. Wales.
Miss Isobel Carrick, Southland, New Zealand; Miss Marian Cooper, Halesworth, Suffolk.
Mrs. Davies, Fulham, London, S.W.; Miss M. Dowell (for S. School Class), Warbleton, Sussex.
Miss Alice Elliott, Braintree, Essex.
Miss Friederiksen, Chelsea, London, S.W.
Mrs. Garner, Hampstead, N.W.; Master Charles Gates, Kildorrey, Co. Cork; Mr. Horace Guest, Sandygate, near Sheffield; Mrs. Guthrie, King's Lynn, Norfolk.
Miss Susanna Hall, Thornton Heath, Surrey; Miss Henn, Barking, Essex.
Miss Elsie Johns, Probus, Cornwall.
Miss Margaret Lee, Harewood, near Leeds; Miss Lilian Lonsdale, Hornsea, Yorks.
Mrs. C. Hubert Manley, Oxford; Mrs. F. A. Mason, New Jersey, U.S.A.; Miss Mabel Mason, Leicester; Miss Violet Morrison, Kingstown, Ireland.
Miss Bera Olesen, Danish Y.W.C.A., Regent's Park, N.W.
Miss Amy Paddon, Lewes, Sussex; Mrs. J. Page, Hertford; Miss Plesner, Walthamstow, Essex; Miss Pruden, Edgbaston.
Mrs. Rowlands, Saseho, Japan.
Miss Margrète Sejeræ-Olsen, West Hampstead; Miss C. A. Sharpe, Grenada, Barbados; Miss Mary Simmins, Newnham, Cambridge; Miss Ellen L. Smith, Harlesden, London, N.; Mrs. and Miss Doris Stanton, Cunderdine, West Australia.
Miss N. Ward, West Chelsea, S.W.; Miss Margaret Watmore, Blair Atholl, Perthshire; Miss Annie Whatmore, St. Paul's Cray, Kent; Miss Edith M. Wheeler, Southsea, Hants; Miss Gwen Williams, Farnham, Surrey; Miss Annie D. Wright, Aberdeen, N.B.
Misses May, Margaret, and Annie Lambie, Miss Violet Lament, Miss B. Ballantine, Taranaki, New Zealand. (Group 122.)
Miss Elsa Macfarlane, Melbourne, near Royston, Herts. (Group 49.)



Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

OCTOBER 1st. THE PROPHET EZEKIEL A WATCHMAN

Ezekiel iii.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The Prophet's commission. (2) The messenger's responsibility. (3) The revelation of God's glory.

EZEKIEL was appointed to be a watchman to his fellow countrymen, to warn them of their danger, and to point them back to God, and these are duties which properly belong to every Christian. "Saved to serve" is a phrase full of deep meaning.

In the Welsh revival it was said of a poor quarryman that, when he got fully into the light, and when Christ filled his soul with eternal joy, his one thought was to bring his acquaintances to the Saviour. He had thirteen companions up in the quarry who were strangers to the Lord. He commenced to pray for them, and he continued to pray until one night he got up and thanked God that ten out of the thirteen had now yielded to Jesus Christ. But he said, "Lord, I cannot give the other three up. I bring them all to Thee; convert them. They are here to-night; don't let them slip through Thy fingers." That night the last of the thirteen was converted.

That quarryman was a watchman who was faithful to his duty.

Alone with God

It is not in the busy market place that God holds the closest communion with His children. He called Ezekiel into the plain that He might talk with him there. One commentator points out that in this command there are three points of deep interest: I. The speciality of God's appointments. He appoints places, times, methods. He appoints, in this case, the plain. Where the appointment is special, the obedience should be instantaneous, cordial, punctual. II. The personality of God's communication: "I will talk with thee." We should know more of God if we held closer intercourse with Him. We may go to God directly. Every devout meditation brings us into the Divine presence. Expect this; believe it; realise it. In the sanctuary we are not hearing the voice of man, but of God. In nature we hear the Divine voice. God talks with men in the garden in the cool of the day. III. The familiarity of God's condescension: "I will talk with thee." It is a friend's appointment. It is

not, "I will lighten and thunder," or "I will overpower thee with My strength," but "I will talk with thee," as a father might talk to his only son. Though the Prophet was at first thrown down, yet the Spirit entered into him and set him upon his feet

OCTOBER 8th. THE LIFE-GIVING STREAM

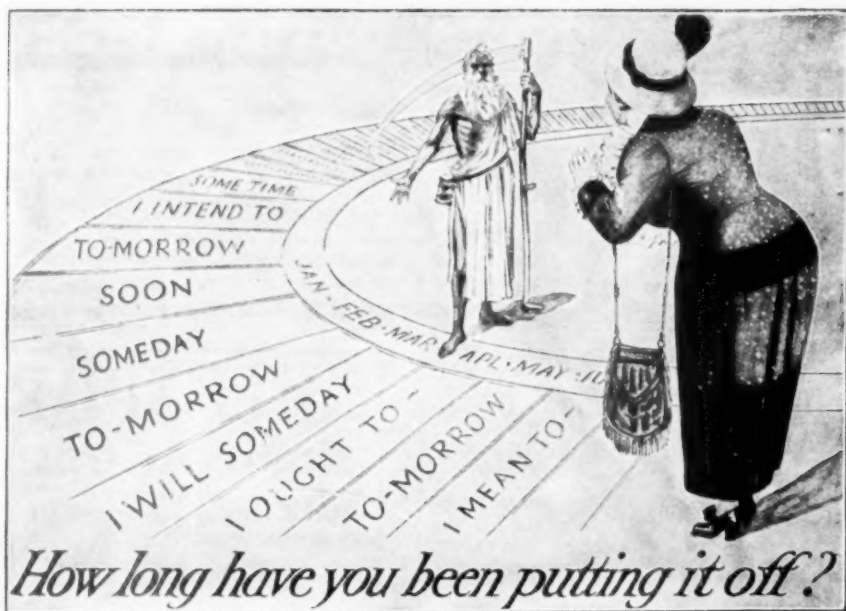
Ezekiel xlvii. 1-12.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The river of mercy (2) Healing and life.

THE only effective healing is that which has a Divine source. Martineau says that "there is not a secular reform in the whole development of modern civilisation which (if it is not more than mechanical) has not drawn its inspiration from a religious principle. Infirmarys for the body have sprung out of pity for the soul; schools for the latter that free way may be opened to the spirit; sanitary laws, that the diviner elements of human nature may not become incredible and hopeless from their foul environment. Nay, what impulse would even science itself have had, if sustained only by the material utilities? what inspiring zeal, but for that secret wonder which feels the universe to be sacred, and is a virtual thirst for God?"

The Healing Power of the Bible

In the biography of Sir H. M. Stanley we have, in the famous explorer's own words, a truly striking account of the gracious healing influence of the Bible while he was in the heart of Africa. He tells of how years of indifference and excitement had produced an unconscious hardening power, and he almost lapsed altogether. On his perilous journey Stanley had taken with him his Bible and a large number of newspapers. During his frequent sicknesses he took up the Bible to while away the tedious, feverish hours in bed, and when in marching state he occupied his mind in camp in glancing at the newspaper intelligence. He compares the different effects upon him of the newspapers and the Bible. It appeared to him that the reading of anything in the newspapers, except that for which they were intended—namely, news—was a waste of time, and deterioration of native force and worth and personality. The Bible, however, with its noble and simple language, he continued to read with a higher and truer understanding than he had ever before con-



Vexatious Stoutness.

TREATMENT THAT CURES.

THERE are so many treatments for over-stoutness that are useless, that it is a pleasure to be able to point to a remedy thoroughly trustworthy and genuine, and one which is as pleasant and harmless as it is effective. Antipon is now pretty well known all over the world as the standard remedy for the permanent cure of obesity, the re-strengthening home treatment *par excellence*. A very great French *savant* has written as follows: "Antipon is the only product I have ever met with for very quick, very efficacious, and absolutely harmless reduction of obesity. All other things are perfectly useless, and some absolutely dangerous. I like to do justice to such perfect products."

Antipon differs from other treatments in that it not only does not deprive the subject of any sort of wholesome nourishment, but it stimulates appetite and digestion, gives renewed tone to the whole organism, and builds up strength anew by perfecting nutrition. As fast as the needless and disfiguring fat disappears, leaving the various outward parts harmoniously proportioned, the subject gains in strength and stamina, in muscular development, nerve force, brain energy. It is a veritable transformation. a

rejuvenescence of a most surprising nature. The great feature of the simple Antipon treatment is that, with the elimination of the superfluous fatty matter, it also eliminates the vexatious tendency to put on fat to excess, and permanent cure of the disease of obesity is the result. Another great feature is the removal of the internal fatty excess that encumbers the organs of the body, an immense gain as regards the general health. The reduction within a day and a night of the first dose is from 8 oz. upwards.

Antipon reduces without wrinkling of the skin, upon which it has a wonderful tonic effect, improving texture and colour. Antipon contains only the most harmless of vegetable ingredients.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), privately packed, carriage paid in the United Kingdom, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

Antipon can be had from stock or on order from all Druggists and Stores in the Colonies and India, and is stocked by wholesale houses throughout the world.

THE QUIVER



Foots' Bath Cabinet

THE health value of Thermal (Hot Air or Vapour) Bathing is an established fact. Nothing else is so effective in preventing sickness, or for the cure of Colds, Influenza, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Blood, Skin, Liver, and Kidney Complaints. It eliminates the poisonous matters from the system, increases the flow of blood—the life current—freed from its impurities, clears the skin, recuperates and revitalises the body, quiets the nerves, rests the tired, creates that delightful feeling of invigorated health and strength, insures perfect cleanliness, and is helpful in every way.

Every form of Hot Air, Vapour, or Medicated Baths can be enjoyed privately at home with our Patent Safety Cabinet. When not in use it folds into a small, compact space.

Complete, with **SAFETY OUTSIDE HEATER, &c.**, from 35/-.

Write for Bath Book, B 24, Post Free.

J. FOOT & SON Ltd. (Dept. B 24), 171, New Bond St., London, W.

G. BRANDAUER & Co., Ltd., CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.



Neither Scratch
nor Spurt.

Attention is
also drawn to the
**NEW PATENT
ANTI-BLOTTING
PENS.** Sample Box of
either series, 7d.

Works: BIRMINGHAM.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE: 124, NEWCASTLE STREET, LONDON.

GRAVES

This powerful Gramophone with 10 Superb Disc Record Selections is delivered on approval for 5/- with order and nine monthly payments of 8/- after delivery. Solid polished oak cabinet with elaborate art metal panel embellishment, silent steel motor, 16in. turntable, taper tone arm, richly decorated 16in sound horn and powerful & sensitive reproducer. Write for Catalogue Free. All the latest and best Needle and Sapphire Gramophones at challenging prices & easy monthly terms. Gramophone owners should write for our great Monthly payment Disc Record offer 2/- in the £ Cash Discount allowed. J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield



GRAMOPHONES

WILDSPUR Embroidery Thread

Most lustre
threads become
dull in wear and faded
in wash. Wildspur is the
British-made thread of a per-
manent lustre and fast dyes.

For high-grade needlework Wildspur
takes the place of the richest silk, yet
costs no more than ordinary threads.
From needlework dealers everywhere.

Send 1d. stamp for sample and
booklet, and compare it with
other threads.

**COPLEY, MARSHALL & CO.,
Ltd.,**

Lustre Thread
Factory,
Newmill,
Huddersfield.



C15

When you get face to face

with the problem: What is the best soap
to use? you will decide in favour of

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

4d. per tablet.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGES

ceived. Its powerful verses had a different meaning, a more penetrative influence, in the silence of the wilds, and he came to feel a strange glow while absorbed in its pages, and a charm peculiarly appropriate to the deep melancholy of African scenery.

Then the famous traveller adds those significant passages:—"Alone in my tent, unseen of men, my mind laboured and worked upon itself, and nothing was so soothing and sustaining as when I remembered the long-neglected comfort and support of lonely childhood and boyhood. I flung myself on my knees, and poured out my soul utterly in secret prayer to Him from whom I had been so long estranged—to Him who had led me here mysteriously into Africa, there to reveal Himself and His will. I became then inspired with fresh desire to serve Him to the utmost, that same desire which in early days in New Orleans filled me each morning and sent me joyfully skipping to my work. As seen in my loneliness, there was this difference between the Bible and the newspapers. The one reminded me that, apart from God, my life was a bubble of air, and it bade me remember my Creator; the other fostered arrogance and worldliness. When that vast upheaved sky and mighty circumference of tree-clad earth or sere downland marked so emphatically my personal littleness, I felt often so subdued that my black followers might have discerned, had they been capable of reflection, that Africa was changing me."

OCTOBER 15th. THE RETURN FROM THE CAPTIVITY

Ezra i. 1-11; ii. 64-70.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The edict of Cyrus.
(2) The returning exiles.

IN the first volume of his "Analysed Bible," Dr. Campbell Morgan says that "the book of Ezra contains an account of a most important epoch in the history of the people of God. After seventy years of captivity, through the decree of a Gentile king, a return was made possible. This book gives us the story of that return, and of the rebuilding of the Temple. It is not consecutive history, for, while in conjunction with the book of Nehemiah it covers a period of about one hundred years, there is in the midst of this book a gap of sixty years. There are two main divisions: first, the story of the return under Zerubbabel and the rebuilding of the Temple (I.-VI.); then, after sixty years, that of the coming of Ezra, and the work he undertook (VII.-IX.). It may therefore be simply divided around the names of these two men."

Home at Last

Returning from their long sojourn in a strange land, the captives' hearts must have been full of thanksgiving as they beheld their own land. They had reached a haven of rest after a period of perplexity and oppression. The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse tells of his experiences one night in a fishing boat—how the tiny craft, as a sudden storm arose, had to run straight before the wind for the nearest harbour they could make—about fifty miles away. Over tremendous seas they sped, till at last, in the early morning, the little harbour hove in sight. Entering it, they experienced a blessed calm, and gave God thanks. "I had seen that little place many times before," remarks the distinguished preacher, "and had put it down as hopelessly dull and dreary—a muddy harbour, an uninteresting people, an unromantic coast. But that day I knew no other place that could compare with it. I blessed the rocky walls of the little port. I loved each villager of the place; and lying there with the quiet waters rippling about the boat, whilst outside there boomed the thunder of the waves, and overhead the storm raged furiously, it seemed the perfection of beauty."

No wonder he adds: "He who has not been tossed by stormy winds has never seen the might of his Lord's power; has not found in all its fullness how blessed is the haven of the Saviour's love."

OCTOBER 22nd. THE FOUNDATION OF THE SECOND TEMPLE LAID

Ezra iii. 1-10. 5.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The gathering in Jerusalem. (2) Worship and rejoicing. (3) How the opposition arose.

The Altar and the Temple

COMMENTING on this chapter, the Rev. G. H. Morrison says, "We are among the Jews who have come back from Babylon. God has restored the exiles to their country; and their feet stand in Jerusalem again. But the ravages of war and the silent attacks of time have played strange havoc with the beloved city. It was then that they set to work to restore Jerusalem. God breathed an enthusiasm upon the people. And it was then that they built the altar of the Lord, for the foundation of the Temple of the Lord was not laid." From this setting of the story Mr. Morrison suggests three things:

"First, it is good to begin building with an altar. It is wisest and noblest and most rational to begin with the recognition of the Lord. To realise that above our finite will there is the infinite will of the Almighty; to

THE QUIVER

feel that around the purpose we form is the eternal purpose of a Sovereign God; to know that He girds us when we perceive it not, that He loves us even when we have despised Him, that He hath prepared our goings from of old, that He will never leave us or forsake us—is not that the secret of an arm that can endure, and of a heart that will not weary in the drought?

"The second lesson is this. Build your altar till you can start your temple. Now, if our life means anything for us, it must be rich in dreams which we cannot realise. A life is very valueless and poor if it can grasp and hold all for which it craves. It is the heart that hungers that is the blessed heart. You cannot do great services for Christ, you cannot make the greatest sacrifices; are you therefore doing nothing at all? Do what you can. Begin your altar now. Do not waste one hour waiting for the temple. Christ never said, 'She hath done mighty things'; Christ's praise was, 'She hath done what she could.'

"Thirdly, have the temple clearly before you all the time. It takes the vision of the perfect temple if we are to build well the humblest altar. It takes the assurance that striving shall not be in vain, and the certainty that ideals shall yet be realised, if we are to toil cheerfully and bravely at the task that is given to us to-day. It is at that point (with an emphasis which is Divine) that the Gospel of Jesus Christ proclaims its message. For the golden age of Christ is on ahead of us, and the best, for the followers of the Lord, is still to be."

OCTOBER 29th. A PSALM OF DELIVERANCE

Psalm lxxxv.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The acknowledgment of God's goodness. (2) A prayer for revival. (3) The true outlook for faith—"Righteousness shall go before Him."

This Psalm has been well described as "the

prayer of a patriot for his afflicted country, in which he pleads the Lord's former mercies, and by faith foresees brighter days." One commentator says that "this beautiful Psalm, like some others, has come down to us without name or date; the production of some unknown poetic genius, touched, purified and exalted by the fire of celestial inspiration; a precious relic of that golden age, when the Hebrew music was instinct with a spirit such as never breathed on Greece or Rome.

"It is interesting to reflect on the anonymous origin of some of the Psalms; to remember how largely the Church of God is indebted to some nameless worthies who wrote for us hymns and spiritual songs, full of richer strains than were ever poured forth by the most illustrious of pagan names. These holy men are passed away; they have left no record of their history; but they have bequeathed legacies of rich, varied and inspired sentiments, which will render the Church debtors to them to the end of time."

Cromwell and the 85th Psalm

The Psalm which forms our lesson is said to have been a favourite of Oliver Cromwell. Prothero, in his famous work, tells us that, when Lord Protector, Cromwell, on September 16th, 1656, sat in his palace of Whitehall reading and pondering the 85th Psalm.

The following day Cromwell rode in state from Whitehall to the Abbey Church of Westminster, to open the second Parliament of the Protectorate. Before his coach went "hundreds of gentlemen and officers, bare-headed, the Life Guards, and his pages and lackeys richly clothed." The service ended, he returned to Whitehall with the same pomp and ceremony, and entering the Painted Chamber, delivered a speech to the newly assembled members, which in part is an exposition of the 85th and 46th Psalms.

What Food for Children

Improper food makes them
rickety, dull, and peevish.

During the "bringing-up" period the care bestowed by the mother in the selection of food means much, for sturdy health is largely a matter of right food.



Grape=Nuts

food is made of the field grains—wheat and barley—in which Nature has stored the "vital" elements best suited to build bright, strong, happy children.

It is scientifically prepared for easy digestion—meeting the needs of their growing bodies and carrying them safely on to that period of greater safety—maturity.

Most children dearly love the sweet, delicate flavour of Grape-Nuts with cream. It satisfies their natural appetite, and mothers can let them have this food, with the assurance that they will be well nourished—healthy and happy.

"There's a Reason."

Adjusting the Compass

By REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A.

I WAS crossing from Glasgow to Belfast a little time ago, and found myself, rather unwillingly, in a cabin or state-room with two sea-faring men, who turned out to be the captain and first officer of a steamer which had been built for them in Ireland, and which they were going across to bring back to Glasgow. I felt, however, that God meant me to get into conversation with them with the object of speaking to them for Him if the way opened; and so, when we were all in our berths, I began a conversation. I told them what had happened to me a few months before on my return from India. One Sunday evening at dinner a young engineer sat next me, and we got into talk about the effect which the great mass of iron had upon the compass. He told me that every iron chip was full of magnetism, which was the result of the heavy blows of the hammer in driving the rivets and bolts, so that the accumulation of all the blows struck by hundreds of artisans communicated to the vessel an amount of magnetism which was its permanent possession.

It seemed to me very interesting that unknown, forgotten men should be able to communicate something of themselves in this way which became a permanent part of the great ships. The men became interested in this, which their calling enabled them to appreciate, and they assented to the moral which I drew, that actions live after us for good or evil; that every blow struck tends to produce the aggregate of good or evil in the world.

I then asked them how they were able to allow for the operation of this great magnetic force in their reading of the compass, and they told me an interesting thing. They said it was the habit of the Glasgow ship-builders to tow some great vessels into one of the great lochs which indent the Scottish coast, and at the four sides of the lochs posts

are placed to denote the precise points of the compass. The ship is then moored in such a way that its bow and stern point north and south, and at once it is possible to see how far the needle of the compass has been turned aside from the pole-star by the weight of metal and magnetism which pervades it. The variation is carefully measured and noted, so that in all after-calculations it may be allowed for.

This seemed to me an interesting fact, and appealed to my imagination. There arose before me the vision of the calm, beautiful loch, with the silent mountains around, far away from the noise of shipbuilding yard and from the hubbub and turmoil of the great city, with nothing to break the stillness but the leap of a fish from the water, or the distant lowing of the wild cattle, whilst the great ship is silently waiting to have its bearings adjusted, that its navigators may ascertain how much its mass deflects the sensitive needle.

Is it not a precise illustration of what must happen in every human life? Within each one of us is put the sensitive instrument called judgment, one of the greatest gifts entrusted to us by God. Whenever we lift it into the pure light of His Spirit, and desire to know His will, the needle of our decision will point accurately to the pole-star of His choice. But, alas! so often our judgment is deflected by the mass of our own selfishness—what we desire, what we like, what we choose! It is impossible to know God's will whilst our own will and way are so predominant, and in making some great decision it is necessary to get into some quiet spot where the influence of self is reduced to a minimum, or carefully allowed for, that we may be able to say with our Lord, "My judgment is just because I seek not mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me."

THE QUIVER

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

ON all sides we hear of the good results arising from the use of Standard bread, and it seems that at last a happy mean between the wholemeal flour, which contains the bran and other useless parts of the grain, and the chemically bleached flour, which is robbed of most of its nourishment, has been arrived at. In the opinion of medical men we should see fewer stunted, narrow-chested children, and the men and women of the next generation would be a sturdier, better-developed, and healthier race if the children of the land were given the unvitiated 80 per cent. Standard bread. Bread is rightly termed the staff of life, and is, indeed, the staple food of us all. In buying white bread the poorer classes are undoubtedly wasting a large proportion of their slender earnings on food from which the most valuable and highly nutritious properties have been eliminated. It was decided by what is now known as the Doctors' Manifesto that 80 per cent. of the grain should remain after the bran and the poorer middlings have been eliminated. The flour has lost some of its essential qualities if there be less than 80 per cent. after the milling processes have been completed, while if more be left the flour still contains some of the indigestible and useless particles. It is obviously most important that the right kind of Standard bread should be adopted for daily use, and the matter demands some care and consideration. At this point it is to the miller who grinds the corn and prepares the flour we must turn for help rather than to the baker, who merely bakes and distributes the bread. Messrs. Charles Brown and Co., the well-known millers, of Tower Bridge Flour Mills, London, and Waddon Flour Mills, Croydon, have gone thoroughly into the matter, and their Standard flour is milled strictly according to the Doctors' Manifesto concerning the ideal loaf. All the housewife has to do is to insist upon her baker supplying her

with bread made from Brown's Standard flour. Loaves made from this flour are of a delicious light golden brown, and have a sweet, nutty flavour. Should readers of THE QUIVER experience any difficulty in procuring bread made solely from Brown's Standard flour they should send a post card to either of the mills for



the name of the nearest baker who can supply it, and they will certainly reap the benefit of this enterprise, for bread made exclusively from Brown's Standard flour is a perfect food in its own section of a complete dietary. It must not be overlooked, too, that the use of Standard bread is followed by the most beneficial effects upon the teeth, and for this reason alone parents and guardians would do well to see that it is exclusively eaten in the nursery.

Ask your Baker for his Standard Bread guaranteed made
Solely from BROWN'S STANDARD FLOUR

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT



The PILLS

cleanse the blood of all impurities and invigorate the system, fortifying it against attacks of disease.

The Ointment

has wonderful healing powers and is invaluable in all cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, and diseases of the Chest and Lungs.

It rapidly heals Wounds, Sores, Burns and Bruises.

Should be in every Household.

Manufactured only at 113, Southwark Street, London. Sold by all Chemists & Medicine Vendors. Advice Gratis Daily (Saturdays excepted) between 12 and 4, or by post.

ON CLOTHES

"Of course, clothes don't make the man," wrote Old Gorgon Graham to his son, "but they make all of him except his hands and face during business hours, and that's a pretty considerable area"; and was it not Lord Chesterfield who said that negligence of dress was pardonable only in a schoolboy?

Few of us can afford to look less than our best, for besides being something of a duty to others, the wearing of good clothes is about the most profitable sort of investment the average man can make. Never let a man think his clothes entirely unnoticed; the slovenly suit too oft proclaims the slothful mind.

Messrs. J. G. Graves, of Sheffield, have left the ill-dressed man no shadow of excuse. For 5/- down, and six further payments of 5/-, extending over six months, they supply a suit which even the most fastidious may be proud of. Cut in the best possible style, from a range of materials correct in pattern and in colour, and splendidly reliable in wear, a Graves suit offers all those excellences for which a man has ordinarily to pay a great deal more. There is no hocus-pocus about ordering clothes from Messrs. Graves; every suit is made accurately to measure, and, as Messrs. Graves themselves point out, you and you alone are to be the judge as to the value. Wait till the suit comes home, examine it, try it on—then should you be otherwise than perfectly well pleased in every way your money will be refunded in full without discussion.

The straightforward honesty of the whole thing has very properly resulted in Messrs. Graves' tailoring staff being kept as busy as bees, and we heartily counsel any of our readers, and especially those who fancy that good clothes and high prices are inseparable, to drop a card at once for samples of Messrs. Graves' newest patterns.

SOMETHING REALLY WORTH KNOWING

We are frequently asked by our readers to give them the name of a really first-class firm of dyers and dry-cleaners whose charges are moderate and who do their work in reasonable time, and although we could name a round dozen or so we do not know of any firm which better fulfils all these conditions than do Messrs. Clark & Co., of 34, Hallcroft Road, Retford.

The whole of their vast business is done through the post direct with their customers; they thus save the very heavy commissions paid to agents, excessive rents of branch offices, and the great expense of collection and distribution, unavoidable where the work is done through agents. Owing to these economies they are able to—and actually do—charge very much lower prices than those usually made.

Their works are equipped with the very best and most modern appliances, whilst the methods employed and the workpeople themselves are just such as one would expect to find in a firm with a reputation for excellence of 113 years' standing. Another very strong recommendation is the notable promptness and punctuality with which goods are returned—the usual time being about a week from the time they are delivered at the works. Besides this they pay carriage one way on everything, but my readers cannot do better than write Messrs. Clark for a copy of their price list, which will be gladly sent post free if THE QUIVER be mentioned.

KEEP THE SKIN CLEAR



With CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment. No other emollients do so much for pimples, black-heads, red, rough and oily skin, itching, scaly scalps, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and shapeless nails. They do even more for skin-tortured and disfigured infants.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world, a liberal sample of each, with 32-p. book on the skin, will be sent post-free, on application to "Newbery," Dept. 12R, 27 Charterhouse Sq., London, E. C.



CASSELL'S RELIGIOUS WORKS

A BIBLE COMMENTARY FOR ENGLISH READERS

Edited by BISHOP ELLICOTT. In small, handy volumes, printed on thin paper, cloth, 2s. each, leather limp, 2s. 6d. net.

NEW TESTAMENT

St. Matthew
St. Mark
St. Luke
St. John
The Acts of the
Apostles

Romans
Corinthians I. & II.
Galatians, Ephesians
and Philippians
Colossians, (Thessalonians
and Timothy

Titus, Philemon,
Hebrews, & James

Peter, Jude, & John
The Revelation

OLD TESTAMENT (On thicker paper)

Leviticus, 3s. Deuteronomy, 2s. 6d.
Numbers, 2s. 6d.

Bible
Com-
ment-
aries

Heart
Chords

A Series of Little Booklets by Eminent Divines, bound in Cloth Covers, with red edges. 1s. each.

My Comfort in Sorrow. By HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D.

My Father. By the Right Rev. ASHTON OXENDEN, late Bishop of Montreal.

My Work for God. By the Right Rev. Bishop COTTERILL.

My Walk with God. By the Very Rev. J. P. MONTGOMERY, D.D., late Dean of Edinburgh.

My Emotional Life. By the Rev. Prebendary CHADWICK, D.D.

My Growth in Divine Life. By the Rev. Prebendary REYNOLDS, M.A.

My Hereafter. By the Very Rev. Dean BICKERSTETH.

My Aids to the Divine Life. By the Very Rev. Dean BOYLE.

Christian
Life
Series

A Series of Books Edited by CANON BEECHING, M.A., D.Litt. They are bound in a charming Cloth Cover. Price 1s. 6d. net each.

SOCIAL LIFE

By the BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

By CANON HENSLEY HENSON.

HOME LIFE

By the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

CO-OPERATION WITH GOD

By ARTHUR W. ROBINSON, D.D.

Books
for
Children

LITTLE FOLKS BIBLE STORIES

By EDITH ROBARTS. With 32 beautiful Colour Pictures and many Black-and-White Illustrations by H. L. BACON. Picture boards, 2s. 6d.

THE CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST

With 8 Coloured Plates by W. H. MARGETSON and W. STACEY, and 16 Black-and-White Plates. Cloth gilt, 5s. net.

THE CHILD'S BIBLE

With Coloured Frontispiece and Illustrations throughout. Cloth gilt, 7s. 6d. With 100 Full-page Plates, 12 in Colours. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, 10s. 6d.

THE LITTLE FOLKS' SUNDAY BOOK.

With 48 Full-page Plates (24 in Colour and 24 in Tint), with accompanying text. Picture boards, 3s. 6d.; cloth gilt, 5s.

Books
Promot-
ing
Thought

AFTER DEATH—WHAT?

By Dr. ALFRED ROWLANDS. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

THE FAITH OF A LAYMAN

Studies in the Recoil from a Professionalized Religion. By Prof. WILLIAM FREDERICK OSBORNE, M.A. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

THE BELIEFS OF UNBELIEF

Studies in the Alternatives to Faith. By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE VOICE OF JOY & HEALTH

By ARTHUR W. ROBINSON, D.D. Lectures setting forth the principles of earliest Christianity. Cloth gilt, gilt top, 3s. 6d.

At all Booksellers', or from Cassell & Co., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

"So Perfect and So Peerless."



Fry's **PURE**
Cocoa
**300 GRANDS PRIX,
GOLD MEDALS, &c.**

"The 'Out-door' man or woman who seeks buoyant health finds a valuable ally in Fry's Pure Cocoa, which may be taken with advantage at breakfast, lunch, and supper. The infinite care taken in the preparation of this well-known beverage to preserve the inherent virtues of the Cocoa Bean, accounts for the unanimous praise of leading authorities. Its constant use tends for the more physical condition which the 'out-door' man or woman ever seeks to maintain."

Makers to H.M. THE KING, H.M. THE QUEEN, H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA,
and to the People for nearly 200 years.

THE QUIVER

INEXPENSIVE TYPEWRITERS

THE commonest objection urged against typewriters is their expense. There are an enormous number of people to-day who would gladly use a typewriter were it not for the twenty or twenty-five guineas they consider it necessary to pay for a good machine. But I have recently had an opportunity of inspecting an "Imperial" typewriter, the cost of which is only ten pounds, and I found it in every respect equal to a much higher-priced machine. All the latest improvements in typewriters generally are to be found embodied in "Imperials," and they have an additional point in their favour in that they are entirely British made. Moreover, these typewriters are considerably lighter than most other makes of machines. For good hard wear, too, they are excellent, for they are remarkably strongly made. The keyboard is of the regulation standard arrangement, all the writing is in sight, and the action is very light and easy. The manufacturers of the Imperial Typewriter Company, Limited, of Leicester, will be pleased to send a copy of their illustrated price list free to any reader of these notes who mentions this magazine. The need for a typewriter is to-day greater than ever, and here is an opportunity for readers to secure a really first-class machine at a reasonable price.

Will not turn black or rub off. Has been sold for thirty years, and is STILL THE BEST.

ARDENBRITE

LIQUID GOLD.

for decorating Chairs, Frames, Fenders, Gas Brackets, Hot Water Radiators, Figures, Cornices.

Sample post free on request.
T. PAVITT & SONS, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.

THE CLEANEST
SWEEPING IS

BISSELL

SWEEPING.



If you haven't a BISSELL SWEEPER in your home you are losing a lot of comfort that you might enjoy at a very slight cost.

Price from 10s. 6d. Same Price Everywhere.

MARKT & CO., LTD., 38, WILSON ST., LONDON, E.C.

I am absolutely convinced

I can help you to improve your position in life. Of course if you are in a good situation be thankful. But I know there are thousands of men and women anxious to get on. Let me help you. Let me show you how you can buy and sell Special Bargain Lines in

drapery goods and make money.

Experience is unnecessary.

Goods in demand everywhere. At any rate, send postcard for my free catalogue, which tells you all about it.

W. Cochrane,
Managing Director.

COCHRANE'S
WAREHOUSE
6 Victoria Bridge,
MANCHESTER
Drapery Contractors to the
Manchester & Salford
Corporations.

Just as BRITISH BATTLESHIPS
contribute to Britain's safety and power, so

REYNOLDS' Wheatmeal BREAD

contributes to the health and strength of her people. Strength is power to the one; Nutriment is strength to the other. Reynolds' Wheatmeal Bread is noted for its sweetness, purity, and digestibility.

85 GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

Supplied by all Bakers and Stores. If in any difficulty about supply, write

J. REYNOLDS & CO., Ltd., Millers, GLOUCESTER.

COUPON.

The League of Loving Hearts.

To the Editor, "The Quiver,"

Isa Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the League of Loving Hearts and forward a Certificate. I enclose One Shilling.

(Signed).....

Address.....

INDIGESTION

is the primary cause of most of the ills to which we are subject. Hence a medicine that stimulates the digestive organs will relieve quite a number of complaints.

WHELPTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS

arouse the stomach to action, promote the flow of gastric juice, and give tone to the whole system. Headache flies away, Biliousness, Kidney Disorders, and Skin Complaints disappear, while cheerful spirits and clear complexions follow in due course. ASK FOR

WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS.

And remember there is NO PILL "JUST AS GOOD."
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per Box.

Diet for Invalids or Gouty Persons

An eminent physician writes as follows:—

"I find **Plasmon Cornflour** and **Plasmon Custard** especially pleasant as articles of diet. Moreover, I find that I cannot produce the same flavour by merely blending Plasmon with ordinary Cornflour or Custard, whence I am led to infer that you have materially improved the flavour of these articles. **Plasmon** also, of course, transforms them from relatively unimportant adjuncts to an ordinary diet into a most complete food of the highest value for the diseases of our civilised people."

"I find the staying powers of **Plasmon** quite remarkable—two teaspoonfuls taken in the form of **Plasmon Jelly** added to a little fruit enables me to do a hard day's work without any sense of hunger or fatigue." — M.D.

A Special Art-metal Box containing a packet of Plasmon, Plasmon Cornflour, Plasmon Custard, Plasmon Biscuits, Plasmon Tea and Plasmon Cocoa, together with an illustrated Cooking Book, will be sent for 1s. post free, to all who send mentioning this magazine to Plasmon, Ltd., Farnington Street, London.

PLASMON IS USED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY.

IRISH LINEN

AT

Robinson & Cleaver's

Irish Table Linens.

Linen Damask Table Cloths, in Satin Stripe, Floral and other Designs. 2 by 2 yds., 8/6 each; 2 by 2½ yds., 10/8 each. Napkins to match, 1½ by 1½ yd., 8/9 dozen.



Irish Linen Handkerchiefs.

Gentlemen's cambric Handkerchiefs, tape or corded borders, about 21 ins. square, 5/3 to 8/11 per dozen.

Gentlemen's initial Handkerchiefs, pure linen, finely hemstitched, about 19½ ins. square, 8/6 to 15/6 per dozen.

Irish Collars and Shirts.

"Castle" Collars, linen faced, single shapes, 4/11; double shapes, 5/11 per dozen. "Matchless" Shirts, with fine four-fold fronts and cuffs, for dress or day wear, 35/6 per half dozen.

SAMPLES & LISTS POST FREE.

Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd.,

36 C, DONEGALL PLACE, BELFAST.

Time will make your writing blacker if you use Onoto Ink.

Unlike ordinary ink, it cannot fade, but gets blacker the older the writing is.

Onoto Ink is so good because of the way it is made. Here is the science story.

The actual ink is colourless, until the colouring matter is added. But this added colouring matter is only needed to let you see what you write. The permanent and rich black colour is due to a change brought about by the air in the colourless ink, which age keeps turning blacker.

It is the clearest, cleanest ink to use—and will not corrode or spoil your pen. Ask your stationer or store for

Onoto Writing Ink (Blue-Black).
Onoto Writing Ink (Black).
Onoto Writing Ink (Red).
Onoto Copying Ink (Blue-Black).
Onoto Copying Ink (Black).

In bottles, 6d., 1/-,
1/6 and 2/- each.

Onoto Ink



HEALTH INSURANCE



A good **POLICY** is to keep a bottle of **ENO'S FRUIT SALT** always in the house.

It is a reliable Health Insurance. Nothing else can better protect you from the ills the flesh is heir to.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

for over 35 years has been helping millions to regain and retain health, energy, and comfort.

Don't suffer from injudicious eating or congestion from lack of exercise. If you take "**ENO'S**" every morning you will soon find a great improvement in your general health. Your food tastes good and is beneficial, your sleep is unbroken and refreshing, the colour comes back to your cheeks, eruptions disappear, and you find life a delight, work a pleasure.

FRUIT SALT is pleasant to take and gentle in its action, and is the best remedy for Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion, Impure Blood, Congestion, and Feverish Conditions of the system.

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from Pole to Pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

EARLSWOOD: The National Training Home for the Feeble-minded.

Staffed and equipped for training those children **UNABLE TO LEARN IN ORDINARY SCHOOLS** and those **REQUIRING CONTROL** with **EXPERT SUPERVISION**.

SELECTED CASES admitted on reduced fees, including clothing, and no extras or holidays unless desired.

THOSE UNABLE TO PAY obtain admission by the votes of the Subscribers, either **free** or with **part payment** towards cost.

FULL information and advice gladly given by **Mr. H. HOWARD**, Secretary, 36, King William Street, London Bridge, E.C. Telephone 7684 London Wall.

CLARK & CO.

Send your Dress or Suit to **CLARK & CO. THE CLEANERS** to be dry cleaned & made like new. **FIXED CHARGE 4/-** Postage paid one way.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST

34 HALLCROFT ROAD RETFORD

BEST WORK LOW CHARGES

P & P Campbell Ltd. The PERTH DYE WORKS

Clean **COSTUMES** from 5/-, **GENT'S SUITS**, 4/-; or dye the **WARM COLOURS** now seasonable. Also gloves, Feathers, Hats, Curtains, and other Furnishings. Elderdown Quilts re-covered. Furs remodelled.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.



ESTY WIND
W CHARGES

E
er.